153
Easyriders
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Easyriders
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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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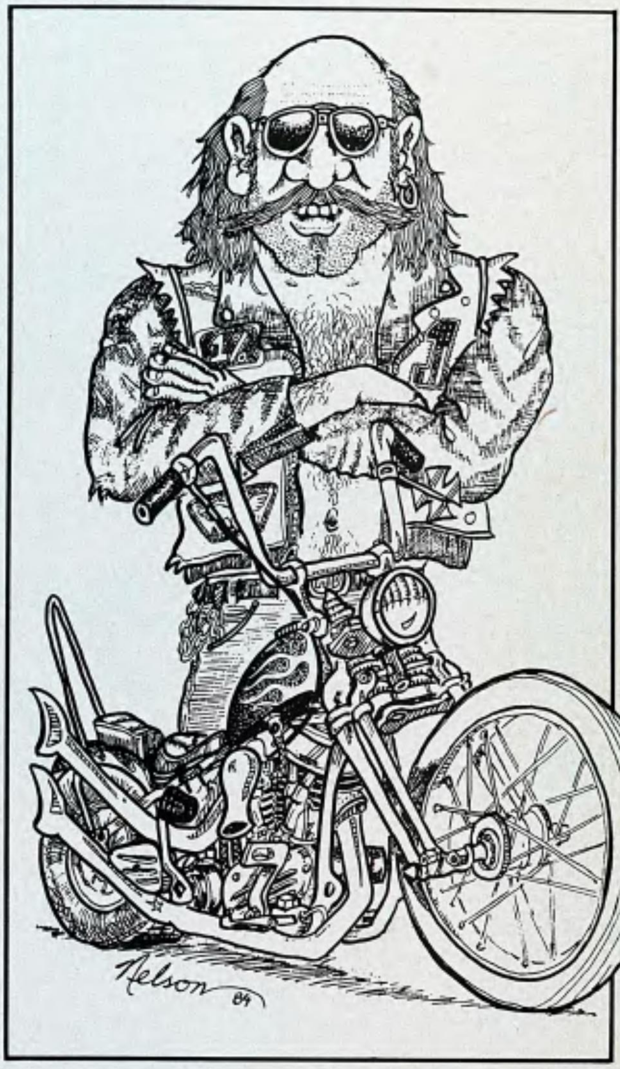

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ABC

Audited Paid

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 26th.

Buy American

Cover photo of Amanda by Pete Chiodo

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

A man went into a 7-Eleven store and stole a pint of milk and a submarine sandwich. Big deal, right? Well, he did his robbing bare-assed naked.

He had a throbbing hardon and he just had to get rid of it. So he went to a duck farm and took two ducks (ducks?) with him into the office and fucked the shit outta them. That's right – I said ducks. He was embarrassed when he was caught ramming it to them while they were moaning, ''More, more, more!'' At least a duck won't give him any lip!

He broke into a house and found this 17-year-old sleeping on the couch, so he fucked the shit outta her. He liked it, took her upstairs, poked her again in the ass, and screwed her all over again just for the hell of it. Then he did what we all do – he fell asleep with a big smile on his face. While he was asleep she called the cops.

No, it wasn't me, although some of the broads I've had fun and games with were in the same condition, I think. This 24-year-old broad had been in a nursing home since 1979. A quadriplegic, she was also comatose (out like a light). Well, some lowlife got into the hospital and porked her, so now they have a comatose, pregnant broad and no father – yet. Shit, fucking a duck must be better than screwing a broad who's asleep.

How do you get to the Netherlands from here? They just proposed to drop the age of sexual consent from 16 years of age to 12, but you're not to coerce them or seduce them with gifts or promises – you just have to pork them for the fun of it. And give 'em a lollipop as thanks.

She thought it was funny that her husband of nine years never let her see him undress and she wondered why he always ate her – she wanted to be hosed. She just discovered why, after her ''husband'' was killed by another woman. Surprise, surprise – her husband was a she.

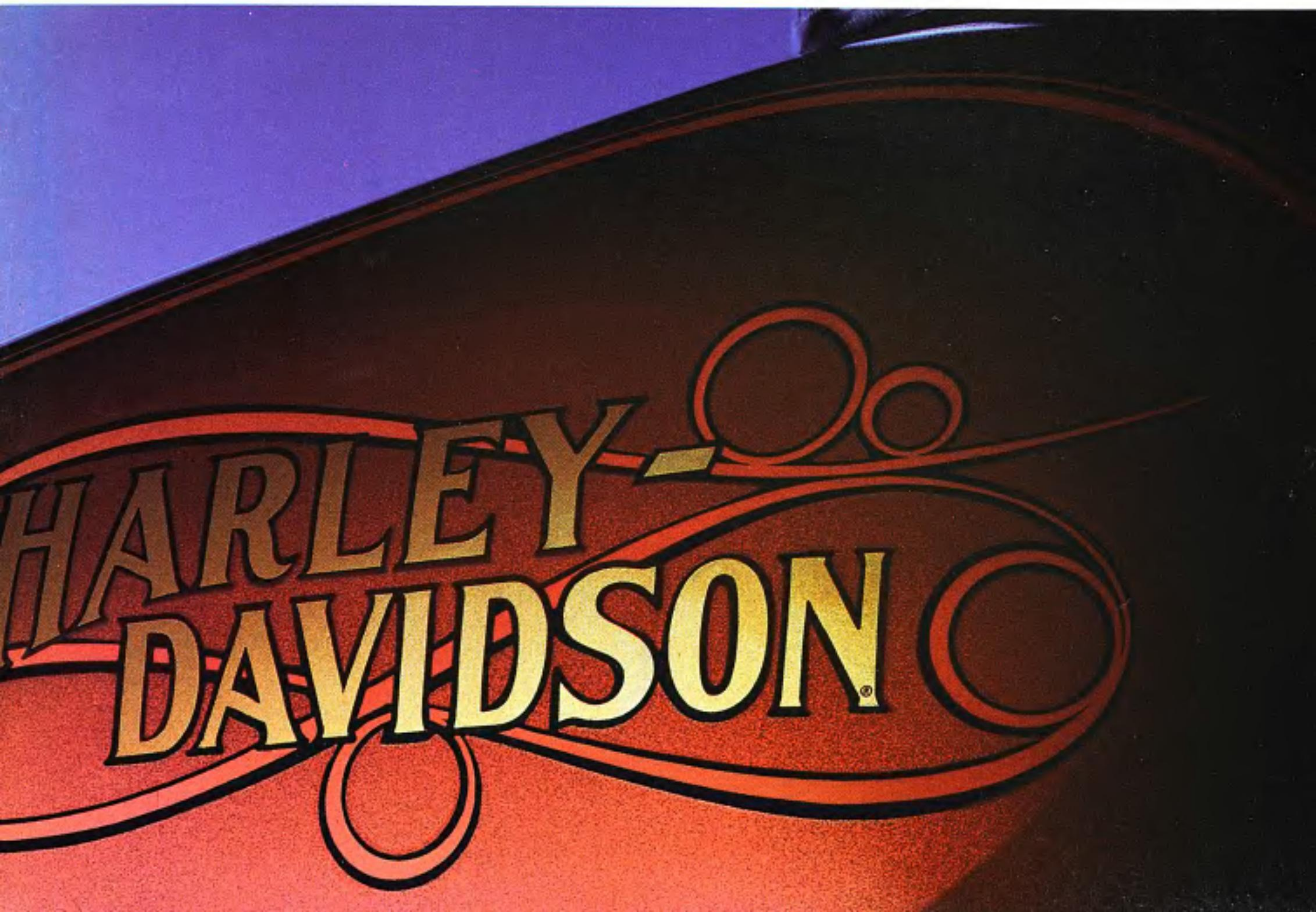
The heat saw a woman in a (gasp!) bikini changing a tire along the side of the road. They stopped to help (and ogle), but shit a brick when they found out she was a he and a 14-year veteran prison guard – a lieutenant, no less.

A doctor somewhere has just claimed that you can get AIDS from getting a tattoo. I don't know any fags who have tattoos, but I guess there are some. (Do you remember when smoking pot was said to give you chromosome damage?) Give officials a chance and they'll scare the shit outta ya.

The cage driver stopped to let a little girl with her bicycle go through the crosswalk. Then the broad (cage driver) sped up and ran over the 8-year-old, stopped, and backed her car over the little girl again, thus croaking her. Shit, they usually save that kinda treatment for bikers – guess she couldn't tell the difference between a bicycle and a motorcycle.

You can't trust anyone anymore. As you've read, a she turns out to be a he, and a he turns out to be a she. Here's a Boy Scout leader who's been a leader for 20 years. He was just busted for having his Scouts undress as part of their initiation into the Scouts. Now get this. His trip was giving all the little boys an enema. He got sentenced to 10 years for his fun and games.

He bought a boat from U.S. Customs that had been copped for drug running. Then he started to paint it and discovered 3100 lbs. of pot below the deck. He had a cop's estimate of $1.8 million in value (if sold to every teenager in the state at $2 a joint), but anyway, what did he do? For some reason, he called the cops.



WORDMONGER

Chocolate George

☐ I was 12 years old in '68 and I can recall Pop telling me time and time again that no matter how much it hurts, a man doesn't cry — he keeps it inside.

The day Pop heard of Chocolate George's death, he broke that rule. For a long time I couldn't understand why, but as time went by I began to comprehend.

The article on Chocolate George was the best I've read in a while. It has made my faith for love and brotherhood stronger.

Grinch
Hymera, Ind.

☐ The tribute to Chocolate George (November '85) was a real tearjerker. I mean it straight from the heart. I never knew Chocolate, but he might have been one of my dad's friends. If not, I'm sure they're ridin' together in Harley Heaven.

Maybe some of you remember my dad, Charlie "Magoo" Tinsley (Oakland HAMC). I'd like to hear more if there's anyone willing to talk. Also, I sure would like to know more about my dad (he died when I was five).

Susan M. Tinsley Höll
Box 198
Copperopolis, CA 95228

☐ Very nice to learn of Chocolate George. We loved the HAs when they came to Ramona on Independence Day in '85. What a way to begin the summer!

Sara Stohes
Ramona, Calif.

AIDS Hassle

☐ "At Last — A Sure Cure For AIDS" ("Soap Box," November '85) was the best solution to that fuckin' disease I've ever heard.

God created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve!

Bitch
Winnipeg, Manitoba

☐ I thought at first it was a CIA/FBI plot to rid our country of undesirables.

Filthy
Somewhere in S.C.

☐ I guess God has gotten tired of faggots and given them all AIDS.

Hollywood
Danville, Va.

☐ Toe Jam, you fuckin' dumbshit, independence is a lifestyle. It means being yourself and FTW. If you ain't met a gay bro yet, you must be deaf, blind, and mute, plus ridin' with blinders on.

You may not understand my being gay and a Harley rider, too, but if you're worth a shit, there's a helluva lot of people who can't understand what you do, either.

David "Rebel" Sayers
Denver, Colo.

☐ Just got done reading your AIDS piece. Laughed my ass off. Ya hit the nail on the head.

"Altered" States
Stockton, Kan.

☐ Say, shit for brains, AIDS is a syphilitic cancer and is transmitted by the fluids of your body, slimeball.

Nicky Rettinger
Walla Walla, Wash.

"Heavy Joint"

☐ I was surprised to see someone I think I know in your December '85 issue. But I'm not sure, because it's been three years since I saw him last. I'm referring to the pictures in the article about Soledad prison, "A Heavy Joint," at the bottom of pages 16 and 17. He's the one wearing the sunglasses and belt, also the only one without a moustache on the left in both pictures. If it's Jim, I'd

like to get in touch with him. I think he'd like hearing from an old friend.

Cindy Diehl
Box 6114
Westerville, OH 43081

☐ I've got to get in touch with the guy on page 16, lower left corner, center of the picture — the good-looking one with the Harley wings tattooed on his right shoulder. There's another picture of him on page 17, lower right corner — the guy on the far left.

Susan Fase
Box 2335
Grand Rapids, MI 49501

☐ I thought you might be able to tell me the name and address of the guy on page 16, bottom picture, in between two other guys. On page 17, he's on the left in the bottom right-hand picture. My roommate and I were admiring him and his body. Although I don't want to cut in on someone else's man, I'd appreciate any help you can give me. We'd like to drop him a line and a few pictures.

Erin McGuire
414 E. Mill #B
Santa Maria, CA 93454

☐ Just wanted to let you know those were fanfuckintastic-looking men in that article by Dog Breath, "A Heavy Joint."

V. "Coco" Walker
Elkton, Md.

☐ Just got my December '85 issue and checked out the article on Soledad. On the third page, top left picture, I see an old friend and I'd like to hear from him. Doug, drop me a line.

Jeff Fear 337025
Rt. 1 Box 1077
Brazoria, TX 77422

☐ What the fuck? Are good looks required to get sentenced to Soledad? "A Heavy Joint" created enough heat to keep me warm for weeks, maybe months.

Letters from some of these temporarily unavailable hunks (make that "men") could improve my nights for some time to cum...uh, I mean come.

Rock Candy
c/o T. K.
6745-2 McClellan
Ft. Riley, KS 66442

☐ Who are the guys in the picture on page 15, left side, right below the title? One has brown hair and a bandanna, the other has blond hair and a hat. Also, who's the guy in the middle, on page 16, bottom left?

We're three good-looking, sexy, wild women who want to be their cellmates and ravish their sexy bodies.

Guys, if you're reading this, please write to us. Also send pictures or identify yourself so we know who's who.

Cathy, Sandy, and Diane
14 Laurel Lane
Prospect, CT 06712

Sneakers

☐ In reply to Brenda Brindley ("Monger," November '85) concerning her belief that bikers wearing sneakers are assholes, she stated, "Even sidewalk commandos wear boots." Darling, if that's the only way you can tell the difference, then you're in deep shit.

Beckaroo
Phoenix, Ariz.

ABATE?

☐ I've learned from a reliable source (who's seen it in black-and-white) that the federal boys, especially the DEA, have a dossier on ABATE. They're putting infiltrators into ABATE ranks to see who they can bust and possiby nail under the RICO Act. ABATE is considered a criminal organization, so beware and watch your step!

Stone Blue
Port Orchard, Wash.

Hoosier Beef

☐ It seems that every month I have some kind of problem when it comes to receiving my copy of your mag. I'm not the only one; a few others have voiced the same complaint. But today sort of took the cake.

At first glance I noticed that both the front and rear covers were bent and the magazine was taped shut. After slicing the tape, I found out why. The Dave Mann centerspread had been pulled out, not gently enough so that the staples gave way. Several pages were dog-eared (one was page 63, so that's understandable).

Then I noticed that an advertisement had been torn out, then retaped in. Care to venture a guess as to why? The ad in question is on page 113 — for two target pistols that fire pellets. Considering

the paranoia these people seem to live under, I suppose I can even understand that to a degree.

When I settled down to read my new (though battered) *Easyriders*, I noticed that they'd even torn the cover off, then taped it back on. Why? Notice that the ad for Bullskins jackets show a guy holding (omigod) a rifle. That's when I decided to write, to let you know what's happenin' here in the wonderful land of Hoosiers.

Kevin Henry
Michigan City, Ind.

American Made or Assembled?

☐ You people fucked up once too often for me to tolerate. I'm sick of your one-sided opinions and statements. You state, "Many H-D motorcycle parts are manufactured out of the country at a lower cost," in response to a letter from someone who was surprised to find "Made in Taiwan" on clothing bearing the H-D logo. Yet earlier you called a man "asshole eyes" because he admitted he owns a rice grinder and is happy with it. Well, I own a 1981 KZ750 LTD Kawasaki (most parts made in Japan, stuffed in a crate, and sent to an American dealer where it was assembled), so I guess that makes my bike as American-made as anything you ride. Right?

L.R.H.
Bremerton, Wash.

Needs Help

☐ I need some help. I'm trying to find a copy of "Doc Holiday Rides Again." Either a cassette or an album will do the trick. I first heard the tape while off the coast of Beirut in '82 and have since lost my copy. It's just what I need to fill the garage while I rebuild a ride.

Ronald D. Anastasi
Virginia Beach, Va.

Lake Perry

☐ To all the good people who attended this year's ABATE Labor Day Rally at Perry, Kansas: Our Hog was the one that burned that Saturday morning. We want to thank everyone who helped to put the fire out with their coolers and who lent their fire extinguishers. Thanks to you, our scooter can be rebuilt (and it'll be back next year).

It kind of put a damper on the weekend, but we met so many good people that it couldn't keep us down for long. Thanks to all, especially Garrith and Sheri — drop us a line. Sure would like to hear from you — we got some good pictures of you both.

Bobby and Jody
Box 4052 GSS
Springfield, MO 65808

More Help

☐ I just bought a Harley-Davidson siren, shaft drive with spline end, small pedal with 14-inch linkage. On the chrome cover under the H-D logo, it says "58." Need help on history and mounting.

Gary Bolton
124 Morrow St.
Piqua, OH 45356

Indians

☐ How come you guys don't ever run any feature articles on Indians? Hell, I know they ain't in business anymore, but neither is Triumph and you carry feature Trumpets now and then. There are still a lot of us bros out here putting around on good-looking Scouts, Chiefs, and even big Fours and we'd like to be recognized now and then for keeping these pieces of American cycle history on the road!

How about an all-Indian issue to keep our mouths shut for a while?

Old Scout
Archdale, N.C.

White Knights

☐ Can you tell me how I can forward a message (which I think may be wanted very much) to the White Knights MC president?

Corkey Ogle
Tamal, Calif.

Dead Aim

☐ I didn't mind the bitch almost killing me when she shot me. When I got home, though, and found that she put a bullet through one of my Dave Mann posters from your rag — well, now I'm pissed!

Strutter
Fall River, Me.

Wants Advice

☐ Is there anyone who can tell me if there's a book on frames and molding? Just tryin' to expand some ideas for a new putt for next year.

The Bud Man
D.C., Pa.

Knob Job

☐ There is one damn good blowjob riding on this letter, so here goes. Tonight I came upon an idea that has no option but to get me into print.

I was Americanly watching the 6 o'clock news when a commercial rose upon my Darvon-infested brain. Honeywell Corp. showed the Harley-Davidson factory in full production and proclaimed, "Please Support American-Made Products." It just made my dick hard. I called the ol' lady out and we had the following conversation. "If this letter makes it into *Easyriders*, can I expect one full month of uninterrupted blow jobs?" "Yes, dear. Only if it doesn't, I get four months of snatch kisses." "Okay, it's a deal."

Birdshit
Conway, S.C.

■ Enjoy.

Brief Message

☐ I'm about to finish a one-year tour in Iceland during which just about every minute sucked. But what kept me going the most was waiting for the ol' lady to send your rag up here.

I have a message for an old Marine buddy: Fuck you, Egghead.

Rags
Iceland

Going Elsewhere

☐ Florida's governor's recent decision to veto the helmet-repeal law indicates a total unwillingness on his part to abide by the wishes of those who work and live in the state and by those who vacation there.

I ask that he abide by our wishes and pass the legislation needed to repeal the helmet laws and reinstate motor vehicle access to the beaches by the public. Governor, act now and save the millions of dollars sure to be lost when others like myself seek out more welcoming areas in the nation for a winter's respite from the cold weather. After all, Florida doesn't have a monopoly on warm, sunny weather, though it does seem to have one on unresponsive elected officials.

C.J. Amore
Bloomingdale, Ill.

Easy Living

☐ What country has no helmet laws, no real speed limits, and shows XXX-rated movies on regular TV? Italy. And what's even better is that we can get *Easyriders* here, too!

C.B. "Cool Breeze" Barclay
APO N.Y.

Mr. Breeze

☐ That whining baby who complained about the "Big Four" in the January '86 issue is not me. Nor is the person who sends in a pic about once every six months captioned "Breeze." All of mine have "The" in front of "Breeze." I may not have invented the name, but I sure as hell used it first in this rag. So if you're gonna send in snotty little letters about nothing, please use your real name or someone else's, so I don't have to tell everyone it wasn't me, including my friends in the "Big Four." And if you don't like that, put on your Boy George record and commit suicide.

The Breeze
Moncko Corner, S.C.

Not A Club

☐ In response to Big Mouth Chopper from Anywhere, Oregon, ABATE of Oregon, Inc. has a chapter for the deaf. But ABATE is not a motorcycle club, it's a motorcycle organization.

For more information, send a letter to ABATE of Oregon, Inc., Box 4504, Portland, OR 97208.

Animal
Portland, Ore.

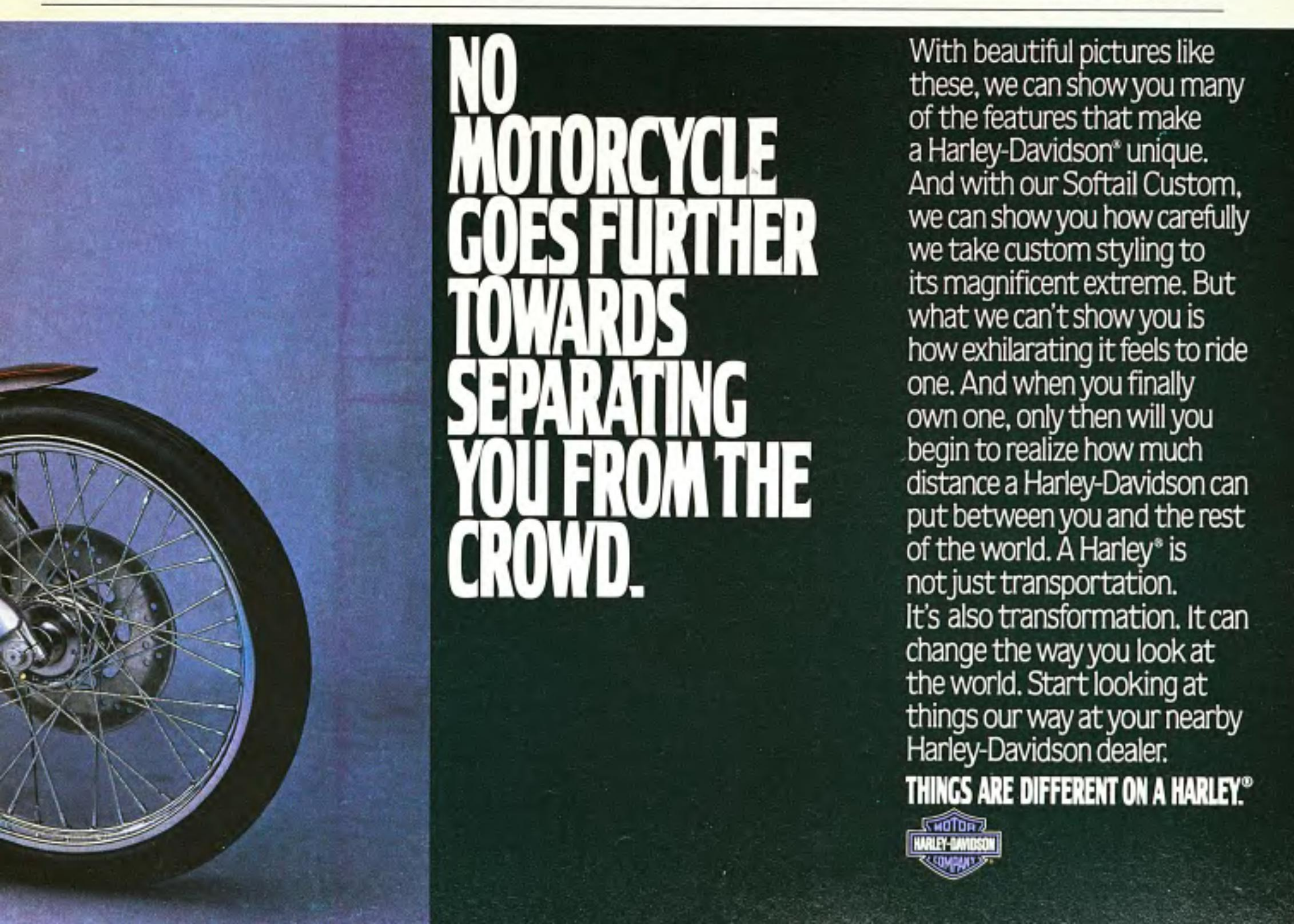
Fuck-Up

☐ I've seen you guys do some stupid shit before and have overlooked it, only this time I've finally seen the light. It's become apparent to me that y'all do some of your bullshit on purpose, strictly so that someone will bitch or raise their protest. I doubt that I'm the first and I'm definitely not the last you'll be hearing from about this so-called "mistake" or "editorial fuck-up."

Putting the subscription form on the back of a Dave Mann centerspread was real shitty. Ya probably have some real good reason, but now in order to get a Dave Mann on cloth, I have to screw up my Dave Mann on paper.

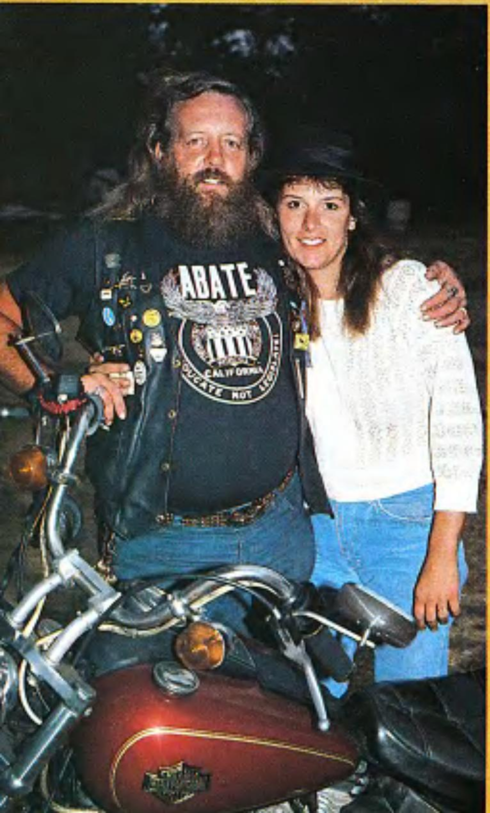
I know that you know that people use these center-

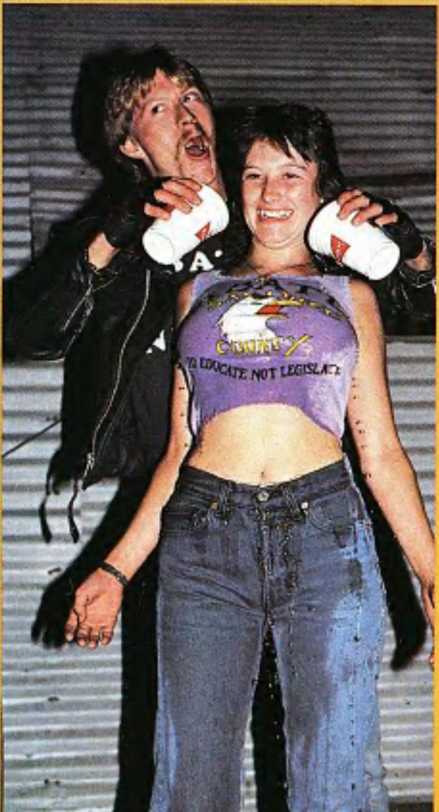
Continued on page 73



HOME STATE RUN

ABATE of California Run

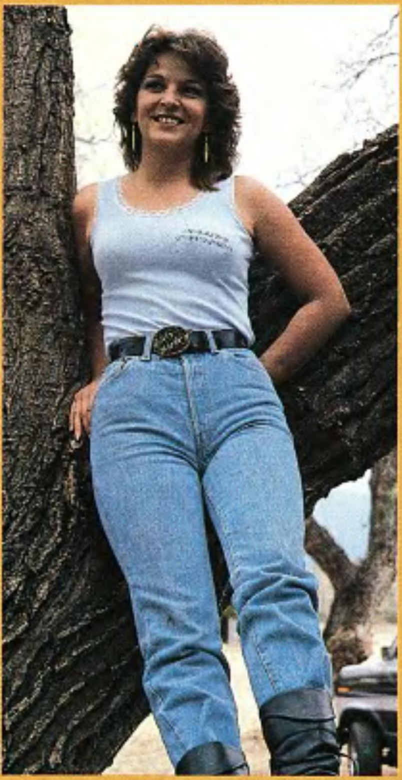


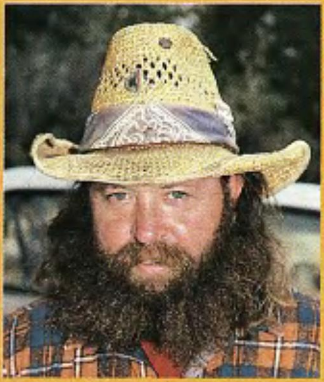


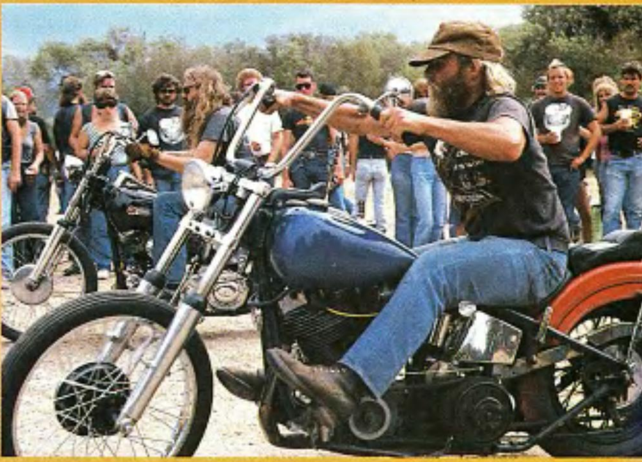
Since California's never had a lid law, ABATE hasn't been as visible here as in other places, but the organization is still alive, well, and ridin' hard in the state where it was born.

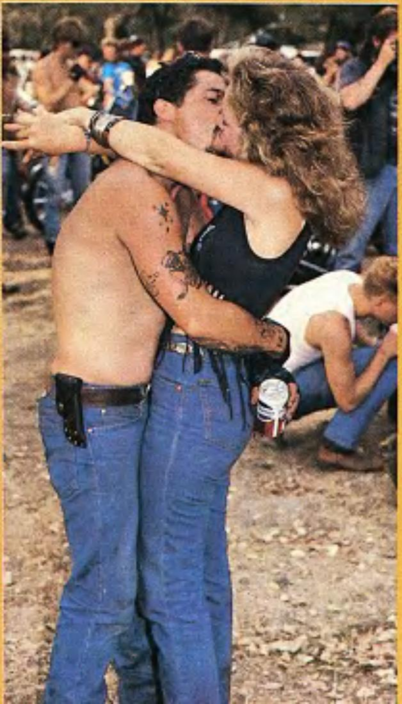
Back in October, when bikers in the more unfortunate parts of the country were already starting to tear down their scoots for snow-season rebuilds, the freeways of the Golden State came alive with the sound of Harley-Davidsons rumbling toward San Diego for the annual ABATE of California state run.

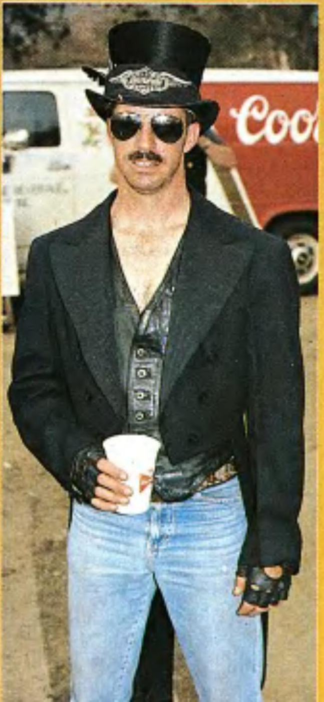
It's no secret that despite being founded in California, ABATE hasn't always been a major presence on the California







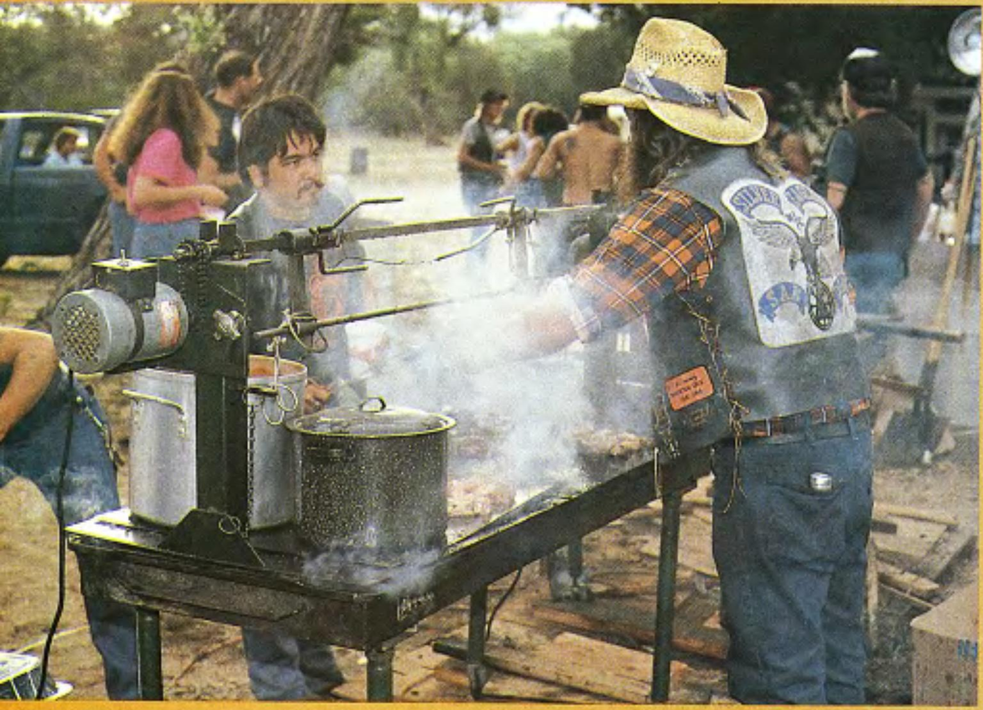


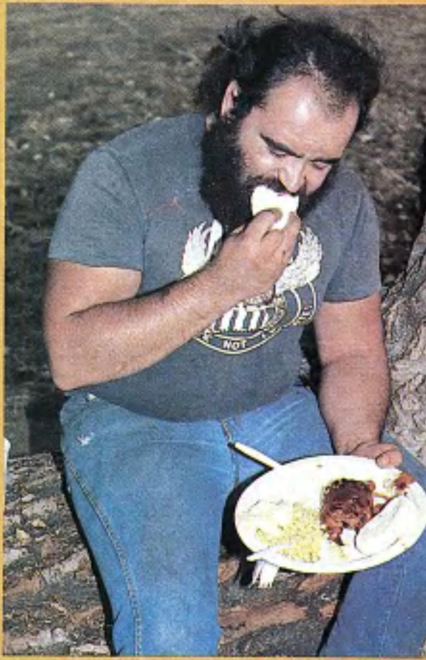


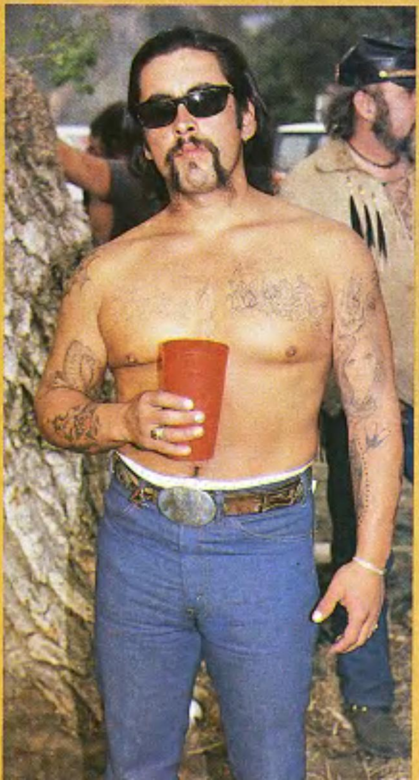
bike scene. In fact, for a good long while ABATE was mostly absent altogether here, primarily because there really wasn't too much to bitch about since California riders weren't bein' forced to wear skull buckets. About three years ago, however, a bunch of dedicated bros and sisters got ABATE up and running smooth again. Since that time, every new ABATE event has had a bigger attendance than the one before it, new chapters have been formed, membership is growing healthily, and most important, the spirit of brotherhood is soaring to new heights.

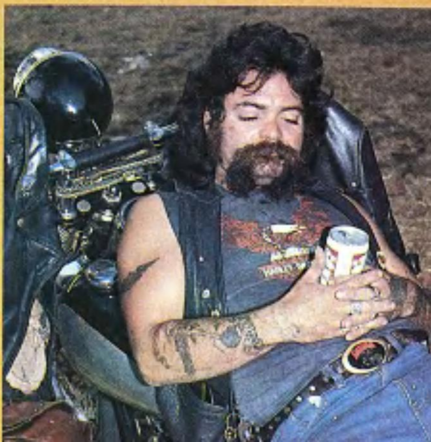
Soaring — you want to know how high? Check this out. During the weekend run to the Pala Indian Reservation in San Diego, they raffled off a $150 prize. The chick who won turned right around and donated half of it back to ABATE. That's spirit.

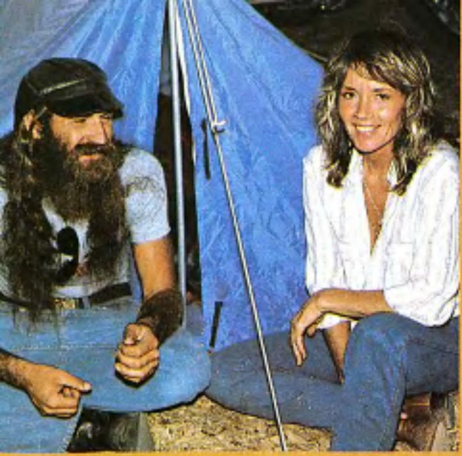
One of the major concerns of ABATE of California, in addition to pushing for rider education,





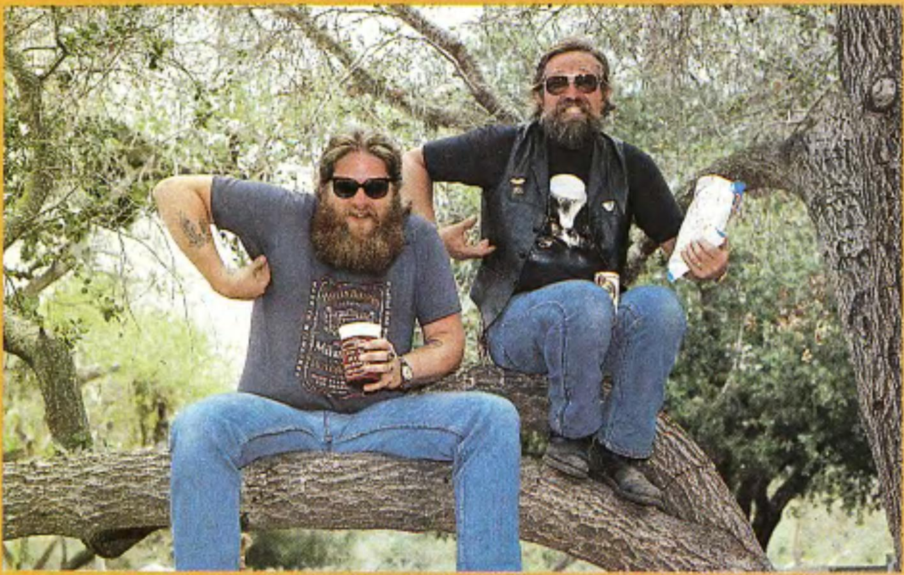


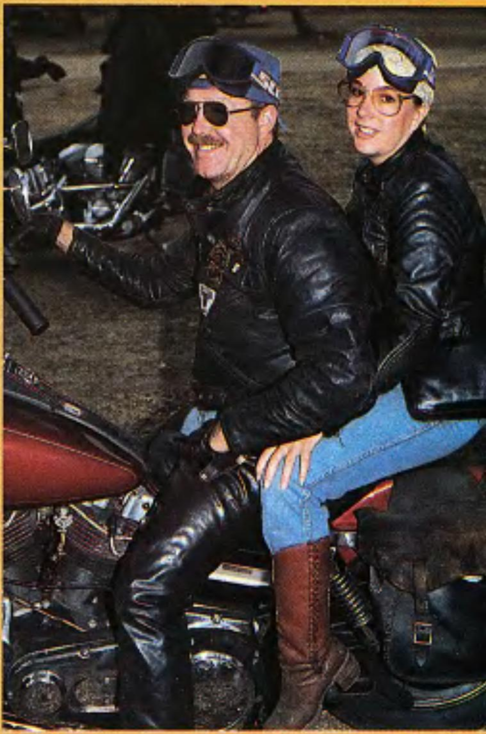


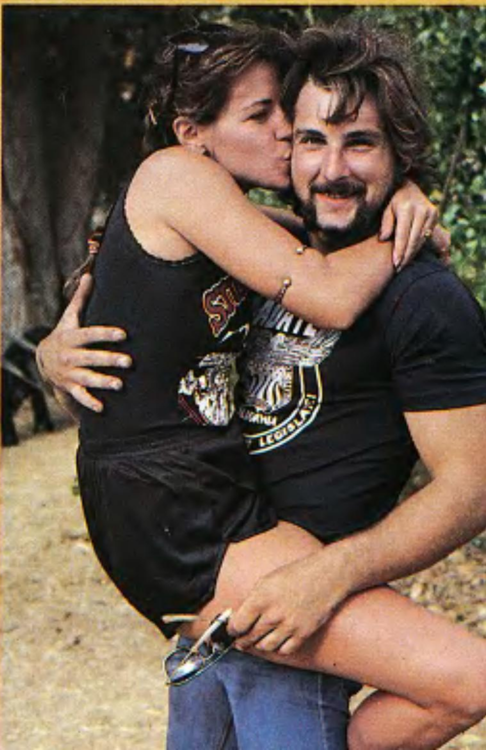


cager awareness, and things like that, is to try ensuring that California bikers aren't saddled with restrictive laws in the future. As many biker activists have found, the best way to do that is to practice good public relations. After all, the straights still control more votes than we do.

A fine example of the sort of good PR that helps offset the negative image of bikers created



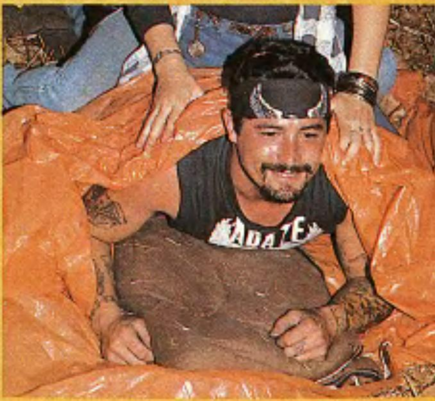




HOME STATE RUN

by Hollywood and the media occurred right at the beginning of the October state run. Arriving at the campgrounds, which were supposed to have been reserved for bikers, officers of ABATE Chapters 11 and 6 (co-hosts of the run) found the facility half occupied by a group of senior citizens in Winnebagos.

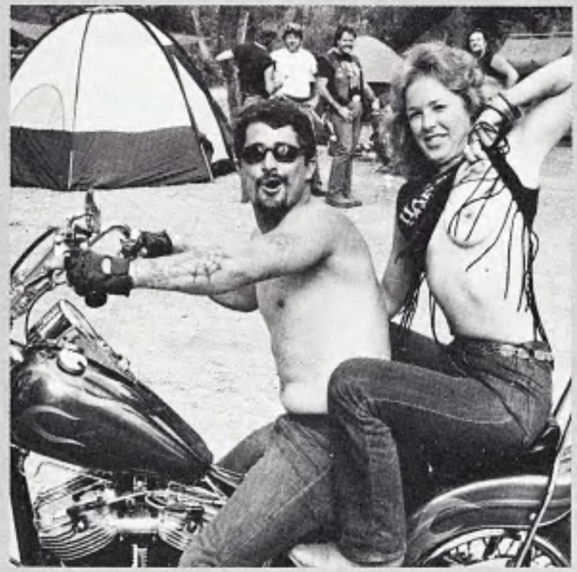
"Don't panic, folks," the ABATE group told the RVers, "We're riding iron horses and you're in covered wagons, so there's no reason why we shouldn't get along great over the weekend." Which they did.



The oldsters even helped out the cause of California riders by contributing a fair amount of change to ABATE through the purchase of raffle tickets.

By the end of the weekend, when Harleys and motor homes scattered to the four winds, the RV folks had discovered what all-too-few straights ever get to learn firsthand. Namely, that those mean, town-trashing, sheep-raping "bikers" they see on the boob tube are about as real as Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble. As for a group of fun-loving Americans who like to get together with their own kind and have a good time, well, there just isn't a whole lot that's too fucking sinister about that. Probably the Hollywood hacks wouldn't have been able to believe their eyes. —Butcher

Photos by Pat Randle



Malcolm Forbes — Racing The Reaper on Hot Air and a Harley

Sometime this spring the Marco Polo of American motorcycling, Malcolm S. Forbes, will lead an expeditionary force of seven Harley riders on a mission many of us have dreamed about for years — an invasion of Japan.

Proudly flying the joint flags of the United States and Harley-Davidson, the Forbes "invasion force" will crisscross the Land of the Rising Sun by motorcycle and hot-air balloon, demonstrating the unique sight, sound, and spirit of Milwaukee iron, even on the turf of its most determined enemy. Like a carnival pitchman hawking Giant Vegematics, it is a demonstration that Malcolm Forbes gives well — and often.

* * *

Take a map of the world. Draw blue lines along all the highways and byways normally traveled by the worldwide fraternity of bikers. Draw red lines along all the routes ridden by Malcolm Forbes in the 18 years since his seduction by the goddess of two wheels. Note how the red lines faithfully follow the blue ones and then continue on alone. Russia, China, Pakistan, the Arctic Circle, Malaysia, he's been the first American (in some cases, the first person) to ride a bike across all of them. He has indeed boldly gone where no biker has gone before.

Besides, as Forbes is fond of pointing out, being first is one record no one can ever break.

* * *

Malcolm Forbes isn't like you and me. The wealthy publisher of the highly successful and often irreverent business bible, Forbes *magazine, he can best be described as a classic American maverick, which by definition means that he not only isn't like you and me, he's not like anyone else, either. He's a genuine one-of-a-kinder.*

Graduating from Princeton shortly before World War II, Forbes automatically qualified for Officer Candidate School and a commission but chose instead to enlist in the infantry, returning from three and a half years in Europe with both a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star. After the war he went to work in the family publishing business and began dabbling in New Jersey politics — serving several terms as a state senator and losing a 1957 bid for the governorship.

In 1967, a Forbes *employee hit him up for a loan to buy a scooter. "And I," Forbes recalls, "did what any sensible man would do — tried to talk him out of it." Fortunately, the employee talked Forbes* into *it, "it" being a test ride. To make a very bad pun, it was love at first putt — the beginning of a passion that is undiminished to this day, and will, the 66-year-old millionaire says, continue until he is no longer physically able to heave his leg over the gas tank.*

In addition to being a damn good bike rider (he claims to be just "adequate," but pros who've ridden with him say otherwise), Forbes is a world-class balloonist who still holds the record for being the only man to ever complete a coast-to-coast flight across the United States in a single hot-air balloon — a record he set in his mid-50s.

In case you're wondering why that particular feat wasn't done before — and hasn't been since — you might be interested in writer Gordon Cruikshanks' description of Forbes' appearance by the time he got to Casper, Wyoming, about one-third of the way across the U.S. "We found him black-and-blue, from high on the chest down to his calves," Cruikshanks recalls. "Recent bruises were bluish-black. The older ones were beginning to fade to a grayish-cast. . .rattling around with a dozen propane tanks inside of a two-man gondola that hits the ground at at least 25mph, then being pulled or dumped on its side, and dragged until the envelope collapses is a rough experience — repeated over and over." And that was *before Forbes was blown into some power lines in Virginia and forced down into a bitterly cold Chesapeake Bay.*

But like all true mavericks, when Malcolm Forbes gets an idea in his head, nothing, not even a full ration of pain, can pound it out of him. A couple of years ago, for example, he went down in an Egyptian sandstorm and cracked a few ribs. Within an hour, he was back on his Harley and riding a couple of hundred miles to a camp in the Sinai. The next morning, fortified by some "non-sleep-inducing pain pills," he was up and ready to move out before any of the rest of his riding partners.

More important than his personal triumphs and mishaps, however, is the fact that Forbes has a serious, no-bullshit reason for taking his Harley-Davidson-and-hot-air-balloon circus to remote and often officially hostile-to-the-United States corners of the globe. He goes on what he calls his "adventures" because he wants to give the people of the world, especially the world behind the Iron Curtain, a tangible example of what life in a capitalist democracy can offer its citizens. And what could be more tangible to a peasant standing beside a dirt road than a flock of Harleys growling by?

In the following far-ranging interview, Forbes shares some on-the-road stories (from test-riding the mysterious Porsche-engined Harley Nova to running into three "native" bikers near the Arctic Circle), gives us his expert opinion on the future of Harley-Davidson as an independent company, and offers some bits of philosophy developed while humping a Hog over thousands of miles of virgin terrain.

EASYRIDERS: In the past, you've carried the orange-and-black Harley banner into all sorts of places where it's rarely, if ever, been seen. Your next such "adventure," as you call these trips, will be to Japan. Judging from the imitation-Harleys that have been coming out of Japan since about 1978, we know that Harley-Davidsons are far from unknown there, at least among motorcycle designers. Why are you taking seven Harleys there this spring?

MALCOLM S. FORBES: In Japan the most sought-after motorcycles are Harleys. If you took a poll in Japan asking what bike Japanese bikers would most like to have, Harleys would win hands-down. But they cost a fortune over there. They [the Japanese] are penalized by their own government. Japan doesn't have what they like us to have — an open market. In Japan a Harley is the ultimate status symbol.

ER: Let's explore that a little. As an expert on business and finance, do you think Harley-Davidson has benefited from the five-year tax surcharge President Reagan put on large-displacement, imported

motorcycles? Was the president right in stepping in?

MSF: Yes, it was needed and it's helped. I think the reason that Harley lucked out on that was because the president wanted a symbolically important way to show that if we were pushed too far, that if they [the Japanese industrialists] weren't going to be willing to accept certain voluntary limitations on automobiles and other significant areas, we would react with tariffs.

So I think Harley-Davidson and those of us who ride them lucked out because we were a good example — an industry that didn't have big economic impact but showed what the U.S. might do if things got too rough.

ER: Given the difference in prevailing wage rates, governmental attitude, and managerial philosophy between the U.S. and the Far East, do you think it's possible for a company like Harley-Davidson to compete head-to-head with the Japanese without continued help from Washington?

MSF: Listen, Harley's done it for, what is it, 60 years. They've succeeded. It's only this one time that they've had it [governmental protection] and each year it [the tariff] is receding. In a couple of years it'll be gone. I think it's possible for them to compete; people don't buy a Mercedes Benz because it's cheaper. My point is that people who are into motorcycles are like people who are into horse racing. They want the best bloodlines. They're going to have a Harley if they possibly can.

ER: Since we've come around to "people who are into motorcycles," let's talk a bit about Malcolm S. Forbes. Motorcycle journalist Cook Nielson once wrote, "Malcolm cares about the trip, but not because of what he sees. He cares about the trip because he gets to ride." True or false?

MSF: It's probably a little of an oversimplification, but the riding. . .I'll put it this way. I wouldn't have been touring China, Japan, Pakistan, or anywhere else if it couldn't have been done on a motorcycle.

ER: You started riding late in life...

MSF: Right, that's why I'm doing so much of it. I've got to catch up; I had a deprived childhood. The first ride I had was when I was 48, so I've got a lot of years to catch up on.

ER: Do you ride around northern Jersey and New York much?

MSF: Oh, yes, I've got two Harleys — a cafe racer and a Sturgis — in my office. I keep those in New York and use them, weather permitting. And in the summer, weather not permitting. I don't consider rain "not permitting."

Photo by Mike Lichter

ER: Have you found anything in the more exotic parts of the world that's more harrowing than riding a scooter through Manhattan traffic?

MSF: The great virtue of a motorcycle in New York is that it isn't as harrowing as it appears to people who haven't done it. New York's traffic is studded with red lights and these, to any motorcyclist, are a big advantage. You get to the head of the line most of the time; you're able to move, weave, and bob to get there. The biggest danger is not traffic, it's potholes. They're a major problem in this city. By the time they get *last* winter's reasonably fixed, *this* winter is upon you.

The other menace, of course, is when a New York cabbie has his cruising light on. To be behind him or to pass him is probably the riskiest thing that can happen, short of slipping in the bathtub. Because if anybody waves a hand on either side of the street, the cabbie will cut across. No matter if a fire engine or police car has its siren on beside them, they're going to cut across to get the passenger. A rider doesn't have to watch the cab in front of him in New York, he's gotta watch the curbs. And when he sees an arm go up, he knows damn well that a cab's gonna cut over in front of him, no matter what.

ER: Do you ever have problems rumbling up to some exclusive restaurant for a business lunch?

MSF: By now I've finally acclimated some of the ritzier eating places and hotels. When a motorcycle pulls up and backs in, all these doormen immediately start telling you you can't do that. Now they usually recognize me and they know I'm a good customer of the door they're in front of, so they swallow their anger. Basically, they all think it's their curb, but the curbs are public property, so no rider needs to be cowed by these overdraped, cowboy doormen.

ER: Another sport you got into rather late in life was hot-air ballooning, where you quickly went from being a novice to setting world records. How long did it take you to become what you would consider a competent rider?

MSF: Motorcycling is like ballooning in that you don't just become "competent." If you put in the time and the hours, you get more confident...less concerned about being embarrassed by a stall or a spill. I think what you get is more respect along with more confidence. You realize you don't have to know everything, you don't have to be the best, you just have to enjoy it.

The first few times I was on the highway I was pretty nervous, but the nervousness passed when I realized the bike wasn't going to fall over of its own accord, that it wasn't always going to stall...the inexperience fell away. Of course, I was lucky to be able to put in a lot of time soon after I started riding.

It's interesting that the more experience you have on bikes, the more enjoyment you get watching somebody who's *really* good. If you know nothing about competitive biking, you just look at who's in front or how your favorite is doing without being aware of what skills are involved. When I go to a motocross or a hillclimb now, I just marvel at the skills of the riders who do it...

ER: Test riders have to be pretty good, too. I Continued on page 108

CRANK

Crank Morgan groaned as the unrelenting sun cast pinpricks of pain through his closed eyelids. His mouth was stiff with a dried paste of what tasted like seagull shit. Pushing himself into a sitting position, he wondered where the hell he was.

Being a hardcore, party-down fool, waking up in a strange place was not a new experience for him. But this time his rat '38 knuckle wasn't chained to his leg. As his vision faded in and out, and his head beat time with an invisible jackhammer, he tried to remember where he might have left it. When no coherent thought came to his fogbound mind, he lurched to his feet and staggered from the alley.

Finding a 7-11, he scarfed down three packs of Twinkies and scalded his tongue on a cup of coffee while he waited in line at the register with the four burritos and the six-pack that would be his breakfast. His window-rattling fart did a great deal toward speeding up the counter clerk.

Finishing the burritos and half the sixer, Crank began searching up and down the street for the knuckle. Hearing the rumble of a Harley mill, he tracked the sound to the parking lot in front of Magnum Cycles. Four scoots stood against the curb and three riders stood watching as the fourth adjusted a new set of points.

Crank's appearance elicited a few amused comments, but nothing in the way of a serious insult. Three hundred muscular, mean pounds, hung on a 6′6″ frame, tended to draw respect for Crank in any circle. He opened a beer and handed over the other two. "I don't suppose any of you've seen a reddish knuck around here, have you?"

They hadn't, but two of them left to check all the nearby streets while Crank and the remaining pair finished the beer. When the search proved futile, they offered Crank a ride to Boot Hill, where he might find someone who'd seen it. Crank climbed aboard a yellow hardtail whose slow, ominous idle proclaimed more than stock inches below the valves.

Crossing the Halifax, Crank could feel each expansion joint banging against his ass and the unpadded bitch bar dug into his spine. Shit, no wonder cunts are always complaining about riding a P-pad, he thought.

The light changed to green and the yellow stroker traveled the last fifty yards with its twenty-one pointed at the sky. After the pilot locked up the binders and brought it to a sliding "whoa" against the curb, Crank cast an aspersion or two on the dude's parentage for scaring the shit out of him, then bought him a beer for making such a class entrance.

Six hours later he'd found no one who'd seen the knuck, but he'd exchanged cards and plans to party with bros from a dozen different states. Leaving the Boot, he walked down the center stripe of Main, oblivious to the honks of passing cars, looking through the solid mass of parked scoots for his own lost ride.

Continuing south on A1A, he scrutinized the endless parade of putts rumbling past until he arrived at his motel. He banged his head when the door stopped against its safety chain. From inside the room he heard a giggle, followed by, "Is that you, Crank?"

"'Speaking of keepers, Fat Doris just came in,' announced Dog. Crank glanced at the door and his worst fears were realized."

"Dammit, Dog, open the door. I ain't in no mood to stand here all fuckin' day."

"Hold on, Crank. I'll be there in a minute," said White Dog from behind the closed door. Crank heard more giggling, a groan, several moans, a bunch of grunts, then the sound of feet crossing the room. "Sorry, man. You caught me getting down to the short strokes," White Dog said, opening the door.

Crank strode past his friend and flopped down on a bed. After several minutes he rolled over and stared at the dizzy-looking blonde who sat smoking a cigarette on the other bed. "Is she legal?" he asked. White Dog just shrugged. "You legal?" Crank asked the girl.

"I'll be seventeen in three months," she giggled.

"Damn, Dog! Can't you wait for 'em to grow up before you jump 'em?" asked Crank.

"I like to get them before they know any better," Dog replied calmly.

The girl giggled again.

Ignoring the girl, Crank said, "Look, man, I got a problem. You gotta help me."

"What's the matter? Got a jealous husband looking for you?" asked White Dog.

Crank thought a minute and said, "I don't think so. No, it's not that. I lost the knuckle."

"What do you mean, you lost the knuckle? What'd you do, race for titles?"

"No! I don't know. I don't think so. How the hell should I know? I woke up this morning and it was gone. I don't know where it is."

Familiar with his friend's behavior, Dog asked, "Where'd you wake up?"

"Behind a 7-11 on the mainland, why?"

"No sweat, then," said Dog. "You probably left it at Doris's place last night."

"Who the hell's Doris?"

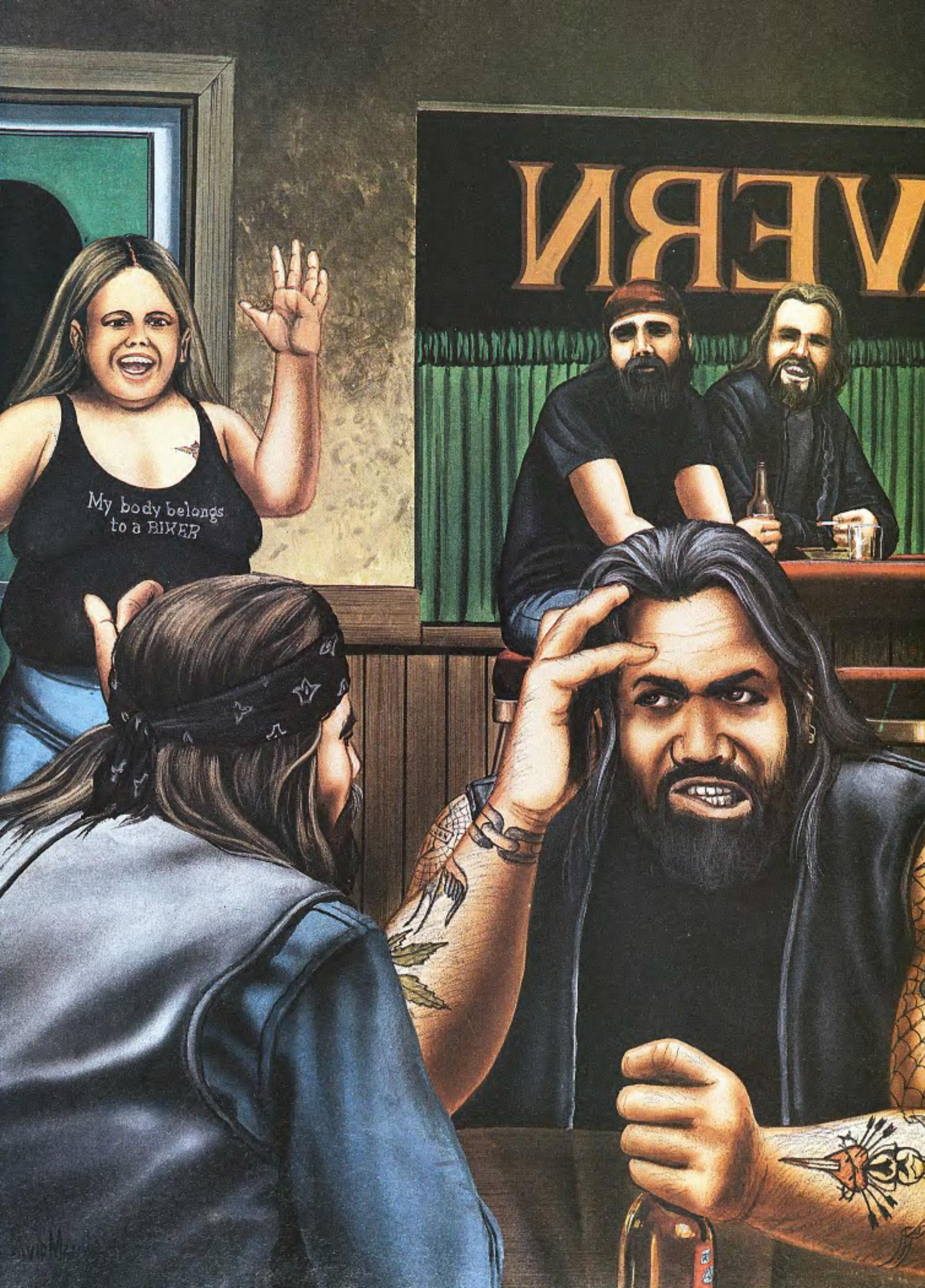
"Fat Doris," said Dog.

"Who?" asked Crank.

"The broad you spent yester-

Continued on page 78

by Fatbob


My body belongs
to a BIKER

ALL-WEATH
RIDE

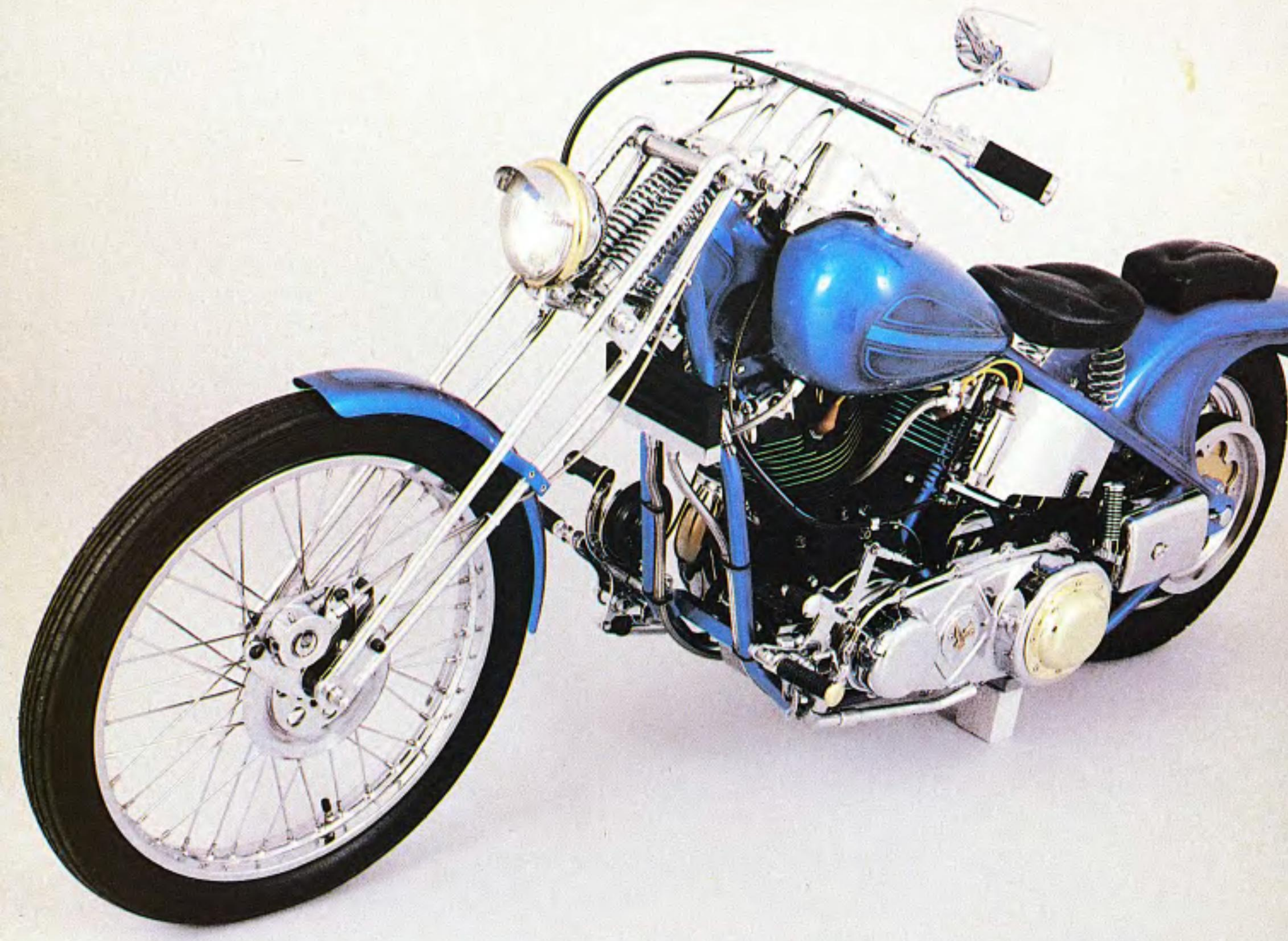
Any weather is ridin' weather for him

ER

"After reading **Easyriders** for so long, and after having lost everything to my ex, I'd just had it up to here, so I decided I was gonna build the best bike I possibly could for myself. It was time for me to finally put my money where my mouth was and get it on."

That's Craig Anderson of Casper, Wyoming, sounding off about his prime, 1983 special-model, rigid-framed shovelhead. Together, they're just as likely to be found rollin' down the barren high-plains' Interstates, 25, 90, or 80 on their way to nowhere in particular, as they are to be stringing the miles together up to Sturgis for the summer biker bash. Every August Craig makes it a practice to take off from his job as a postal clerk, sorting letters in the wee hours of the night, to make the run. In Wyoming terms, where everything is spread out, it's considered a local rally. (Up there, an easy-day ride is a 300-miler.)

This time of the year (freezin'-assed winter), you'd rightfully imagine that bikers would be tearing their machines down, or putting them up, waiting for the sun. In most cases, you'd be right. But hardcore dudes like Craig and other Harley riders bundle up to take on the elements with their two-wheelers.

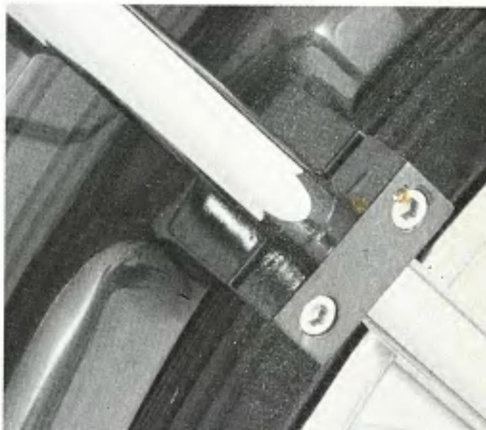


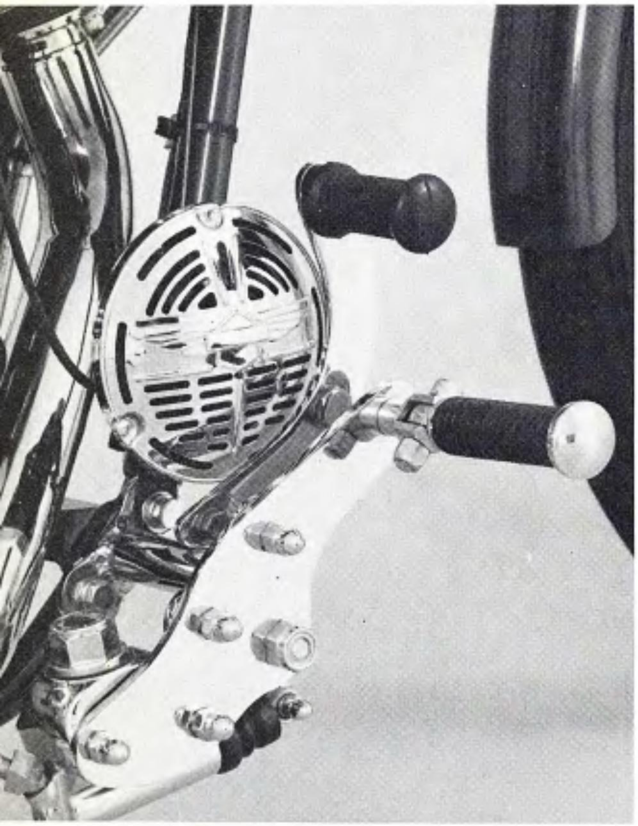
Photos by Mike Lichter

"If you can put on enough clothes, you can ride in Wyoming," Craig theorizes.

When he talked, it was dumpin' six inches of the white stuff, and he'd been out giving scuba-diving lessons at a nearby lake. He went on to say that it was a "pleasant" 13 degrees that afternoon, and while they had to chip away the ice to get into the water, they did see some trout. Yahoo.

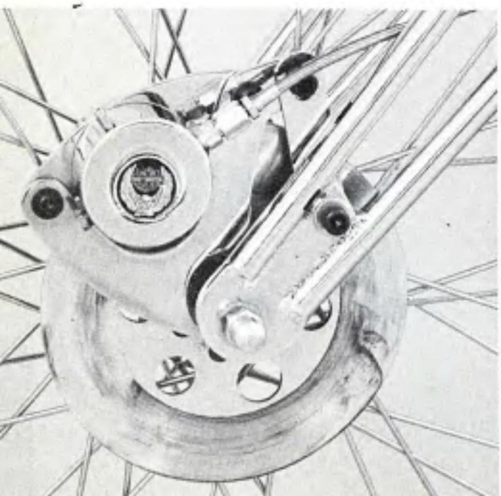
Craig likes to try to get in at least a week of riding every month during the dead of winter. And by March, when cabin fever is running high, he and his friends will be out and





Owner: H. Craig Anderson	**City:** Casper, Wyo.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: High Plains M/C	Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983 H-D	Builder: Paughco	
Model: special	Type: rigid	
Value: build one and see	Rake: 5 degrees over stock	
Assembly by: Kevin Sanger	Stretch: none	
Time: 11 months	Other alterations: belt drive	
Chroming by: Brown's	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: CCI	
Year: 1983	Risers: 5-in. built-in	
Model: shovel	Fender(s): Drag Spec. fatbob/custom	
Rebuilder: Kevin Sanger	Headlight: Paughco	
Ignition: points and coil	Taillight: Drag. Spec.	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.	Speedo: CCI	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: some	Rear pegs: Jammer	
Pistons: .020 over	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: Cal. Products	Gas tank: 3.5-gal./CCI	
Heads: 1973 H-D	Oil tank: 4-qt./Paughco	
Cam(s): FLH	Oil system: Doherty filler	
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: Jammer	
Carb(s): S&S two-throat	Seat: solo/Drag Spec.	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: welded fender	
Pipes: Jammer	Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): Jammer	Material: steel sheet	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: a few	Type: girder	
Year: 1973	Extension: none	
Shifting: foot	Builder: P&P	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive	Special features: dual shock	
Trans sprocket: H-D belt	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: H-D belt	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Gypsy	Hub: Drag Spec.	Hub: Sifton
Painter: Gypsy	Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: blue(s)	Tire: Cheng Shin	Tire: Continental
Type: candy	Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: urethane clear		

Other special modifications: Insured. Special thanks: Ron, Big Ed, Rod, Howard.

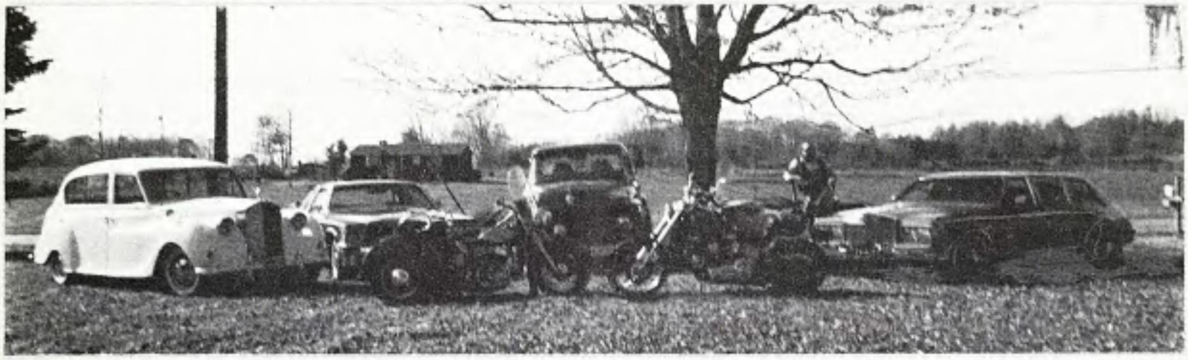


about daily, battling all types of inclement weather. Either way, hot or cold, Craig swears his shovel is his most dependable bike between an Evolution Sporty and a BMW. "It starts on two kicks every time, even in the winter — which is better than my snow blower."

Craig calls her The Pretender. Not because of the group The Pretenders, but more due to the Jackson Browne tune of the same name, since the bike can act the part in any surroundings. Be it out on the streets of Casper, makin' like a show bike and soaking up the stares of admiring passers-by, or being a low-down road dog, chewin' up the miles like a high plains bat out of hell.

— (Snow) Drifter

If You Are INDEPENDENTLY COMFORTABLE



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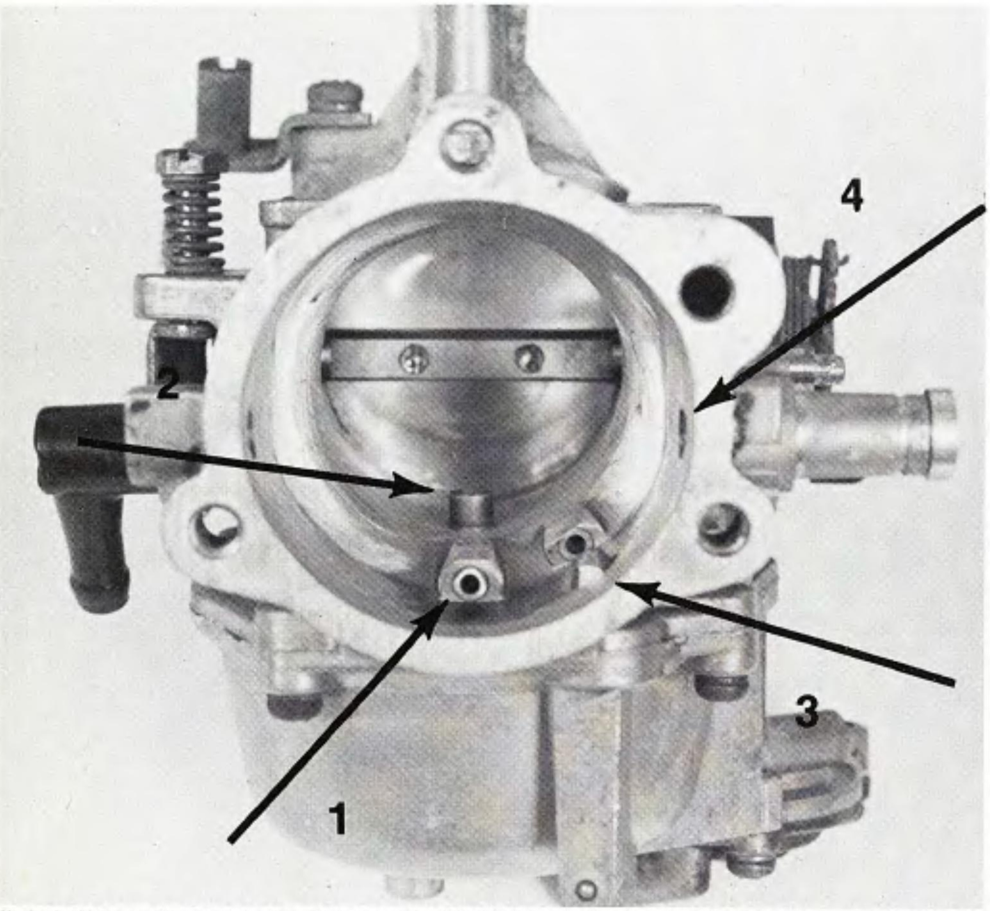
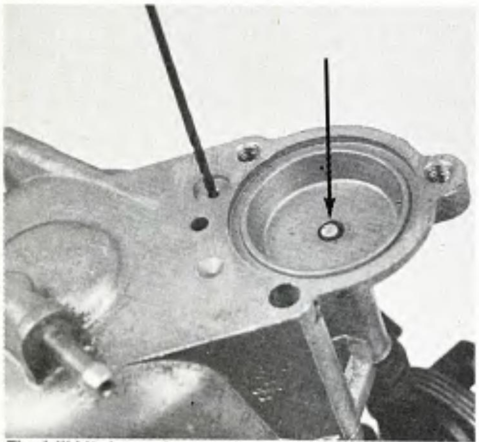
ER

TUNING H-D's KEIHIN CARBURETORS

By Joe Minton

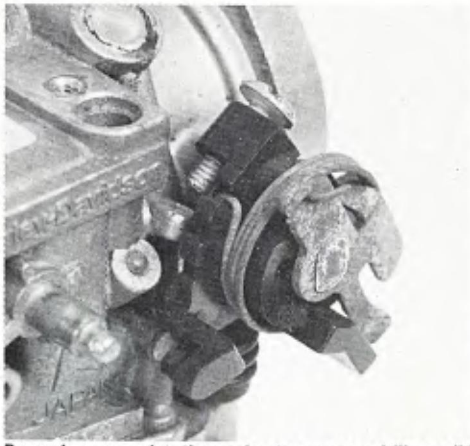


You're lookin' down the throat of a bored (40mm) and modified Keihin carb. The parts described in the text are: 1) the boss that needs to be modified (this one has been) so it won't mess up the vacuum signal to the main system spray bar; 2) the main system spray bar; 3) the tip of the accelerator-pump jet that's always pointed wrong; 4) the plugged hole where the choke shaft came through the carb (note that the mouth of the carb has been smoothed). This thing passes a lotta gas.



The drill bit shows where you have to drill the float bowl when you convert to the better, old-style accelerator pump and the arrow indicates the tip of the accelerator-pump rod. You should grind the rod so it's flush with the casting it sticks through.

Photos by Joe Minton



By running a screw into the accelerator-pump crank like we did, you can adjust the amount of gas pumped into the carb's throat with each stroke. If the pump delivers too much fuel, the engine will load up when ya grab a handful at low rpm.

Harley's been usin' Keihin carburetors for more than a dozen years now and most of us still don't know how to work with 'em. They aren't bad carbs, but they get tossed a lot an' there have been sound reasons for doing that, most of which have nothin' to do with how good the carb is or can be. Now we're gonna tell you how they work and how to make them better.

HOW IT WORKS

The stock Harley carburetor has two gas supply circuits, the idle system and the main system. Below about one-quarter throttle, the idle system supplies most of the gas your engine burns. Gradually, the main system begins to supply gas as the throttle is opened farther and the engine breathes more air and needs more gas to mix with it. By the time the throttle is fully open, the main jet controls all the gas entering the engine. Because these two systems are independent, they can be tuned separately and that's how we're gonna treat them.

Idle System: Description

You have two controls over the idle system: the size of the idle jet and the setting of the idle-mixture screw. The idle jet is located in the float bowl under the rubber plug next to the main jet and has a number stamped on it. The number indicates the size of the hole in hundredths of a millimeter; thus a number 60 jet is sixty-hundredths of a millimeter in diameter. The difference in how much gas will pass through a 60 jet when compared to an 88 jet is substantial — the 88 will pass more than twice as much gas! Idle jets' sizes are sensitive.

Tech Tip

Just after gas passes through the idle jet, it's mixed with air and becomes an air-gas froth. This gas-air mixture is easier to control than gas alone and will start moving more quickly when the demand suddenly increases. The amount of air that gets mixed with the idle jet's gas is controlled by a drilled hole that is the idle's air jet.

The idle-mixture screw is located at the top of the carb, just before the mounting flange. Since roughly 1978, these mixture screws have been hidden underneath an aluminum plug (to keep us from adjusting our Hogs so they'll run right). You can get this plug out by carefully drilling a small hole through it (it's about a hundred-thou thick), then prying it out. Be careful not to drill into the screw underneath. A piece of tape wrapped around the drill bit an eighth of an inch from the tip will let you know when you've gone far enough.

The mixture screw controls how much of the gas-air froth gets into the engine when it's at a dead idle. If you look in the carb, you can see a small hole directly underneath the idle-mixture screw. The screw has a tapered tip that enters the hole you see and limits how much gas froth gets through it. Getting a good idle mixture is as easy as fiddling with this screw until the engine runs clean and smooth. Things are a bit more complicated above idle, though.

If you slowly open the throttle butterfly while you look at the area where the idle hole is, you'll be able to see a set of holes being uncovered by the throttle plate. Those holes are part of the transition circuit; they control the amount of gas that's added as the throttle is opened and before the main circuit fully takes control. The size, number, and position of these holes control the intermediate gas delivery (approx. ⅛ to ¼ throttle). Another control is the angle of the throttle plate itself. Different angles will uncover the intermediate holes at different throttle positions. You and I can't do a damned thing about either the holes or the angle of the plate, so if they aren't right for the needs of your engine, too bad. However, that rarely happens.

Idle System: Tuning

The idle jet can be wrong by a couple of sizes and still give a good idle. By turning the mixture screw you can make your engine idle with most any size idle jet. If the jet is wrong, though, off-idle performance will be awful. If the idle jet is too large, the engine will run rich as you roll the throttle open. If it's too small, the engine will "lean out."

If the jet's one size too rich, it's likely that it will still run okay, but the mileage will be down some and the transition from idle to throttle-open running won't be smooth. Two jets rich, and it'll load up, stagger, and blow black smoke.

One size lean will cause a hesitation as you slowly roll the throttle open. The mileage might be very good, but you'll probably find yourself using the accelerator pump a lot to get by the leanness on acceleration. Two sizes lean and the thing will buck and jump when it's cold and it might surge when you hold a steady throttle setting at cruising speed. Believe me, if your carb's idle jet is two sizes lean, you'll know something is wrong.

Before you can tell whether your carb's idle jet is the right one or not, you'll need to adjust the idle mixture. After warming your engine to normal running temperature, adjust the mixture screw until the idle's smooth and clean. If, while you're doing this, the idle speed creeps up, bring it down again with the speed screw. You can't get the idle mixture right with the engine running at two grand. The idle mixture will be correct if the engine idle speed drops when you turn the mixture screw either way.

The first time you do this it'll probably take so much time that the engine will get too hot. So after you think the mixture adjustment is right, take a short ride to get the temperature back to normal and check the adjustment again.

One of the simplest ways to make a rough check for the correct idle jet is to count the number of turns the mixture screw must be opened to get a good idle. Keihins like to have their mixture screws half to one-and-a-quarter turns open. By the way, when you seat the mixture screw, do it gently or you can mess up the hole it seats in.

If you get best idle at less than the half-turn open, the idle jet is too big. If it takes more than a turn-and-a-quarter, the jet will likely be too small. After you get the idle jet size right, you can refine the engine's response with the mixture screw. There'll be some leeway in the adjustment and you can use that to get the off-idle response just so.

When the idle jet is correct and the mixture screw is set properly, your Hog will idle smoothly and come off idle with no smoking or hesitation. Not only that, but it'll accelerate hard and get the best compromise between power and mileage.

Main System: Description

The main gas system is simpler than the idle system and easier to tune. Like the idle system, there's a supply of air that gets mixed with the gas coming through the main jet to make it easier to get things going when you open the loud handle. The main air jet is located in front of the main system's spray bar. It's that tube sticking out toward the air cleaner at the bottom of the carb's mouth. The main system spray bar sticks out of the floor of the carb in front of the butterfly and the main jet is screwed into the carb body just below the spray bar. Holes in the spray bar let air from the correction jet mix with the gas from the main jet.

When the flow of air through the throat of the carb is great enough, gas begins to flow out of this spray bar. The greater the air flow, the more gas that's pushed out of the spray bar by the pressure in the float bowl.

While it's simpler to talk about gas being "sucked" out of the spray bar, that isn't accurate and will get in the way of your understanding just how a carb really works. When air flows through your carb there's a pressure drop in the throat. The faster the air moves, the greater the drop in pressure. It's the difference in pressure between the throat of the carb and the normal pressure in the float bowl *Continued on page 92*

"Bear felt a sudden, sharp pain in his chest when he caught sight of Flash's Harley in the driveway, parked next to Jennifer's cage."

SUSPICIONS

by R.D. Brown

As the throbbing, rhythmic pain in his head pulled him from the depths of sleep, Bear became aware of the pervasive medicinal smell that hangs in the air of every hospital. Opening his eyes, he found he was alone, lying on a bed surrounded by safety rails. A plastic bracelet scratched at his wrist. Panic sounded an alarm in his mind and he tensed with fear, not for himself but for his most prized possession, his '55 panhead.

The rustle of clothing turned his attention to the door. Bear's ol' lady Jennifer entered the room, anxiety written on her face. She was followed by his tightest bro, a tall, handsome, reedy man known as Flash. Bear and Flash had been riding together for several years now, the two of them nearly inseparable, and together they were whimsically known as "Beauty and the Beast," an allusion to the sharp contrast of their features. Unlike the thin, fragile-appearing Flash, Bear was heavily built and heavily bearded. Combined with his slow, lazy nature, it was obvious how he'd acquired his handle. Next to the willowy, blonde Jennifer, Flash was the closest person in his life, a testament to the accuracy of the old saw about opposites attracting.

"You're awake!" cried Jennifer, rushing to his side.

"Man, you had us just a little worried," added Flash. "That was quite some knot on your head."

"Believe me," Bear replied, "I've felt better. How bad is it?"

"The doctor says — " Jennifer began.

"Jen, I don't mean me. My putt, how bad's the damage?"

"I'm afraid it's a little worse off than you, bro," Flash said gravely. "But don't worry, we'll take care of it."

Storm clouds gathered on Bear's face. How easy it was for Flash to dismiss the loss, the ruin of his cherished sled. After all, it wasn't him lying in a hospital bed, aching from head to toe, and wondering exactly what remained of the pan.

"Do you remember anything?" Jennifer inquired, stroking his arm gently.

"Not all of it," Bear answered, thinking back. "I mostly remember seeing it coming, thinking this is it, Bear, ol' boy!" Mercifully, his mind had suppressed the grinding slide and the crushing collision. Unconscious, he'd missed the wailing sirens, the murmuring onlookers, the horrified, panicky screams of the woman whose errant left turn had downed him.

"Flash," he said now, "tell me, is anything left? Where is it?"

Flash hesitated, looking pensive. "I got Weasel to help me bring it to your garage." The mention of Weasel brought a frown to Jennifer's gentle countenance. "As for what's left," Flash continued, choosing his words carefully, "it's not as bad as it could be, but I'm afraid the front end and frame are a lost cause. The tanks could be salvaged, but knowing how you like things done, I doubt if you'd want them. Quite a few odds and ends are still good, but the best news is your engine and tranny. The heart of the beast lives on." Bear smiled for the first time since he'd woken up. Certainly, the news wasn't the best he'd ever heard, but at least he no longer felt total despair. Still, it was going to be a while before he felt the wind in his face again.

A nurse appeared in the doorway. "I'm sorry, time's up for tonight," she announced.

"All right," Jennifer replied. "We'll be leaving in a moment." Bear suddenly realized how quiet and preoccupied she'd been during the visit. Now she leaned over and kissed him. "We were down at the snack bar earlier," she said, "but it was closed. I'm really starving — we haven't eaten all day."

"What day is it?" Bear asked.

"Thursday."

"You mean it only happened yesterday?" Bear was incredulous. It seemed as though the accident had happened a week or so ago. His partial memories of it were veiled in a dream-like mist where mere hours seemed too small a measure of time.

"Only yesterday." Jennifer smiled at his look of stunned disbelief.

"Well, Jen, how about getting some food?" Flash prompted. "Before we get thrown out of here, I mean?"

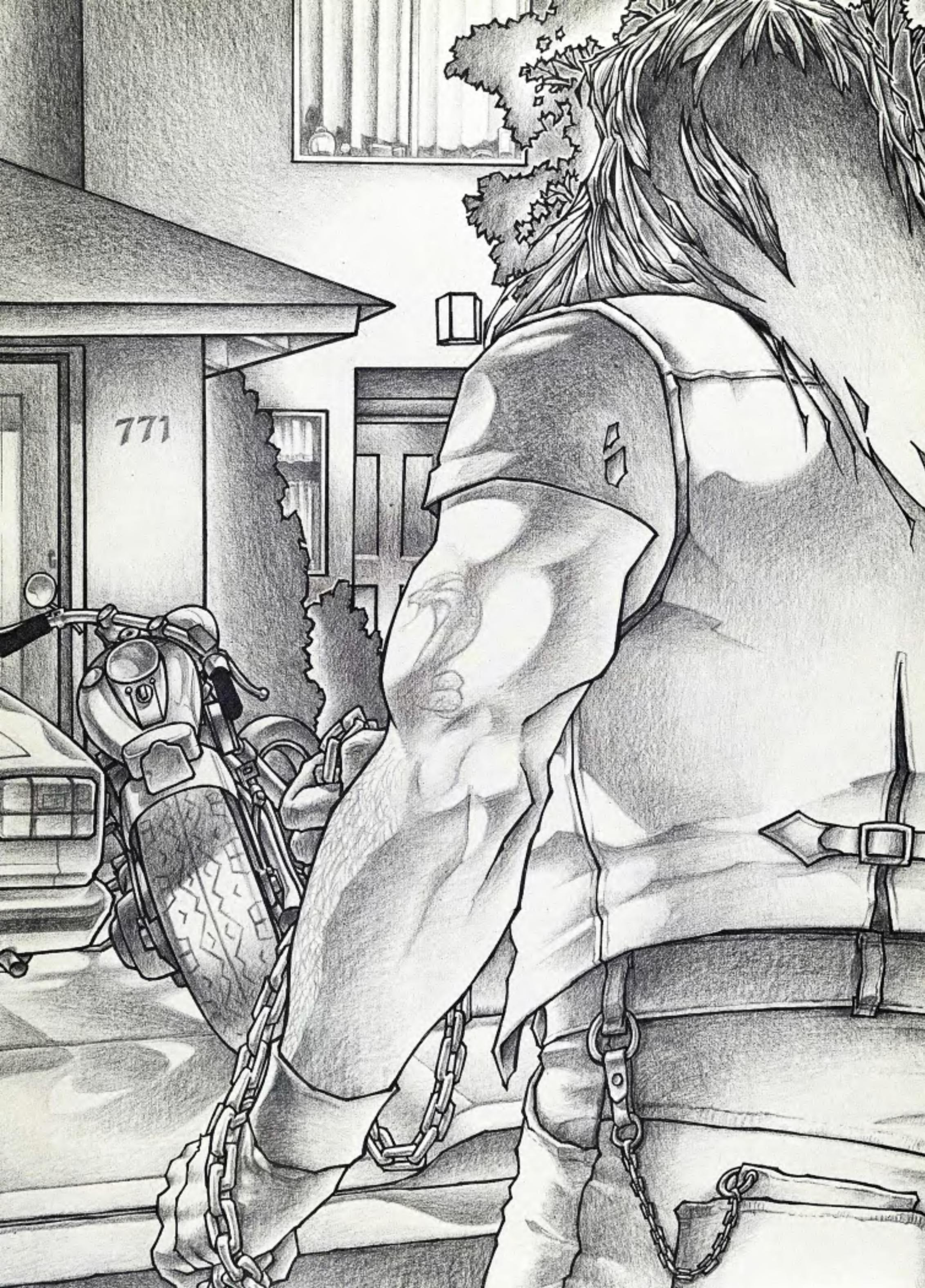
"Okay, I'm ready if you are." She sounded much more upbeat than before, Bear noted, but he felt too tired to try to figure out why. "We'll see you tomorrow," she said, kissing him once more.

"Rest easy, bro," came Flash's voice from the door.

Then they were gone.

Bear slept restlessly that night. In the morning he awoke, vaguely troubled *Continued on page 93*

Illustration by Dusty Duggan


771

Ol' Lady Contest

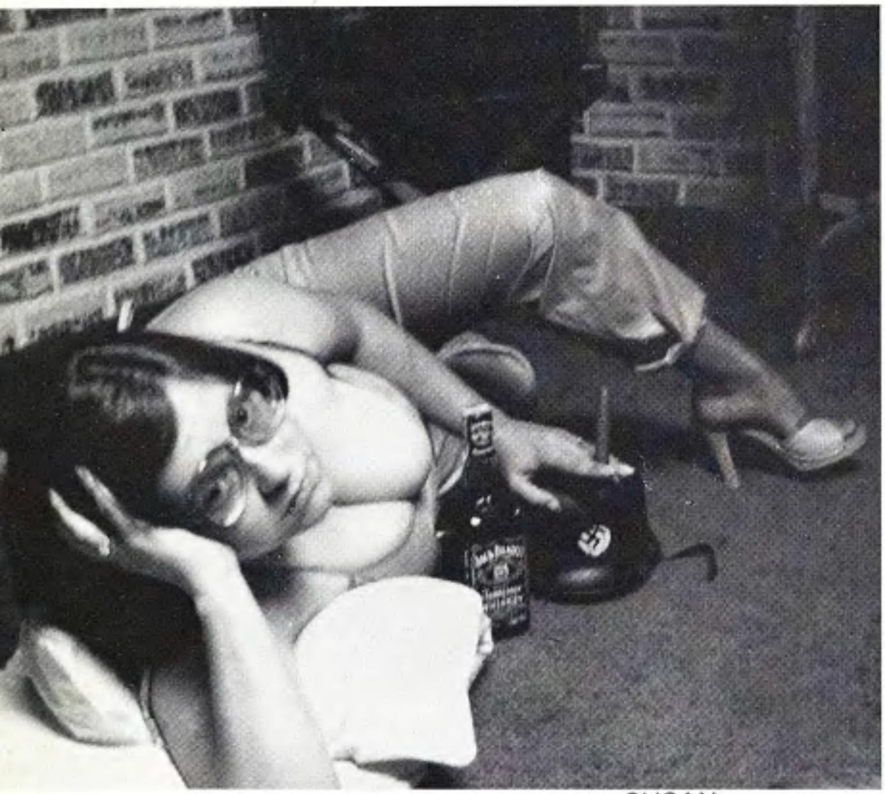
Here's another crop of cuties in our Eighth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the $1000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets $100 and runners-up each get $25, with the contributors gettin' $10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible), describe the type of man you like or dislike.

Photos must be black-and-white or color prints or color slides — no negatives. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is February 28th. We'll print the winner in the June issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #153 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



SUSAN

BARBARA

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photograph of myself with or without using my name and to keep changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Name ______________________
Model's Legal Signature ______________________
I am __________ years of age, born __________
Address ______________________
City __________ State __________ Zip ______
Phone ______________________

Photographer ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________________
State ______________________ Zip ______
Witness to Signature ______________________
____

In 25 words or fewer, describe the type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a *notarized* model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

Here she is, folks — **Susan**, the fourth monthly winner in the Eighth Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Krystal, Therese, and Gypsy.

KATHERINE

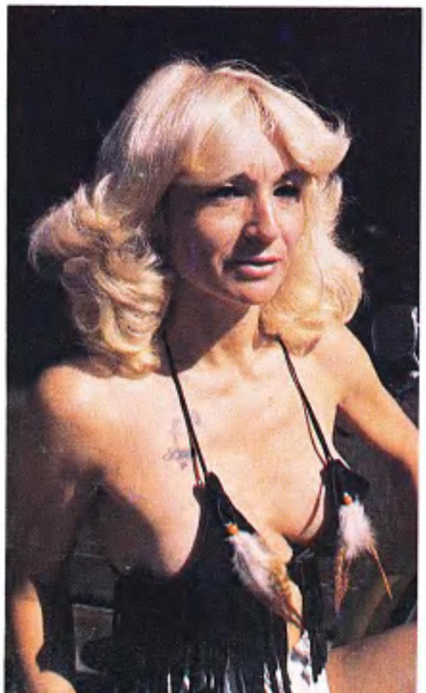
LESLYE

SUSAN

DOREEN

DONNA

ROSEY



SHOP SEARCH

Ever notice how when the job at hand calls for a straight-blade screwdriver, all ya can find are ones with a Phillips end and vice versa? The truth is, more colorful oaths have probably been coined by dudes trying to find the right tool than by sailors, whores, or even hard-pressed road dogs. So if you're tired of stabbing yourself under the fingernail with a linoleum blade everytime you start grubbing around in a drawer for a pair of dyke cutters or somethin' like that, here's a puzzle to take your mind off your hopelessly messed-up work area. Buried within this word search puzzle are all the tools listed below. Some read forward, some backward, and some diagonally, but they all read in a straight line. Your job is to find 'em. Oh, yeah — in case ya want to cheat, the solution is on page 102.

WORD LIST

AIR BRUSH
ALLEN WRENCH
BOLT CUTTERS
BOX WRENCH
CHISEL
COMPRESSOR
DIES
DRILL
EXTRACTOR
FEELER GAUGE
FILE
GEAR PULLER
GRINDER
HACKSAW
HAMMER
IMPACT DRIVER
KNIFE
NEEDLE-NOSE
OPEN-END
PIPE WRENCH
PLIERS
RATCHET
SCREWDRIVER
SLEDGE
SOCKETS
TAPS
TEST LIGHT
TIRE GAUGE
TORCH
TORQUE WRENCH
UNIVERSAL
VISE-GRIPS
WIRE CUTTERS
WORKBENCH

H	Q	O	A	H	C	N	E	R	W	E	U	Q	R	O	T	C	E	N	B	P	X	R	T	E	A	F	O	L	H
A	C	V	S	P	R	E	N	C	Q	U	E	A	E	M	L	I	B	R	F	T	U	V	M	X	N	R	V	Q	C
D	U	E	A	F	C	R	A	G	F	L	A	D	V	S	B	C	R	A	W	A	D	G	B	T	P	X	S	N	U
M	I	L	T	H	M	B	P	U	E	X	E	I	I	G	O	C	P	E	F	N	C	H	A	R	E	N	L	E	Q
Q	U	E	L	K	V	A	Q	G	F	U	S	P	R	V	B	N	B	A	G	L	W	F	K	O	A	B	F	R	E
U	L	M	S	E	U	K	D	E	G	E	S	D	D	P	A	X	E	E	B	A	E	A	B	P	C	I	P	R	W
E	V	N	E	X	R	E	C	A	G	C	O	H	W	X	L	B	A	L	Q	O	U	L	S	A	N	H	E	T	I
H	L	M	O	T	L	Q	S	R	C	F	C	F	E	W	D	I	R	C	D	G	Q	G	I	K	D	N	X	M	R
C	C	Y	E	S	D	L	I	H	Q	N	K	G	R	I	N	D	E	R	Q	E	R	M	E	J	C	H	P	D	E
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W	B	U	H	B	E	M	W	P	D	L	H	A	P	A	E	Q	W	N	L	X	B	M	Q	T	S	T	L	V	T
R	K	P	S	L	K	N	L	I	Q	A	E	T	X	T	P	M	P	S	A	C	O	Y	D	R	O	X	A	B	T
O	E	X	A	Z	E	R	Q	B	R	S	T	E	K	C	O	S	O	S	R	M	K	R	J	S	Z	R	L	F	E
S	T	L	T	L	K	J	O	N	K	R	N	I	F	H	G	H	B	C	L	N	I	A	T	A	P	T	Q	N	R
S	B	H	L	V	X	K	L	W	Z	E	S	A	S	E	Z	S	L	T	Q	V	P	S	U	Y	D	V	N	B	S
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P	X	B	O	L	Z	R	V	H	C	N	E	R	W	X	O	B	F	A	E	T	T	H	E	A	B	P	A	D	O
M	E	U	Q	R	X	H	A	T	R	U	P	M	G	P	G	R	S	N	C	G	Q	L	K	P	D	L	R	I	W
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C	H	X	W	G	M	V	W	E	G	C	W	Y	I	U	Y	A	R	D	S	R	H	K	J	G	F	S	M	B	U
P	A	V	H	E	P	A	Q	R	N	H	A	D	N	E	B	T	G	H	G	X	C	R	A	F	H	Y	P	W	N
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O	A	M	A	S	X	I	O	N	W	C	M	S	R	E	T	T	U	C	T	L	O	B	S	X	R	T	O	K	T
Q	H	C	B	R	O	M	F	Y	B	U	Q	C	B	L	N	G	L	P	E	X	T	W	Y	N	L	O	X	V	M
U	K	F	V	A	P	I	P	E	W	R	E	N	C	H	E	R	C	Y	A	F	A	R	P	B	T	O	R	Q	L

By Moody

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

The Aussie Biker Culture/Nicholas Brash and Loenie Weldon: Every once in a while the editor of this rag decides the rank-and-file need a little culture, so along with the usual pile of promo records, he sends me a book to review. Now, about the only things I read anymore are *TV Guide, Bra Busters*, and Marvel Comics, so I usually cull out the good albums from the disco dung and heavy-metal horseshit, then toss everything else — including any books — into a box for the next wino who comes to the door seeking a handout.

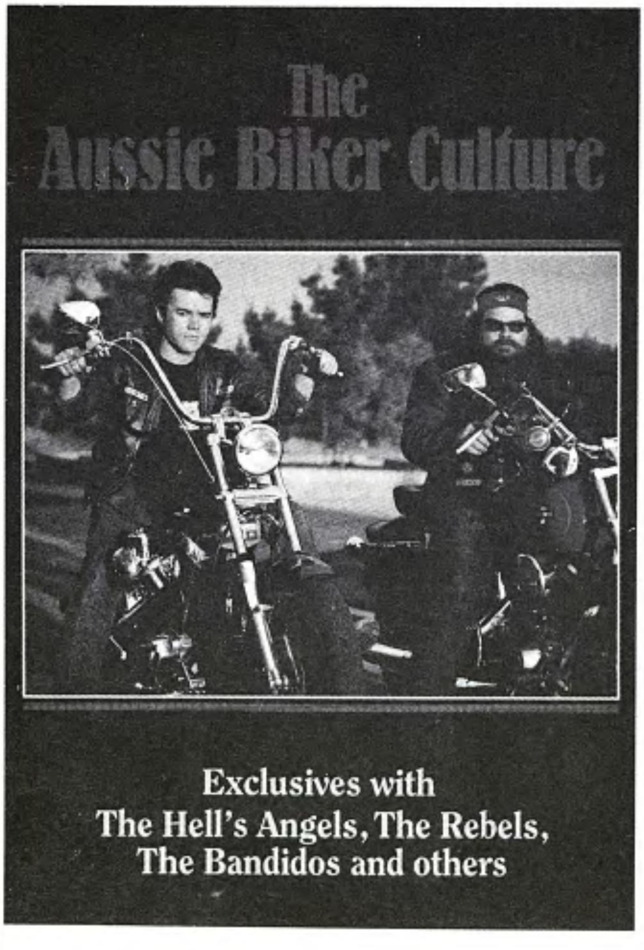
Ordinarily, **The Aussie Biker Culture** would have received the same treatment, except that I came down with a kickass winter cold. I'm talkin' serious shit here, pal. My head hurts like someone drove a connecting rod through my right eyeball, my throat feels like I've been gargling with battery acid, and (you may have read about this in the papers) my nose set a new NCAA indoor record for snot production.

Anyhow, tonight I was sittin' around my dump tryin' to decide whether to choke down a few more vitamin C pellets or just pump a .45 ACP through my face to clear out my sinuses, when my eye fell on the copy of *The Aussie Biker Culture*. Breaking out a pint of Jack Black, I downed a couple of shooters, plus half a bottle of Nyquil, and began reading.

Please understand that I approached the book with high hopes, because Australia's always seemed like it must be an interesting place, a beautiful, unspoiled country full of tough, no-bullshit people and weird critters of all descriptions. Unfortunately, those hopes were disappointed. And if I was a part of the biker scene in the land Down Under, I'd be sore that such a no-class book was making the rounds representing itself as the inside skinny on Australia's thriving motorcycle scene.

What we've got here is basically just another piece of media-grind aimed at cashing in on the world's relatively new fascination with the island continent. Right now Australia is riding a creative and popular wave best demonstrated by the emergence of movies like "Breaker Morant," "Road Warrior," and so forth. Additional evidence of this wave is the recent onslaught of TV commercials inviting you to check out Australia during your annual two weeks away from the fart factory.

Anyway, *The Aussie Biker Culture* fits right in with this trendy, chic media attention in that the book offers a pretty much sanitized, no-cal look at the bros and bikes of that country. While it's divided into individual chapters ostensibly devoted to individual clubs (Bandidos, Rebels, etc.), phenomena (biker women, tattoos, etc.), or events (the annual Broadford rock 'n' roll bash, for example), there's really not much difference from one to another. The theme is always the same old "We don't do drugs, we don't carry guns, we just ride our bikes" stuff that sounds suspiciously like the kind of hokum bikers might tell a couple of dipshit reporters they didn't much trust. You know, here are a couple of ducks sayin' they're puttin' together a book on the Aussie bike scene, so tell 'em we're just a boys' recreational organization. I mean, bikers didn't become the envy of the straight world because they sip tea and keep it under 55, right?



Except for the photos — and a lot of them are terribly ordinary — this book is mostly fluff. To give you an idea of what I mean, right from page one the reader keeps running into mention of Milperra, a Sydney suburb where a biker shoot-out in 1984 left seven people dead. Obviously, this event left its mark on the biking scene in Australia and the book is peppered with references that set the stage for the final chapter, "The Massacre That Was Milperra."

The chapter begins with a short intro, a preparation for the story to follow, the last sentence of which reads, "These pages tell the story of Milperra as the print media saw it. . ." You turn the page, expecting to see newspaper acounts of the event, and what do you find? Well, bro, you find a clumsy, two-page collage of news photos and sensational headlines, hardly a line of text visible, much less readable, and. . .the book ends. What actually happened in Milperra, what caused it, and what its effect has been on the Australian biker community is left for the reader to guess at.

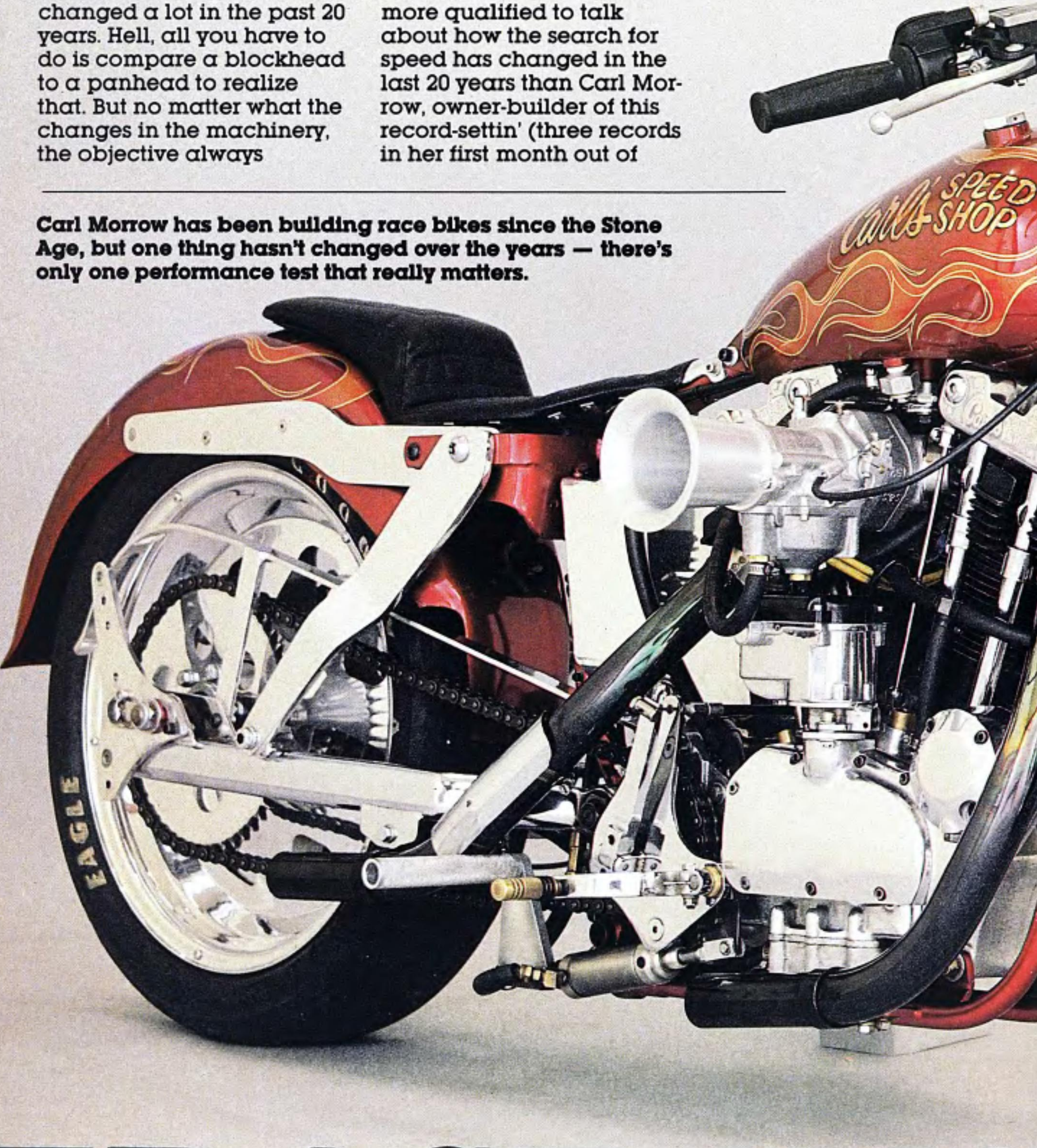
After studying any number of books by and about bikers, I've come up with a quick test to help determine whether or not a particular work is worth reading. If a book purports to tell you about the biker scene and prints pictures of guys in Hells Angels colors, then you should be able to expect that the writers have done their homework well enough to know there's no apostrophe in the club's name — it ain't "Hell's Angels," dammit. It's "Hells Angels."

The Aussie Biker Culture steps on it's dick right on the cover, where "Hell's Angels" is part of the subtitle copy. And things go downhill from there. ■

No matter what kind of mechanical device you're talking about, it's bound to have changed a lot in the past 20 years. Hell, all you have to do is compare a blockhead to a panhead to realize that. But no matter what the changes in the machinery, the objective always remains the same — a better ride.

In racing, "better" means faster and there's no one more qualified to talk about how the search for speed has changed in the last 20 years than Carl Morrow, owner-builder of this record-settin' (three records in her first month out of

Carl Morrow has been building race bikes since the Stone Age, but one thing hasn't changed over the years — there's only one performance test that really matters.



TRACK-TES

the chute, in fact), 387-lb. track burner.

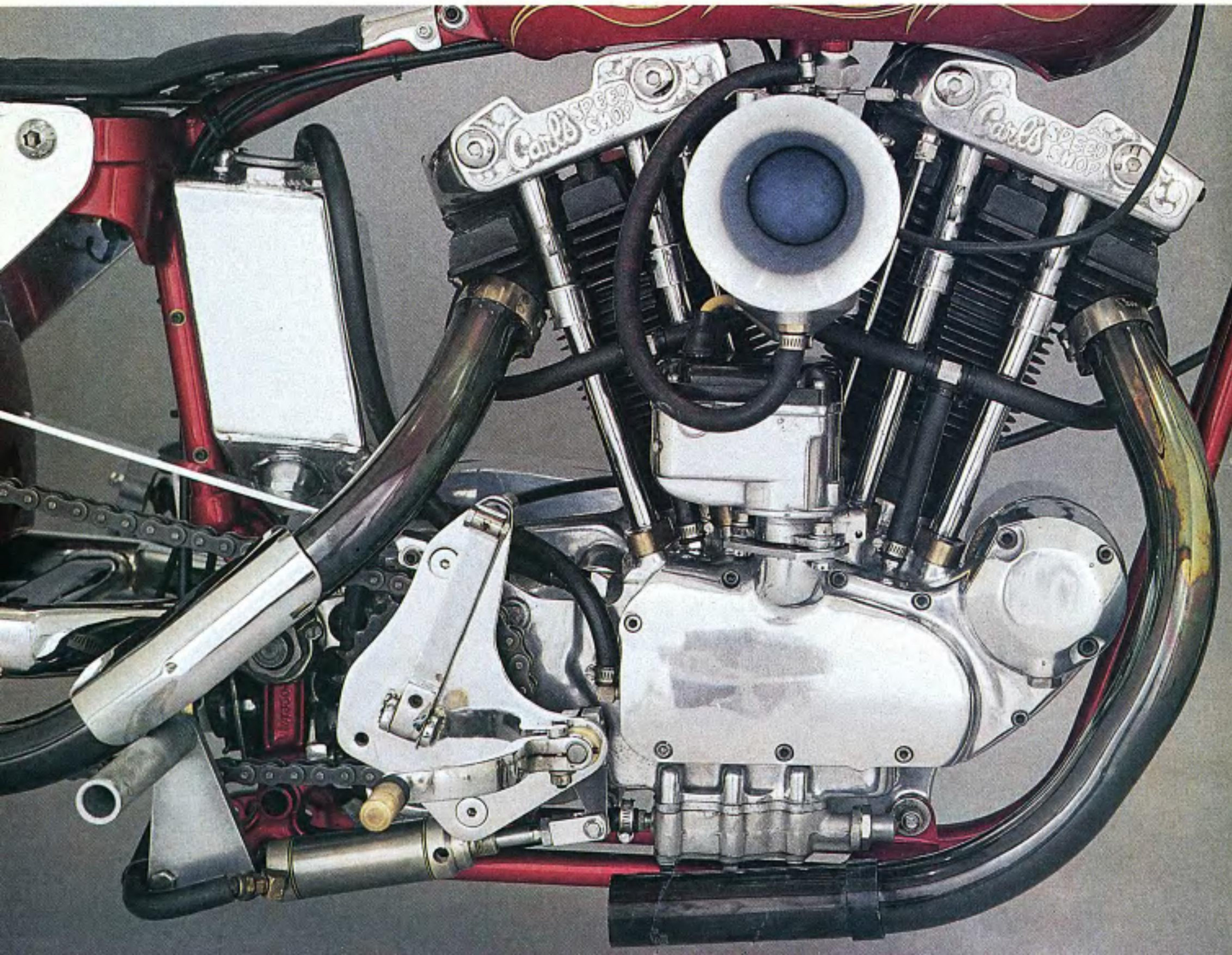
"We were going fast, really fast, when I started building racers 20 years ago," Carl recalls, "but we were doing it the hard way.

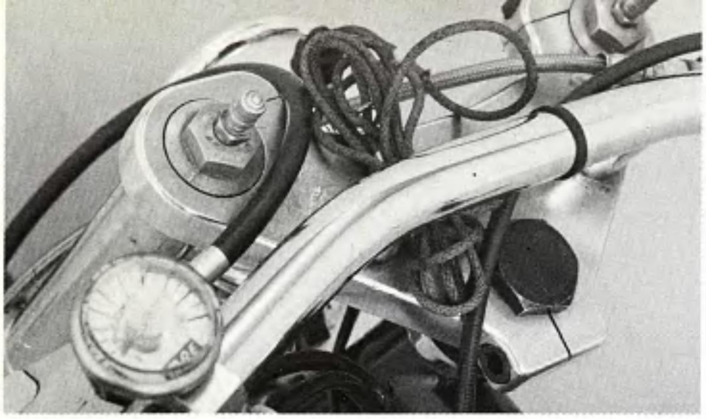
"There're better ways to do it now. There's more equipment, there's more shops. Back then there weren't hardly any places where a builder-rider could go to get high-performance machine work done.

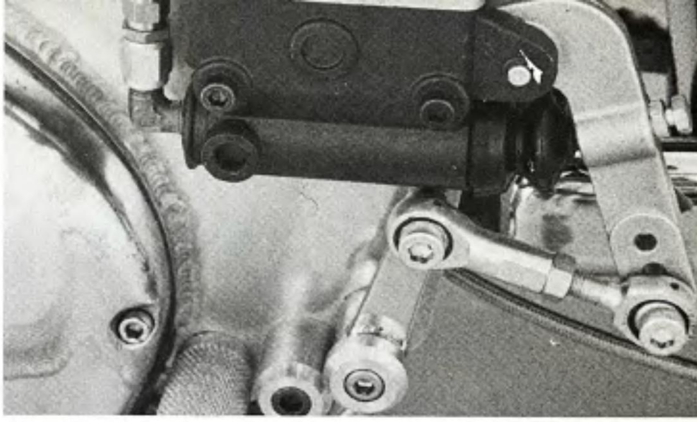
"The other thing was that everything was very hush-hush in the old days. Nobody told anybody else anything and there were no papers or magazines run-

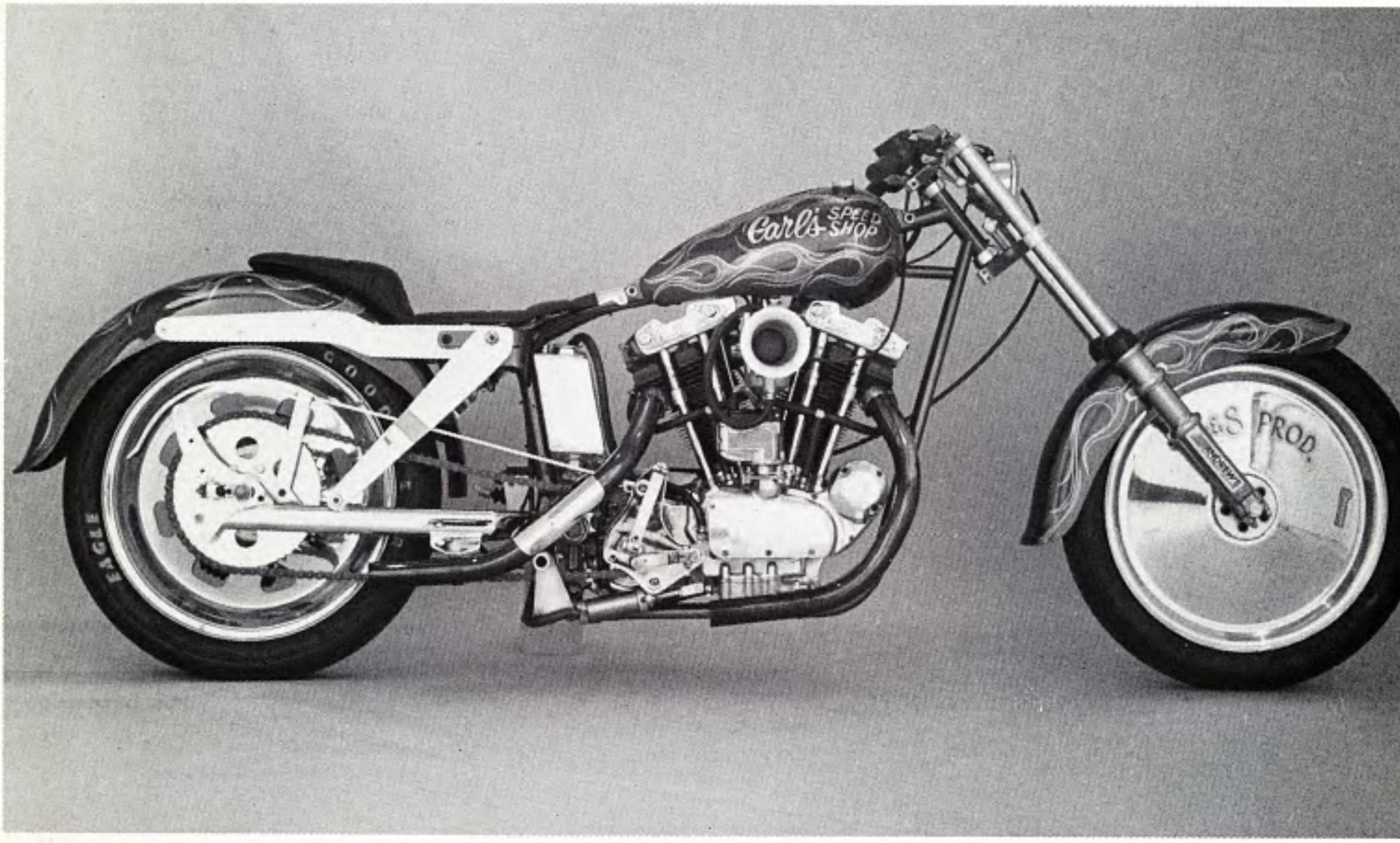
TED

S&S PROD.
ANDREWS
Carl's Speed Shop
GOODYEAR


Carl's Speed Shop
Carl's Speed Shop

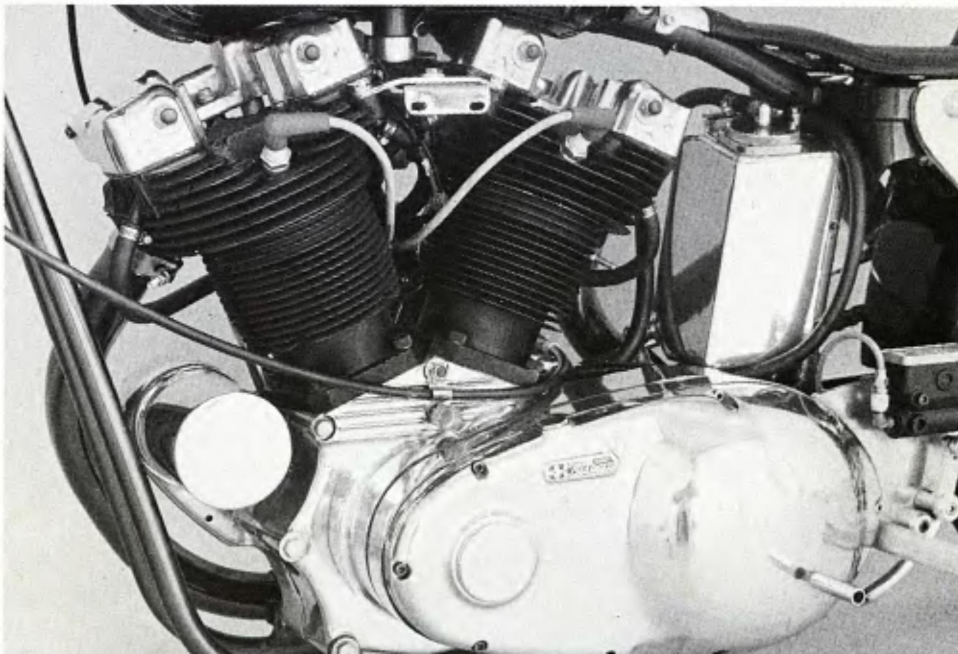


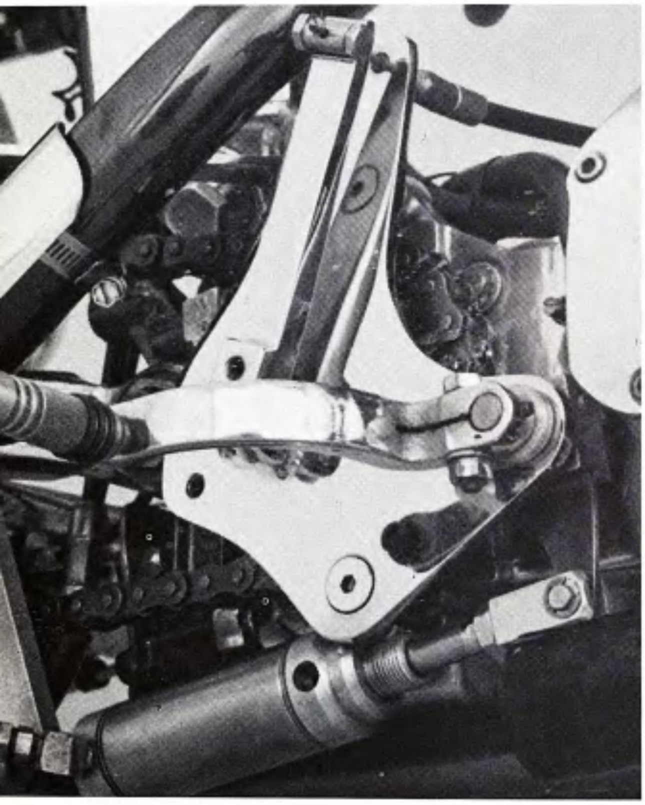




ning features on racing modifications. Those things weren't even **talked** about between builders. Information on how to build a stroker was treated like blueprints for the A-bomb."

Carl also notes that flow-bench testing, dyno runs, and other high-tech innovations have replaced a lot of the seat-of-the-pants test-riding that used to be done. Though a little of that sort of thing is good, he thinks speed shops that build a bike for a customer and turn it over to him without running it at a track first

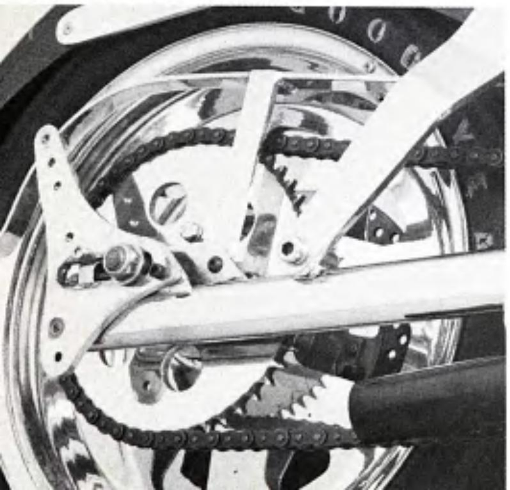




Owner: Carl Morrow	**City:** Santa Fe Springs, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Carl's Speed Shop	Year: 1973	
Year and make: 1972 H-D	Builder: Jim Davis/Arlen Ness	
Model: racer	Type: swingarm	
Value: not for sale	Rake: 36 degrees	
Assembly by: Carl's Speed Shop	Stretch: a little	
Time: almost done	Other alterations: air tank in swingarm	
Chroming by: M&J Show Chrome	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: handmade	
Year: 1972	Risers: in bars	
Model: XLCH	Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Carl's Speed Shop	Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: none	
Displacement: 89 cu.in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S	Front pegs: handmade	
Balancing: Carl's Speed Shop	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: none	
Cases: modified H-D	Gas tank: Arlen Ness	
Heads: Carl's Speed Shop	Oil tank: handmade	
Cam(s): Andrews	Oil system: rubber lines	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: Magnuson	
Carb(s): 2¼-in. S&S	Seat: Lynn Barnett	
Air cleaner: velocity stack	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Cycle Shak/black chrome	Height: 2 in.	
Muffler(s): none	Material: aluminum	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews "C" ratio	Type:, hydraulic	
Year: 1972	Extension: none	
Shifting: M.R.E. air shifter	Builder: Red Wing	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: air	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 49	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: Arlen Ness	Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Arlen Ness	Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4.5
Color: red	Tire: Michelin	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer	Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: flames		

Other special modifications: Rider Randy Snyder.

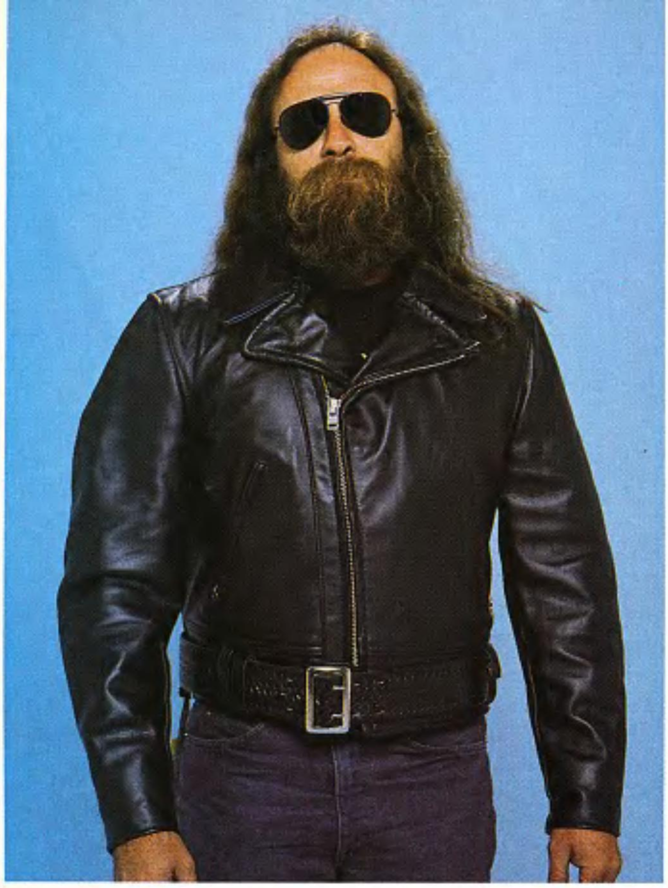
Photos by Pete Chiodo



aren't doing a complete job, no matter how many computers are swearing that the scooter is as perfect as it can be.

"When you get right down to it," Carl says, "you don't really know what it's going to do until you get it on the track and put a clock on it. There's so many variables that can't be compensated for in a shop — things like air pressure, temperature, wind effects, and a dozen more.

"It's as true today as it was 20 years ago. There's just no substitute for running the bike at the track. That's the only test that matters." —Trampo



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B. WWII aviator-style cowhide helmet with nylon lining. One size fits all. Black or brown; made in U.S.A. $25.00

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				[illegible]		
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SCHOTT BROS.

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Height	5'7" to 5'11"	5'11" to 6'3"	6'3" to 6'7"	5'11" to 6'3"	
Chest Size:	34 to 52	36 to 50	42 to 54	48 to 60	

Size:	XS	S	M	L	XL	XXL			Vest Sizing
Chest:	34	36	40	44	46	50			

LADIES

Size:	6	8	10	12	14	16	18		Ladies' Jacket Sizing
Bust:	29½	31	32½	34	36	38	40		
Size:	6	8	10	12	14	16	18		Ladies' Pant Sizing
Waist:	25	26	27½	29	30½	32½	34½		

HOLLYWEIRD GOES AIDSHIT

BY GERALD FAREWELL

The odds on kids dying in the next war are so much greater than they are of their dying of AIDS you have to wonder if the screaming about the disease is a form of ritual escapism. When was the last time Hollywood turned out in black tie to raise money for peace? When was the first time for that matter?

— Nicholas Von Hoffman

Well ol' Nick may have a point there. In a town in which men who never got closer to World War II than you have to Uranus made millions playing tough-talking Army heroes and where a dude who saw as much Vietnam action as Dr. Spock is currently rakin' in the bucks play-acting at being the poor MIAs' great avenger, hypocrisy has never been in short supply.

Hollywood is nothing if not a factory for phonies and fairies, a place populated by drugged-out, scheming greedheads who will say and do anything as long as it's popular and profitable. And if you don't believe it, you managed to miss the spectacle a few months back of three Hollywood bimbos straight-facedly telling a Congressional committee how tough it is to be a farm wife. The basis for their expertise on this subject? They'd each starred in a "life on the farm" feature. Their reason for appearing at the hearing? To hype said flicks. The pols' reason for allowing the chief legislative body of the USA to be used and abused for such a shallow purpose? A close-up look at Jessica Lange's tits? An eyeful of a Jane Fonda thigh? Who the fuck knows. The hair-and-nail budget of the three bleeding-heart friends of America's farmers? Oh, about what a real farm wife spends feeding a family of four for a couple of months.

Still, it's hard to deny that Hollywood never managed to reach the ultimate peak of cynicism until the AIDS epidemic came along, or specifically, until one of their own, the late Rock Hudson, was diagnosed as having it. To say Hollywood has gone on an AIDS orgy is to understate the case. Actors and actresses whose last roles were so long ago that they were filmed by D.W. Griffith and Mack Sennett have managed to make all the sleazy tabloids with their "reactions" to the epidemic. The more well-known the performer, the greater the self-promotion. But the heights, the very pinnacle of shameless exploitation, was scaled in September 1985 when Elizabeth Taylor and a few other long-time media sows staged "Commitment To Life" — an AIDS fund-raiser designed to propagandize the "concerned, caring" nature of the Hollywood film community at little or no cost to its members.

We originally planned to have the Biker Action News Force And Gang (BANFAG) bring you a live, blow-by-blow (and AIDSwise, that's a hell of a lot safer than asshole-by-asshole) account of the bash, but we weren't able to get into the plush ballroom where the gala event was taking place, due to a slight dispute between our remote crew and the hotel manager over the establishment's dress code. However, in the great BANFAG the-news-must-go-on tradition, we rented a luxury suite at a nearby Motel 6½ and assembled a talented cast of hookers, parking lot attendants, and greasy-spoon grill jockeys to provide a simultaneous dramatization of the events going on behind the locked doors of the Commitment to Life celebration.

So we now take you live and direct to the BANFAG Commitment to Crank celebration at the East Los Angeles Motel 6½ and correspondents Chester "Horsedick" Hank and "Glasseye Dave" Thompson.

"Come in, Horsedick and Glasseye. Can you hear me?"

"Just as clear as straight pipes at 4 a.m., little buddy, and ya got here just in time. Things are really beginning to roll, with all the screen luminaries bunched up on a platform singing an introductory song. Can't quite place the tune, though. How 'bout you, Horsedick? Can you get a handle on it?"

"Yes, I can, Glasseye. According to my secret sources, not to be confused with Jack in the Box's secret sauce or yer ol' lady the secret souse, the brand-new, official AIDS anthem — being performed for the first time at tonight's fund-raiser — is sung to the same tune as the best-selling USA For Africa theme, 'We Are The World.' Let's swing the ol' Radio Crap $4.95 microphone at 'em and see if we can't hear the words."

We are the dead,

We are the dying,
We've all got AIDS, but as
long as some of us are
living,
We'll try to pass it
To everyone alive.
It's true you'll be a lucky stiff
If you survive.

"Aw, shit, Glasseye, ain't that stirring? It's got me all choked up."

"Watch that emotional shit, bro, or ya might wind up in that chorus yourself."

"No shit. As soon as we come back from the commercial, let's interview advantage of this break to try and talk to some of the Tinsel Town heroes gathered here to perpetrate this pseudo-humanitarian hype. Oh, here comes Glasseye with a guest now. Who've you got for us, Glasseye?"

"We're really in luck, Horsedick. This is famous stand-up comedian David Steinsteen, and if there's anyone who can communicate to the folks at home the essential humor beneath AIDS' grim exterior, it's Davey. Whaddya think about this celebration, Dave?"

"Vhat do I think? Vhat do I *think?* vhile and some of the men he talks to hand him money, whip out der schlongs, and randomly schtup one of the moons.

"Now I'm asking, who can eat a bagel under such circumstances? I go closer. De man in the tuxedo is saying to a passerby, 'C'mon, man, take a chance. It's only five bucks.'

"Finally, I can stand it no longer. I go right up to de man in de tux and I say, 'Listen, mister, I don't mean to stick my nose in vhere it's not wanted, but vhat de hell is going on here?'

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

some of these Hollyweird faggots, okay?"

"Damn right. . .There's the red light, we're on again."

"Welcome back to the show, ladies and gentlemen. I'm Horsedick Hank and with me here is Glasseye Dave. We're here with the BANFAG news team to bring you as-it-happens coverage of this festive AIDS benefit dinner.

"There's a slight lull in the activities at the moment because bodyguards and medical advisors to the many celebrities present are testing the waiters for AIDS before allowing them to serve dinner. We'll take

Dat's a good vun. I think maybe I should fill de tub with Lysol and jump in, is vhat I think. Y'know, a funny ting happened to me on the vay to dis party. I'm stopping on Fairfax for a bagel and some cream cheese, because, being frank, you shouldn't expect the food in a toilet like this to be kosher, and up on the corner of Santa Monica Boulevard I see these six schnooks with the pants down around their ankles and the tukises pointed up at the moon.

"And dis guy is standing in front of dem wearing a tuxedo and a top hat. And he's grabbing everyvon who goes by and talking to dem. I vatch for a

"He pulls me close and whispers, 'It's the latest fad. The greatest game since Trivial Pursuit. See, one of these bare-assed guys here has AIDS, but nobody knows which one. I call the game Hollywood Roulette.'

"Den he comes so close his tongue is right in my ear. 'Actually,' he says, 'I'm gonna tell ya a little secret. They've *all* got AIDS. You play, you lose. It just might take a few years until you find out.'"

"Awright, folks, how 'bout a big hand for David Steinsteen? A funny, *funny* man, right, Glasseye?"

"Right, Horsedick, but if you wanna talk pure *Continued on page 86*

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Judge exposes flaw in Florida lid law

If there are no legal helmets, how can bikers be required to wear one, he asks

A judge in Osceola County, Florida, acquitted a biker accused of violating the state's mandatory helmet law, because, he ruled, there were no helmets on the market legal for use in Florida.

The intriguing ruling came about because the Florida helmet law requires all motorcycle riders in the state to wear helmets approved by the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators (AAMVA), who previously had published a list of about 500 approved lids. The kicker is that each helmet on the list is certified for a limited amount of time and the certification date for them has expired, so they are no longer legal in Florida.

"I was all set to find (biker John) Hayes guilty," Judge Chester Kerr said, until Kerr's attorney showed him a copy of the statute and the list of expiration dates for all of the approved helmets.

"It was inescapable," Kerr announced after he had acquitted the biker. "The words in the statute are right there."

The impact of Kerr's ruling was immediately downplayed by a spokesman for the Florida Highway Patrol, who vowed that his troopers would keep busting bareheaded bikers despite the decision.

"I think it was a misinterpretation," Highway Patrol Major Charles Hall said. "I don't think it's in the best interests of the public and I think it's unfair."

Highway patrol spokesmen also noted that Kerr's decision was not binding on other judges in the state, but Orlando attorney Garrick Fox, who represented Hayes, said he would continue to challenge the lid law on the same basis until the legislature updates the approved helmet list.

"I love it," Fox said. "There are no helmets that are approved in the state of Florida. It's very difficult for a bureaucracy to admit they made a mistake."

But admit it they must if they expect to be able to keep convicting bikers for not obeying the lid law. At this writing, an administrative hearing to determine a new approved-helmet list and set new expiration dates was scheduled to be held in Tallahassee toward the end of 1985.

More ammo

Ten years after the state of Minnesota repealed its mandatory helmet law, the motorcycle fatality rate has dropped by a whopping 50%, from 6 per 10,000 licensed bikes in the last year of the lid law (1975) to 3 per 10,000 in 1985.

Easynews

"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Midwest blood barons reject biker donations

Despite what they themselves called a "desperate regional need for blood," two blood banks in the Calumet City, Illinois, area have refused to accept donations from a blood drive organized by the Hell's Henchmen MC.

Both the Chicago-based United Blood Services and the Cook County Hospital had agreed to accept the bikers' blood donations but pulled out at the last minute.

"With bikers that have a name like Hell's Henchmen, there is an association, however unfortunate, with a tough lifestyle," United Blood executive director Robert Ware told the press. "We in the blood community across the country are doing it [rejecting donations from biker groups]." Ware said. "We have no other choice."

Ware's assertion that everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it was immediately disputed by the executive director of the Northwest Indiana Chapter of the American Red Cross, Micke Hornack.

"I don't know of any situation where we've said because of lifestyle, we won't take blood," Hornack said.

Members of the Hell's Henchmen, meanwhile, reacted angrily to the cancellation of the blood drive, especially since the drive had originally been suggested to them by representatives of United Blood Services.

"They told us there was a shortage of blood in the Chicago area and suggested that we have a blood drive," organizer Dan Blondeel said. "That's the thing that really gets me. They asked us to do it and now they're saying they don't want our blood.

"We take this very seriously," Blondeel added. "Many bikers have needed blood themselves and they know how important it is. There are people out there, sick or dying, or even waiting for operations, who need blood and will die if they don't get it."

"We really wanted to do our part," he said. "They're stereotyping us as drug users, but we just ride our motorcycles, that's all. We ride our bikes; we don't hang around with everyone else, and everyone thinks that's bad."

"Everyone came straight," Blondeel's ol' lady Sue recalls. "Many of these people haven't had so much as a beer in days, just trying to get themselves ready to donate blood. I can't believe this has happened. It's a slap in the face."

Approximately 150 members and friends of the Hell's Henchmen, some coming from as far as 100 miles away, had gathered for the blood run before word got out that it was canceled. Despite the rejection by UBS and Cook County Hospital, they vowed to reschedule the run with the Red Cross or some other group as recipient.

Though officials of Cook County Hospital have refused to talk to the press about their boycott of bikers' blood, workers at the hospital have reportedly told the Henchmen that the hospital was simply following the lead of United Blood Services.

The hospital originally agreed to accept the blood, but reversed its decision two days later because they decided that they would "have to go along with the decision made by UBS," Blondeel said.

And what of UBS? Why would they first urge the bikers to organize a blood run and then refuse to accept the blood?

Though nobody would go on the record as to who reversed the signals at the blood bank, the indications are that the decision was made at the top, by executive director Ware. In case you might have a comment or two on that decision, you can reach United Blood Services at (312) 751-1701.

Beach bunnies, here we come

All roads lead to Daytona March 4

If it seems like only last year since you were brushing the snow off your saddle and pointin' your 19-incher toward Florida, it's because it was.

Yeah, Bike Week at Daytona is just around the corner again and unfortunately, you're still gonna have to wear a lid. ABATE of Florida is workin' hard at changin' that and you can help 'em by turnin' out for their annual Daytona helmet run. It'll leave the ABATE campground at the New Smyrna Speedway at 1 p.m. Saturday, March 9. In addition to the lid law, Florida has a passel of other "interestin" rules. Here they are:

Motorcyle Rules:

- Approved helmets must be worn by drivers and passengers anywhere in the area, except on the Atlantic Ocean beach within the city limits.
- Headlights must be in operation at all times.
- Motorcycles must be equipped with stock mufflers in good working order.
- Unusual smoke or noise is an offense, and no cut-outs or bypasses are allowed.
- Headlights must be mounted no higher than 54 inches or lower than 24 inches from the ground. Taillights must be no higher than 72 inches or lower than 20 inches.
- Handlebars must not be more than 15 inches above the portion of the seat occupied by the driver.
- Footpegs for both the driver and passenger are required.
- Bike riders must obey all general traffic rules and regulations.

Miscellaneous Ordinances

- Carrying or consuming an open container of any alcoholic beverage, including beer, is prohibited on the beach and city streets.
- Hitchhiking is prohibited within the city limits of Daytona.
- Littering is prohibited.
- Speed limit on the beach is 10mph at all times.
- When driving on the beach, you must not drive in water or soft sand.
- Dogs are not permitted on the beach at any time.
- Sleeping on the streets or parks at any time, or on the beach at night, is prohibited.
- Camping on the beach is prohibited.
- It is illegal to stop, stand, or park any vehicle on the beach between 3 and 5:30 a.m.
- Trespassing on motel property where you are not registered as a guest may result in arrest.
- Swimming within 100 yards of an ocean pier is prohibited.
- Advertising of any type or soliciting without a license is prohibited.
- It is illegal for anyone under 19 to possess alcoholic beverages or to misrepresent his age in order to buy them.
- You can make a right turn on a red light after coming to a full stop, except where posted "No turn on red."
- Pedestrians always have the right-of-way on the beach.
- "No parking" areas are indicated by a yellow painted curb or "No Parking" sign.
- Balls or Frisbees should not be thrown across traffic lanes.
- Sunbathers should not sit or recline so as to interfere with traffic.

In case you fuck up and inadvertently run afoul of one or more of these regulations, you'll want to know the following: Florida law provides that an individual arrested may be released on a reasonable bond after he is booked. Anyone incarcerated will be afforded a first appearance hearing in front of a judge within 24 hours after arrest.

Have a ball on the beach, bros. And good luck.

Excerpts from Florida Motor Vehicle Code

License Required — Operators of motorcycles must have in their possession a valid operator's or chauffeur's driver's license.

Tag Required — Motorcycles must have a current and valid license tag securely affixed to the rear of the motorcycle in such a manner as to be readily visible for 100 feet. Tag must be properly positioned, not upside down or vertical.

Improper Tag — Any person who knowingly attaches to any motor vehicle any tag or revalidation sticker to plate, not issued and assigned to such vehicle, is guilty of a misdemeanor of the second degree. This section provides for arrest.

Handlebars — Motorcycle handlebars shall not be mounted so that any part of the bars will exceed 15 inches in height above that portion of the seat occupied by the operator.

Crash Helmets — All motorcycle operators and passengers must wear approved crash helmets securely fastened upon the head at all times when operating a motorcycle on the city streets. (Exception: Helmet is optional when the motorcycle is being operated on the Atlantic Ocean beach, within the city limits.)

Mufflers — Every motorcycle must at all times be equipped with a muffler in good working order and in constant operation to prevent excessive or unusual noise or smoke, and no person shall use a muffler cut-out or bypass, and the muffler shall be free from defects or alterations.

Headlights — The headlights on motorcycles must be turned on at all times when the motorcycle is in motion (24 hours per day).

Headlight Position — Headlight must be positioned at a height of not more than 54 inches nor less than 24 inches from the ground.

Taillamps — Every motorcycle shall be equipped with at least one taillamp, and it shall be positioned at a height of not more than 72 inches nor less than 20 inches from the ground. Every motorcycle must be equipped with at least one stoplight. Every motorcycle must be equipped with a white license plate light that renders it (the plate) clearly legible for 50 feet.

Horns — Every motorcycle must be equipped with a horn or some other type of warning device.

Mirrors — Every motorcycle must be equipped with a rearview mirror.

Footrests — Every motorcycle carrying passengers other than in a sidecar must be equipped with footrests for the passenger. Muffler, tailpipe, and axle shafts are not footrests.

Brakes — Every motorcycle (over five brake horsepower) is required to be equipped with both front and rear brakes in operable condition.

Method Of Riding Motorcycles — A person operating a motorcycle shall ride only upon the permanent and regular seat attached thereto. Passengers must ride on a regular seat designed for two persons or upon another seat firmly attached to the motorcycle or at the side of the operator. Operators and passengers must sit astride the seat facing forward with one leg on each side of the motorcycle.

Operation Of Motorcycles On Roadways — Motorcycles shall not be operated more than two abreast in a single lane. The operator of a motorcycle shall not overtake or pass in the same lane occupied by the vehicle being overtaken. No person shall operate a motorcycle between lines of traffic or between adjacent lines or rows of vehicles.

Motorcycles — Any person operating a motorcycle shall be granted all of the rights and shall be subject to all the duties applicable to the driver of another vehicle under this act, except as to special regulations in this act and except as to those provisions of this act which by their nature can have no application.

Speed Limits — Speed limits within the city limits are 30 miles per hour unless otherwise posted. Within the city limits, speed on the Atlantic Ocean beach is posted at 10mph at all times.

DOWN THE ROAD

Here's your guide to what's happening "down the road" into the future. To have *your* club or organization's event listed, get the information to us *at least* three months beforehand. We are as accurate as possible, but events are often canceled, moved or rescheduled after publication.If you're goin' a long way just to catch a specific event, it pays to contact the sponsors a week or two ahead of time just to make sure that everything's still cool. Send info on your upcoming parties, runs, and other events to Down The Road, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

JANUARY

January 25-26 — EIGHTH ANNUAL COLORADO BIKE SHOW and swap meet at the Adams County Fairgrounds. For info, write Colorado MC Show and Swap, Box 15022, Como, CO 80432, or call (303) 836-2403.

January 26 — SWAP MEET at Campbell Hall, Pasadena, Texas. Door prizes and live music will be featured. For info, call (713) 991-0699.

January 31-Feb. 2 — BIKE SHOW at Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis, Missouri. Antiques, customs, and stockers welcome. Live entertainment. Special appearance by Dave Mann. For info, call (816) 452-8169.

January 31-February 2 — BIKE SHOW at Arlington Park, Arlington Heights, Illinois. Sponsored by Great American Motorcycle and ATV Shows, 151 Shipyard Way, Newport Beach, CA 92663.

FEBRUARY

February 2 — SWAP MEET at the Wayne County 4-H Fairgrounds, Richmond, Indiana. For info, call (317) 529-0964 or (317) 529-2972.

February 15-16 — BIKERS' RIGHTS SEMINAR at the Ramada Inn, Denver, Colorado. Sponsored by ABATE of Colorado for all bikers' rights activists west of the Mississippi. For more info, write Big John, Box 667, Sterling, CO 80751, or call (303) 522-2791.

February 16 — SWAP MEET, sponsored by ABATE of the Mid-South at the Tennessee Army/Guard Armory in Memphis. For more info, write 'em at Box 182, Millington, TN 38053, or call Jerry at (901) 452-1784.

February 21-23 — BIKE SHOW at the Kansas City Trade Mart, Kansas City, Missouri. Write Doug's Choppers, 3009 Hwy. 10, Kansas City, MO 64117 for info, or call (816) 452-8169.

February 22-23 — SWAP MEET AND BIKE SHOW at Elco's Airport Exhibition Center, Atlanta, Georgia. Sponsored by ABATE of Georgia, Box 313, Monroe, GA 30655. For info, write 'em or call (404) 267-4678.

MARCH

March 2-8 — BIKE WEEK in Daytona, Florida. Wine, women, song, and scooters, scooters, scooters. Check March *Easyriders* (on sale end of February) for changes in Florida scooter laws.

March 8-9 — BIKE SHOW AND SWAP MEET at the Ramada Inn Convention Center, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Hours will be 10 a.m. - 9 p.m., with a dance Saturday night from 9 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sponsored by ABATE of Sioux Falls, Box 864, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (605) 339-1088.

March 21-23 — BIKE SHOW at the Des Moines Convention Center, Des Moines, Iowa. For info, write Doug's Choppers, 3009 Hwy. 10, Kansas City, MO 64117 or call (816) 452-8169.

March 22 — ANTIQUE BIKE SHOW and swap meet at Phoenix Trotting Park, Phoenix, Arizona. Free admission. For info, call Mike Gorman at (602) 841-6064.

March 22 — SWAP MEET in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by ABATE of Pennslvania, Allegheny Chapter. For info, write 'em at 410 S. Main St., Pittsburgh, PA 15220, or call Linda at (412) 922-4852.

California legislator tries to 'stop the rocks'

California Assemblyman Richard Katz has introduced a bill that would put a halt to one of the greatest hazards facing bike riders — rocks, gravel, and other debris flying off the back of sand and gravel trucks.

"On many highways in California, rock showers have become a way of life," Katz notes. "More often than not, complaints are met with either denials or excuses. If the victim can cite the time, location, and the particular truck that caused the damage, there is the possibility that the transport company will take responsibility and pay compensation for the damage."

Katz, chairman of the Assembly Transportation Committee, says his bill, AB 2335, would solve the problem by stiffening the penalties for violating current laws and by requiring vehicles transporting sand, gravel, or similar materials to be covered.

"Powerful gravel-truck lobbyists have successfully killed numerous attempts for the past ten years to pass a law in California which would require covering sand and gravel trucks," Katz says. "There are ten states, however, which do have strict load-covering laws to ensure highway safety.

"The trucking industry is still denying that there is a problem and claims that covering their trucks would be too expensive. Of course, all the rest of us are now footing the bill for their negligence," the representative adds. "The price tag to repair damages caused by airborne debris runs into the millions — over $60 million per year on broken windshield glass alone," and that doesn't include the medical costs of riders who go down from being hit by the debris.

Katz notes that powerful special interests are opposing his bill in the legislature and that only massive public support can force its passage. To voice your support, drop a card saying, "I support 2335, which would require trucks carrying sand and gravel to be covered," to Assemblyman Richard Katz, State Capitol, Room 3146, Sacramento, CA 95814.

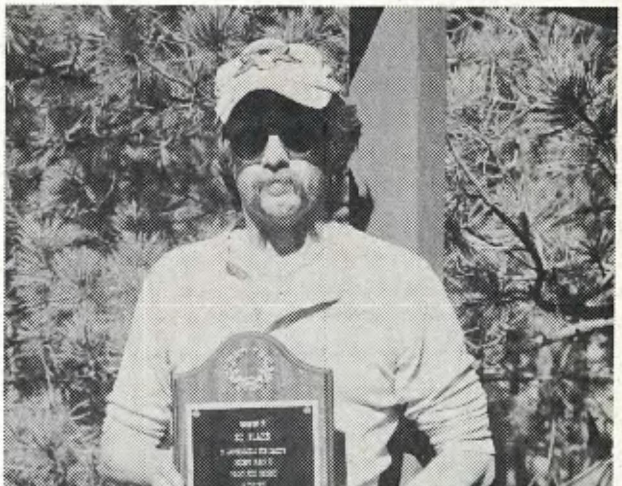
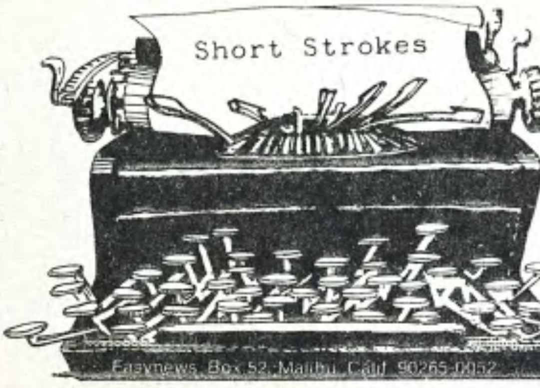


Photo by Rip

BIG-HEARTED ED — Ed Blake, owner of Chad's Place, a tavern in Big Bear, California, proudly displays a plaque presented him by the Hells Angels chapter in San Bernardino. Ed earned the club's kudos by donating *all* the Oct. 27, 1985, proceeds from his bar to a trust fund for Grubby Glenn II, the son of a patchholder who was killed in a bike/cage accident a week before junior's birth. Many other merchants in the Big Bear area donated door prizes for the fund-raiser. A total of $5000 was collected. It will be used for the boy's education.



"From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli" Dept.: The U.S. Marine Corps now has combat troops on motorcycles for the first time since 1945 — will ya be surprised when we tell ya they're on Kawasuckies? . . . **We will fight our country's battles** on machines from Japanee Dept.: Also on the military front, the commander of the Atlantic Fleet of the U.S. Navy has recently issued a regulation requiring all personnel operating a cycle *on or off* base to pass a rider education course and wear helmets and face shields. Whoever says the 14th Amendment to the Constitution outlawed involuntary servitude never did time in the service . . . **Speaking of lids,** Vetter Products is voluntarily recalling certain Vetterlite I and Vetterlite II helmets "in the interests of consumer safety." If you've got one, contact your dealer for further information.

The Association for Injured Motorcyclists of Vancouver, B.C., has started a drive to reenlist old members and recruit new ones. The group claims to have assisted about 50 bike-accident victims in 1985. To find out more, write 'em at Box 82303, N. Burnaby, B.C. V5C 5P8 . . . **Thomas Lark of Loveland,** Colorado, and Stacy Brown of White River, South Dakota, were the big winners in the Fourth Annual Harley-Davidson Giveaway for Easter Seals. Lark won a new FXST and Brown walked off with his-and-hers Black Hills Gold H-D rings.

The tail end of the year always produces more than the usual amount of charity news. Here are a few items from the mail pouch . . . **ABATE of Indiana** raised a record-breaking $34,217 at their 1985 MDA Poker Run. . . **ABATE of Colorado** held a poker run to benefit the Foster Children's Fund of Colorado Springs . . . **Three Memphis-area bike clubs** — the Bluff City MC, the Rams MC, and the Memphis MC — joined forces for a poker run that raised close to $10,000 for the Memphis Boys Town . . . **Loners and patchholders** got together to hold a "first annual" toy run in Orland Park, Illinois. The run was an official Marine Corps Toys For Tots event with the leathernecks providing an escort. (But *not* on those new Kawasuckies, thankfully.)

The state of Indiana recently issued a 52-page bike operators manual inspired by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation's guide to staying alive on two wheels . . . **And finally:** Like many eastern states, Pennsylvania is still grimly clinging to a mandatory helmet law which states that everyone riding on a two- or three-wheeled vehicle must wear a lid. Meter maids in York and some other cities, however, apparently don't want their expensively frizzed-and-formed hairdos ruined by the buckets and have so far refused to put them on despite rulings by both police officials and honchos at the state department of transportation that they must. ABATE of Pennsylvania is thinking of filing suit to make lovely Rita meter maid and her sisters as uncomfortable as the rest of us two- and three-wheel riders.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes[1,12]	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
California	Yes	No[13]	No	Yes[6]
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes[1-4]	Yes[3]	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes[2]	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Kansas	Yes	No[2]	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes[7]	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes[6]
New Mexico	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No[12]	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No[9]	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes[2]	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes[1]	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes[8]
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 6-Lights on if bike is made after 1977. 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph. 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. 13-Passengers under 15½ must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

'If anything goes wrong in this bar, a biker did it'

I'm a biker, a person who rides a motorcycle. I am writing to complain about discrimination of bikers. The other week I was in a bar . . . a very popular bar where a lot of people go for various types of fun-having. Before bikers can even enter this establishment, they must take off leather jackets or any other "heavy leather," as the sign by the door says. No big deal, right? Wrong!

When was the last time you were attacked by a leather jacket? I've been around for over 30 years and have not been attacked by anything made of leather except maybe a protective mother cow when I was young and ventured too near her newborn calf.

After entering this place of dancing, drinking, and other merriment, a biker is then the prisoner of his leather coat, vest, chaps, etc. He must hang onto these garments or risk their theft. Leaving the coats on the motorcycle is the same as giving them away because people (and believe it or not, not always bikers) steal things such as $200 and $300 coats and jackets.

Most people, bikers and others who visit this bar, do not like to have someone pushed into them while carrying a leather jacket. My coat weighs 50 pounds when loaded.

This situation stinks. If anything goes wrong in this bar, a biker did it.

Bikers have an image of lawlessness (brought on by countless movies), an image of non-conformity (brought on by not wanting to be just another sheep), and an image of freedom (brought on by being an American).

I have long hair, a beard and moustache — just your typical biker trash, right? I don't think so, but a lot of people judge a book by its cover. I wear a leather jacket because it may save me time and money at a hospital if someone decides he or she wants to be in my riding area at the same time I occupy it . . . I don't wear a helmet unless it rains.

A thing happened at this bar the other weekend that I still find hard to believe. Picture this: I'm standing inside looking out the front window. My jacket is on the window ledge being watched by a friend. There are between 40 and 50 motorcycles (mostly those dreaded H-Ds) on both sides of the street.

Suddenly, 20 or 25 more bikes pull up and I go outside to watch them because I am bored after having so much fun watching my jacket. The bikes get parked and I say hello to some people I know, then turn to reenter the bar. I notice an obstruction — a guy announcing to everyone that they must have a Wisconsin ID or Wisconsin driver's license with a picture on it. Waiting to get in are people as old as 40 and 45, and this guy wants an ID card!

I walk up the steps to enter the bar and the guy tells me he wants to see my ID. I get nasty with him, asking if he thought he was in Russia and even (after totally losing my cool) using profanity, retrieving my ID and pushing past him into the bar. I had to get back in to rescue my notorious leather jacket and calm it down in case it felt like attacking someone.

Because this "gentlemen" is giving everyone the ID drill, except anyone who isn't a biker, I see red. I put my coat on alert to attack if I need help and confront this person about not checking the non-bikers. He says they are friends of the boss and he knows they are all of age. Great! I haven't looked like I was 19 since I was 12, twenty years ago.

Okay, so no more fun-having, this guy (he turns out to be the owner) is deciding he doesn't want bikers in his bar unless they look the way he does. So what happens? Being the big, bad, terrible people we are known to be, we leave.

No dead bodies, no broken tavern, no massive police buildup. We just get on our nasty Harley-Davidsons and roll on down the road. End of story? Not quite.

About five days later, a friend and I entered the same tavern and sat down to talk. We were there for approximately five minutes before the owner made his presence felt by informing me that if I ever gave him any more crud, I would be banned from his establishment.

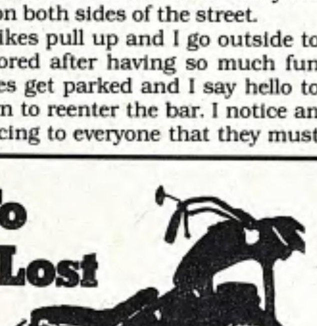
I don't have a bad temper unless someone wrongs me. I felt wronged, judged because of the way I live. I lost my temper, told him to go to a place far away, then we left.

I don't know how many people have members of their families, friends, acquaintances who are bikers, but most of them will tell everyone else that bikers are people, too. They are just as good or bad as the best or worst of any other people, including solid, upstanding citizens.

You may not agree with the way we look, live, or our mode of transportation, but we are Americans and deserve to be treated with the courtesy every human deserves and many (even bikers) have fought for.

— Ron Martzahl, in a letter to the editor of the Appleton, Wisconsin *Post-Crescent*

A Tribute To Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. *Note:* No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In loving memory of **Lindsey McDuffey** (Romans). We shared good times, bad times, and lots of dreams. You were always there for me. Now, my sis, may you ride forever free. I'll watch over your baby son as I know you'd do for me and I'll see you someday in Harley Heaven. Love you always, your sis Kono and baby James, Jr.

In loving memory of **Charles Allen "Chuck" Eby**, downed 9/29/85. We're gonna miss you, bro. Brother's love and respect, Lewis and Tonia Chandler.

In memory of **Rabbit**, gone on his panhead 10/28/85. He's in Harley Heaven now, but will long be remembered by his bros in Pennsylvania, especially Bucks County. Ron.

For **Mike "J.D." Gilloe**, taken away 11/19/82. I'm sorry, my brother, I didn't see the gun or I would have had him. It's been three years and I still have fucked-up dreams about that night. Wish I could have gone down with you, but someday soon we'll ride side by side once again in Harley Heaven. You're number one, Apache. Guy Venzke.

In memory of **Dickie Syfrett**, October '85, a righteous brother who loved to ride and was loved by many. We'll miss you, Dickie. Your friends, Kathi and Donnie, Lake Village, Indiana.

In memory of **Mike Lang**, 10/12/85, a Harley man to the end. Sadly missed by all his brothers at the A Street Garage. Tom Brinkert.

In memory of **Roy "Budda" Abear**, 10/2/85. Now you ride free forever. Your friend and bro, Kevin Rushlo.

In memory of **Royce "Rooster" Osmun**, 3/3/66-6/7/85. Rooster, hope the asshole on the rice burner fuckin' rots. He left you in that field to die and rode off because he was scared. Typical. Assholes like him will never understand what it is to be a bro and live our lifestyle. You'll be remembered forever. AKA and Throwback.

In loving memory of **Boston**, VMCSC. No truer brother has ever lived. Your legend will live on forever in the hearts and minds of those who knew and loved you. Ride free now, brother, with all the others till we reunite someday. LVDV-VFFV! Mr. Lucky and all your Vagos MC family nationwide.

In memory of **Rick Nelson**, a tight bro and a good friend who went out the way he lived, on his beloved scoot, 10/13/85. Sorely missed by Kim, Johnny Mac, John Newman, California Carl, Loco, Gypsy Pete, and all his brothers and sisters of the Scum of the Earth MC.

In loving memory of **Curt "Shitty Smitty" Smith**, October '85. We'll ride and crow at the full moon — smiling at you, good buddy. Love you forever, Maureen and your bros and sisters, Seattle and Everett, Washington.

In memory of **Rich Leezer**, 6/11/67-10/26/85. If you could've only lived a few months longer, you would've been riding that Sporty. A drunken cager took your life, but he'll never take all the great memories the family has of you. Pee Wee just doesn't understand. It's hard to explain to a 3-year-old. Just pass the time up there till we finally get to see you again. Brother Rod, Linda, Duran, and Dusty.

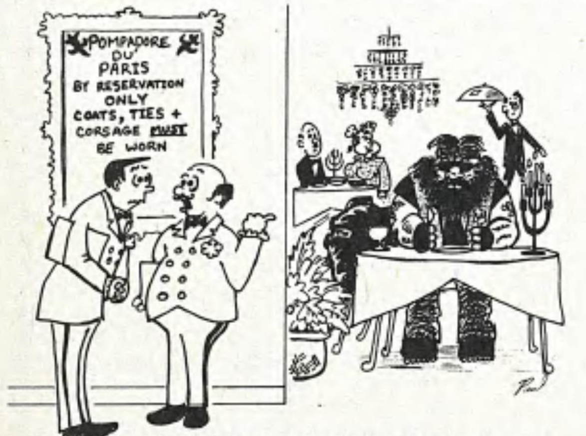
In memory of **Norman Flett**, 12/21/60-9/15/85. You were always there to lend a helping hand and we're all proud to have called you brother. You'll always be in our hearts and minds; we'll never ever forget you. Ride hard, die free. Dirk, S.L., Jim, and Pig.

In memory of **Kevin "Little Bit" Bittinger**, a brother who left us before his time. You and I had some great high times on your ol' Sportster. Like so many other bros lost to the Reaper, you'll always be remembered. Take care till we meet again. Gary, Damascus, Maryland.

In memory of **Robert Wimmer**, taken from us on 3/30/85 at the age of 19. Something special is missing now that you're not around. Dreams of tomorrow seem far away, but yesterday's memories will never fade. One by one we will meet you at the final party place. With love and respect always, Janice and "The Neighborhood," Stockton, California.

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay $25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



***"You** tell him we don't have chili burgers!"*

"My goodness!" said the emergency room nurse to the blob of bleeding flesh that had oozed through the door. "What in the world happened to you?"

"I didn't hear the motorcycle coming!" answered the man.

"You were hit by a motorcycle and it did that to you?" asked the incredulous nurse, staring at the bloody mess in front of her.

"No, I was with a biker's ol' lady and didn't hear his scoot when he came home early!"

—Shiva
Albemarle, N.C.

"Whaddya mean 'under arrest'? I was only doin' 45mph!"

After a run-in with a bunch of deputized rednecks in Georgia, the four West Coast bros and their women were forced to take the train back home, with their half-demolished Hogs crated up in the baggage car. Since there was nothing else to do on the long trip, they began a game of five-card stud, playing for drinks. Toward the end of the second day, the porter brought them yet another round and said, "Y'all better make these last, because we just ran outta ice."

When the next round arrived, one bro called his ol' lady over and whispered something to her. Obediently she left the compartment and returned shortly thereafter with four ice cubes wrapped in her bandanna. From then on, every time a fresh batch of drinks would arrive, she'd do the same thing.

Early on the evening of the third day, however, when she returned from one of her forays, she gave her ol' man a nervous look and said softly, "Honey, I'm sorry, but if I take any more ice, that body ain't gonna last till L.A.!"

—Coble
Allentown, Pa.

Two Martians were at a loss for something to do. Suddenly the bigger of the pair said, "I know! Let's go down to Earth and kick some ass." His partner readily agreed, so they got in their spaceship and took off. A while later they landed their craft at a gas station. The badass got out, walked up to a gas pump, slapped it, and said, "All right, sucker, identify yourself."

Naturally, nothing happened. "I don't know, bro," cautioned the second Martian. "If I were you, I think I'd leave him alone. He looks pretty mean."

"He ain't shit," replied the first Martian. "Watch this." He slapped the pump again, harder this time, and said, "I order you to identify yourself." Once more failing to get a response, the pissed-off extraterrestial now pulled his ray gun out and blasted the pump. Immediately, there was a horrific, flaming explosion. Lying on the ground, stunned and charred, the Martian looked at his partner and said, "Shit, he really *was* mean. How'd you know?"

"Listen, bro, anytime someone can wrap his dick around his body three times and then stick the end of it in his ear, you oughta know better than to mess with him."

—Kathy A. McVeigh
St. Paul, Minn.

"What's the world coming to when a guy can get seven years for eating boogers in public?"

The old hillbilly had never seen a motorcycle before. While he was out taking a walk with his daughter one day, a bro happened to ride by them on his scoot.

"Quick, Pa! Shoot! Shoot!" cried the girl. The old mountain man had already raised his rifle and now he squeezed off five shots. "Did ya kill it, Pa?" the girl asked exitedly.

"Naw," her father said, peering down the road. "It's still growlin' away, but I damn sure made it let go of that there fellow it was runnin' off with!"

—J.M.
Antioch, Calif.

Two chicks were comparin' their old rock 'n' roll mementoes, shirts, posters, autographs, and so on, when one said, "Wait a minute. Here's my very best one. This is an actual lock of Elvis's pubic hair."

"Huh, that ain't shit," the other one said, pulling out a small vial filled with a white substance.

"What the hell's that?" her friend asked.

"When I gave Jim Morrison a blowjob, I didn't swallow it," the second chick said smugly.

—Mushroom
Everett, Wash.

"Jeez, I can hardly wait to join your motorcycle club so I can screw men and beat the shit out of women — or is it the other way around?"

After a less than earthshaking romp in the bushes with a biker she'd just met, the girl yelled, "You're just lucky that I'm not gonna make you pay me what I'm worth for putting out to you!"

"You got that right," the biker growled. "They'd probably arrest me for violation of the minimum-wage law!"

—Ear
Halifax, Nova Scotia

"Lady, just piss in his face — that'll cure him!"

"Talk about weird! He inflates them with *farts*!"

Three old men, aged 70, 80, and 90, were discussing their physical ailments. "Every morning," the 70-year-old said, "I get up at seven o'clock to piss, and then I have to stand there for an hour because it just dribbles out real slow."

"Hell, that's nothing!" scoffed the 80-year-old. "I get up at 8 a.m. to take a shit and I'm still there two hours later, 'cause I'm so constipated."

"You boys think you have problems?" said the 90-year-old. "Christ almighty, every morning at seven I piss like a race horse and at eight I shit like a pig. Trouble is, I don't even wake up until noon!"

—Gas Man
Pt. Hueneme, Calif.

"Stop that or you'll go blind!"

"I can't understand it," the biker's ol' lady said to her best friend. "My ol' man went on a run this weekend and said he shot his wad in Las Vegas, but I know for a fact that he didn't have time to hang around and try his luck in the casinos."

—Big Jack
Montreal, Quebec

Spying a hitchhiker, the Good Samaritan stopped and picked him up. Very shortly thereafter, the dude pulled a gun on the driver and ordered him to pull off the road into the woods. There the hitchhiker took the driver's money and car keys, then made him drop his pants and grab his ankles. After butt-fucking the hapless dude, the hitchhiker drove off, leaving his victim hogtied and naked. Some hours later the man heard footsteps approaching and turned to see a state trooper standing behind him. "Oh, thank God you're here!" he blurted. "I picked up a hitchhiker who stole my car and all my money, raped my ass, and then tied me up and left me here!"

"Well, buddy," said the trooper, unzipping his fly, "looks like this just ain't your day."

—M.C. Parker
Greenville, N.C.

"Hi, I'm Babs. I'm into multiple orgasms, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you."

The old gals were sitting out in front of a rest home chewing the fat, when Lucille asked Mildred, "Do you remember the minuet?"

"Heavens, no!" replied Mildred. "I can barely recall the ones I fucked!"

—Mike Ward
Seattle, Wash.

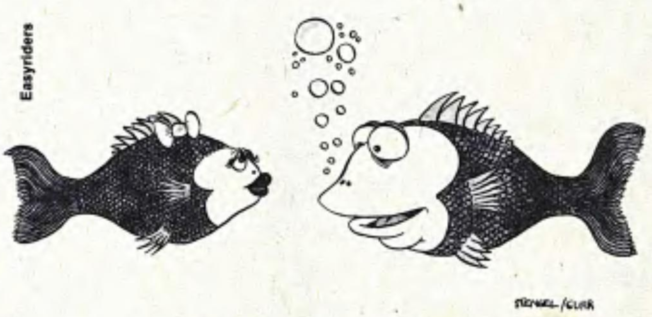
A farmer offered a $100 reward to anyone who could make his horse laugh and soon an applicant arrived at the farm to try his luck. Walking up to the horse, the stranger whispered something in the nag's ear. When the horse began laughing hysterically, the man collected his $100 from the farmer and left. The horse continued laughing, however, and now the farmer found he couldn't get the beast to stop, so he offered another $100 reward to anyone who could end the horse's fit. The same man came back, approached the horse, whispered in its ear, and the horse began to cry. Handing over the $100, the farmer said, "Listen, before you go, tell me how you got my horse to laugh."

"I told him my dick was bigger than his," said the stranger.

"Well, what did you say that made him cry?"

"I proved it."

—Debra Adkins
Beauty, Ky.



"I promise not to spawn in your mouth."

A dog was walking along the railroad tracks when he noticed two bikers sitting on a hill across the river. Intent on scoping them out, he didn't hear the train coming until the last possible moment, and as it went by, it cut off his tail. The dog proceeded to walk on a ways before realizing he'd lost something. Returning to the tracks, he spied his missing tail. I'll be smart this time and look both ways, he thought, before getting back on the tracks. A quick glance in both directions reassured him and he boldly jumped onto the ties. Now a second train appeared from nowhere, bore down on him, and cut his head off. "Damn!" said one biker to the other. "Pappy always told me it wasn't worth losing your head over a piece of tail!"

—F.J.
Niagra Falls, N.Y.

Why are toilets better than women? You don't have to sleep with them and they won't follow you around all day after you use them.

—Loser
Deer Lodge, Mont.

"Look out for his *left hook*!"

Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Victims of Divorce

Having been raised by old-fashioned Southern Baptists from Missouri, I started out in life with a strong notion of family, what it was, and what its place was in our American society. The idea that a man who left his ol' lady and kids to the cruel vagaries of a cold world should, in the words of Mark Twain, be "shot down like a dog!" was ingrained in me from the time I was old enough to help my old man change the chain on his knuck. (Not that he needed the help, he just figured that teaching me about Harleys and women at the same time was a good combination. . .
"Harley's and women are a lot alike, boy. Neither one ever leaks, they just mark their spot." You know, things like that.)

Anyway, once I'd put a little hair on my chest, I figured I'd take a shot at family and kids myself. After the shit hit the fan, and the law (and my ex-ol' lady) had their way, I decided to do a little study on the matter and see if I could figure out just exactly what the hell happened. Considering my own experiences, along with information I gleaned from court records and bros who'd been through the same thing, I'm afraid I came to some very sad conclusions.

Even though I still believe in a family situation wherein the man receives the respect due him, and is, as a matter of fact, the leader of his family, I have become certain in my own mind that the family, as set forth in the Bible, is almost a thing of the past. Now I'm not saying that women are at fault concerning divorce, so you ol' ladies can get down off your high horses anytime you've got a mind to. I'm sure there are plenty of good ol' ladies out there. . .somewhere. But if one of you dudes has a knock-down drag-out with your ol' lady and the Establishment (or her mother) has a chance to step in before you can get things straightened out, then, bro, you're in deep shit!

First, her lawyer will give her the hype, telling her just how clean he can pick your bones. Then that old cobra she calls Mom will sweetly clue her in as to how much better off she'd be with some dude who wears a coat and tie (and five will get ya ten, the old bat already has Mr. Slick picked out). Now we all know that with most women, if you tell 'em something often enough (like, "You've been done wrong, woman! Take the bastard for all you can get!"), soon she'll begin to believe it. And if, during this time of marital disruption, they (her windbag mother and her big-time lawyer) convince her to get an order of protection or a restraining order against you, then the *only* people who are going to be talking to her is them! Soon you'll hear through mutual friends that your ol' lady won't be coming back to you, because you're full of bullshit (guess who put that notion into her head). Shortly thereafter, you'll get slapped in the face with divorce papers. And that's when the shit *really* hits the fan.

We, as divorced men, learn full well to what advantage lawyers can, and do, utilize divorce laws — all in the interest of their clients, of course. Divorced or not, we all understand, at least academically, what destruction can be caused by divorce. Yet I don't think anyone, except for divorced males, really takes a very close look at what happens to an ex-husband. Taking this thing a step at a time, let's see what the average ol' man looks like coming out the other end.

Most men stagger through this demoralizing and ego-shattering experience with a feeling of total helplessness. They look on in complete shock as the lawyers divvy up and sell off everything, short of their underwear, that they've struggled so hard to put together. Meanwhile, the little lady involved smiles in smug triumph watching the meltdown. That sweet chick who used to ride the P-pad has turned into a first-class bitch with motormouthed tendencies not unlike those of the wrinkled-up prune who raised her.

When the dust finally settles, the ex-husband pulls himself back together and tries to forget the bitch by fucking anything that will hold still — sound familiar? Because he loves his kids, he makes his biweekly visits reli- *Continued on page 100*

DECEPTIVE

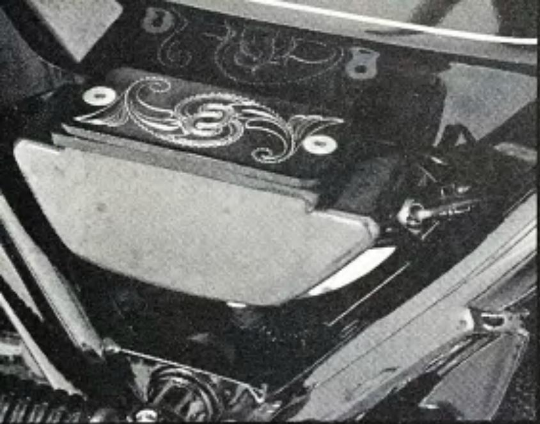
Arnie Araujo wanted a bike that would look close enough to stock to fool the wannabes and far enough out to dazzle the experts. We think he's got it.

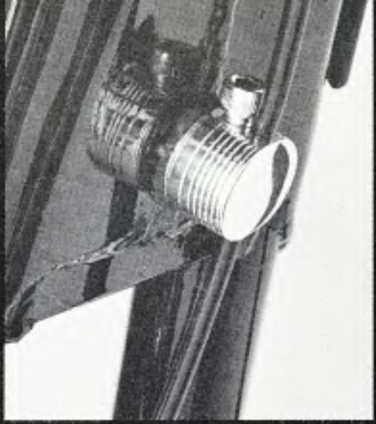
"Most people, if they see this bike standing by itself and don't know exactly what the stock bike looks like, aren't even aware

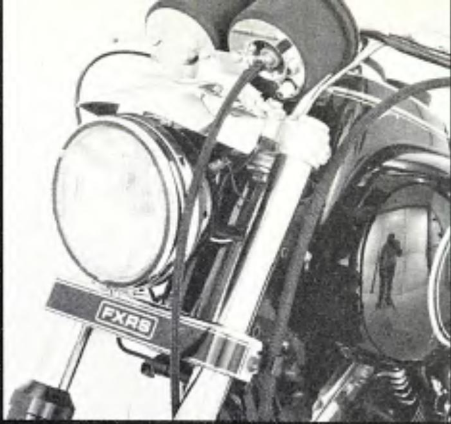
of how much has been done to it," Arnie says. "I bought it, rode it 100 miles that afternoon, and tore it apart that night.

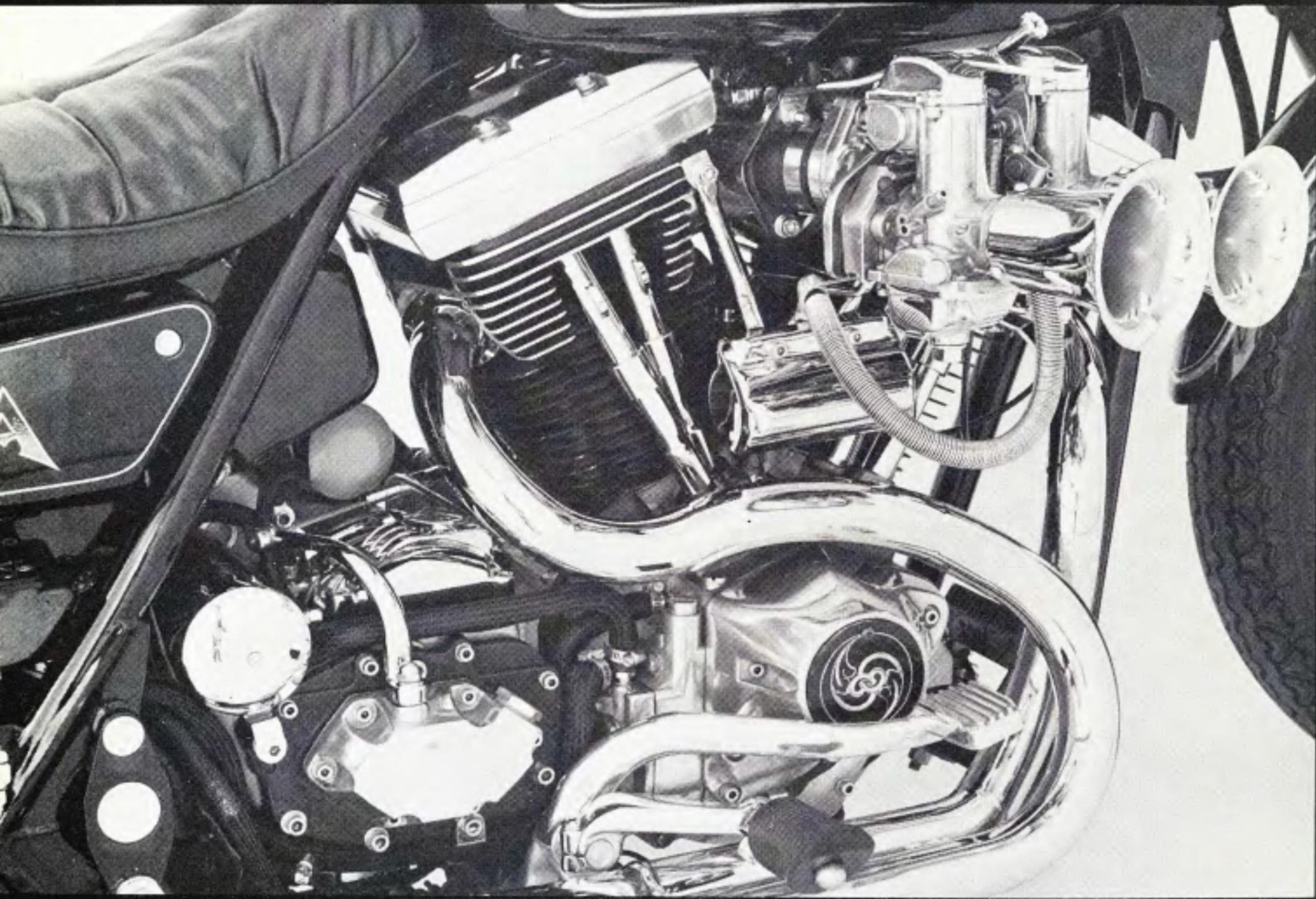
"I'd known all along what I was aiming for, a cleaned-up stock look, but like everything you do with bikes, one thing led to another and I wound up changing a lot more than I originally planned on.

"Now a lot of people who





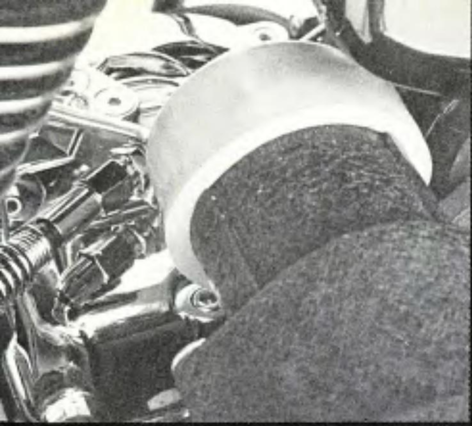


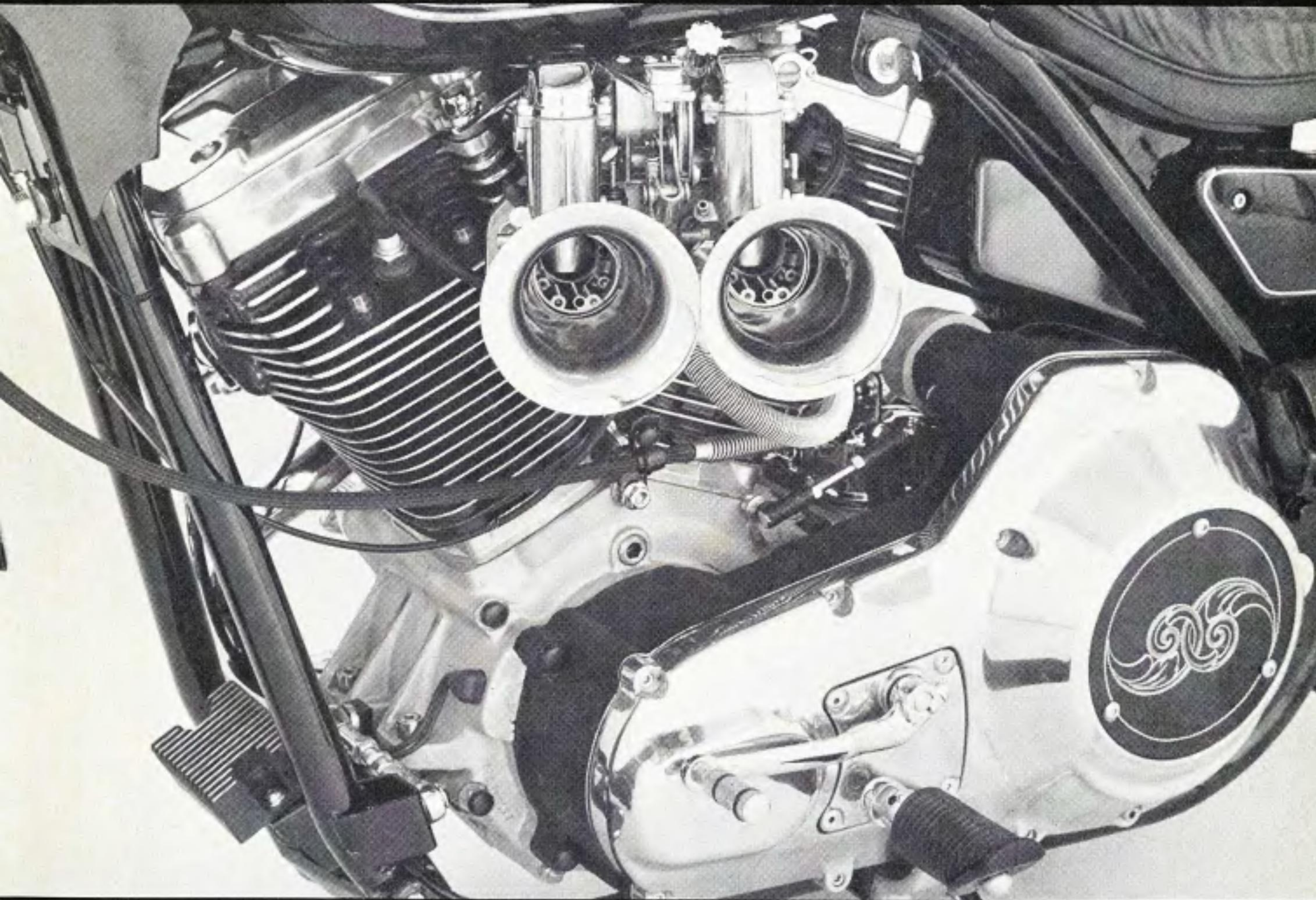


see it say things like, 'I didn't know the factory offered that paint job,' not realizing that the factory *doesn't*. It just looks like the kind of paint job the factory might do if they thought of it."

This blockhead is actually Arnie's second attempt to build a subtly improved version of something fresh off the assembly line. The first was a 1982 five-speed that was styled quite a bit like the blockhead but didn't contain nearly as many internal and external modifications.

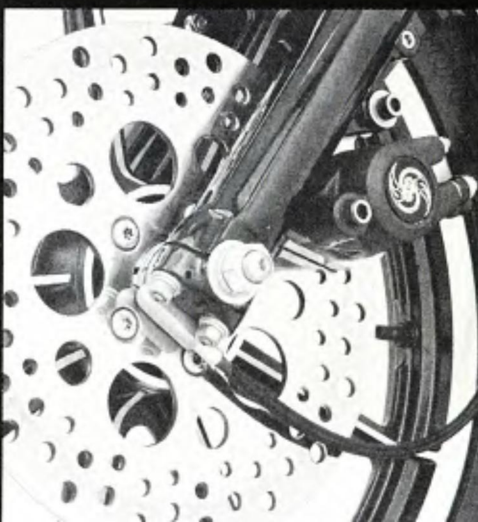
"I'd already been through a couple of full custom bikes and decided that what I wanted was a bike that Harley could build out of its existing designs and tooling. In other words, I wanted to customize it to suit my own taste in style and riding habits, but I still

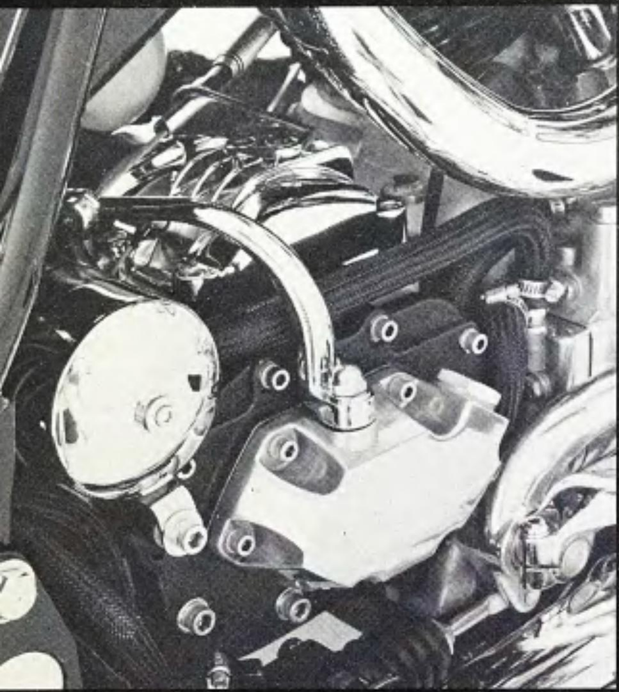


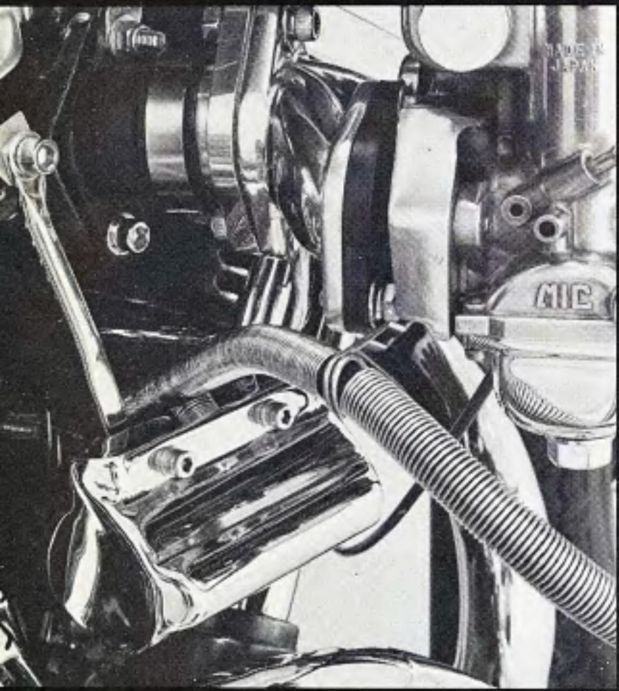


wanted anyone who looked at it to be able to recognize what it was when it left the factory."

Improving on the factory — which, after all, does have a bit of experience at creating roadworthy scooters — is no task for a novice. You need to have a fair number of years and a lot of miles behind you before you can begin to understand the difference







Owner: Arnie Araujo	**City:** Fremont, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner/Matt	Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1985 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FXRS	Type: rubber mount	
Value: $11,000	Rake: 33 degrees/The Mun	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 4 months	Other alterations: shock mts./Jim Davis	
Chroming by: Smith's Metal Fin.	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Arlen Ness	
Year: 1985	Risers: built in bars	
Model: blockhead	Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: Dee's American V-Twins	Headlight: halogen	
Ignition: electronic	Taillight: Arlen Ness	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.	Speedo: H-D/120mph	
Lower end: Dee's American V-Twins	Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Dee's American V-Twins	Rear pegs: stock	
Pistons: one in each cylinder	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: polished, then painted	Gas tank: FXRS	
Heads: Dee's/Screaming Eagle	Oil tank: factory	
Cam(s): Dee's/Screaming Eagle	Oil system: no leaks	
Lifters: Dee's/Screaming Eagle	Primary cover: polished	
Carb(s): 4 smooth bores	Seat: cut-down	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: The Mun	Height: low	
Muffler(s): The Mun	Material: steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: none	Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1985	Extension: 4 in. under	
Shifting: left foot	Builder: Dee's American V-Twins	
Engine sprocket: stock chain	Special features: low	
Trans sprocket: H-D belt	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: H-D belt	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM4
Color: black	Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: Deltron	Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: Jeff McCann		
Other special modifications: Manifolds by Darrell Hayes and The Mun; carb tuning by Toni Nicacia, Hot Bike Engineering.		

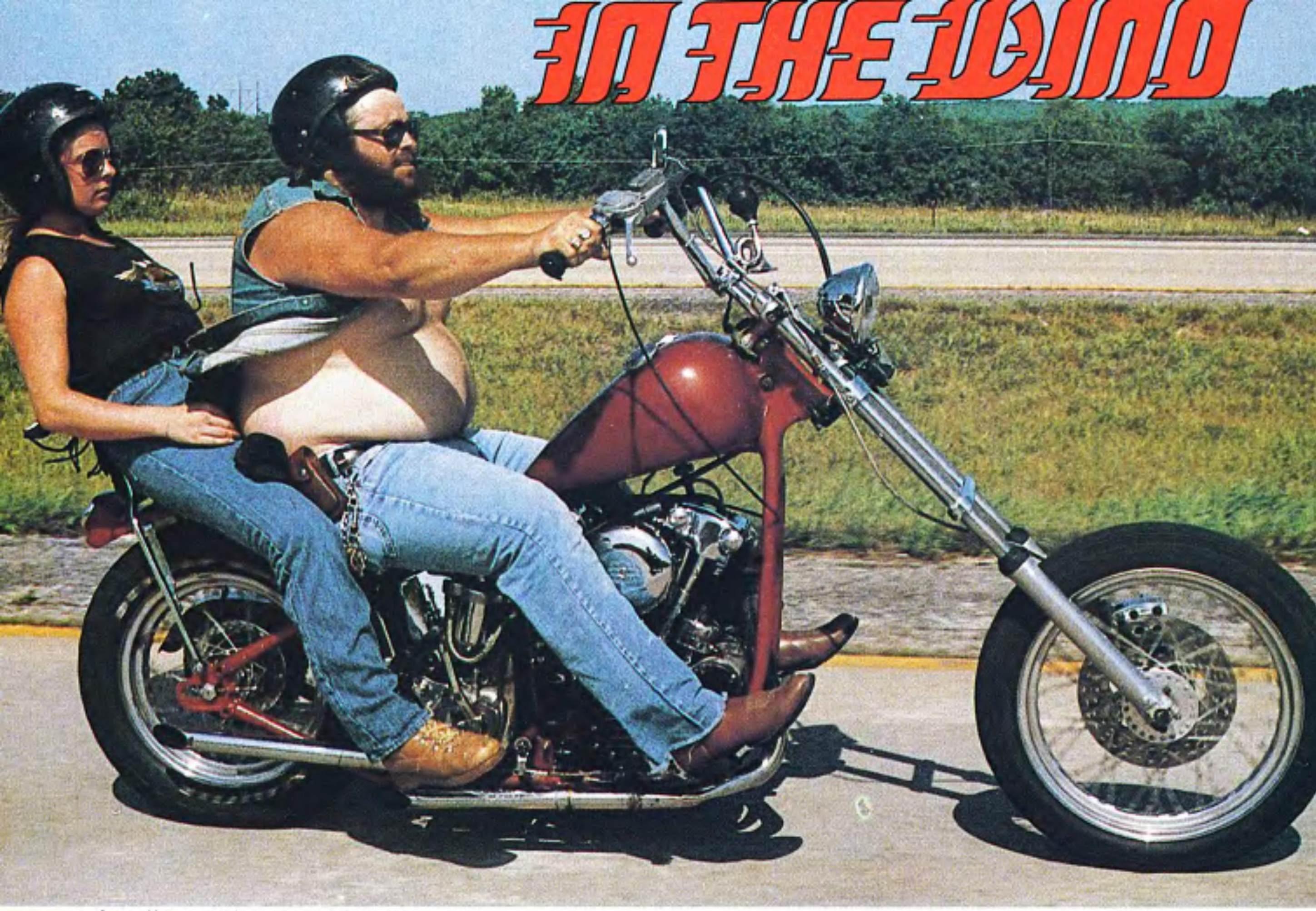
between good and bad design concepts, and more years and more miles before you're qualified to make any intelligent changes in those concepts.

Fortunately for this project, Arnie is the kind of biker who's paid enough dues to qualify as an expert. Prior to this blockhead — his fourth Big Twin — he built a couple of Sporties. Each of his bikes has been a little more complex than the one before, and each was designed without losing sight of the fact that motorcycles should be designed to get out on the highway and run, not be towed on a trailer from one bike show to another.

—Butcher

Photos by Pete Chiodo

IN THE WIND



—from Kommandant, Springfield, Mo.

—from Lightnin' and Red Beard, Haywood Co., N.C.

—from Mickey John, Dallas, Tex.

—from Scooter Bob, Modesto, Calif.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo we use and $35 for every color photo we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

—from Patti, Breda, Holland

—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

—from Gary Sutton, Greenwood, Ind.

—from Bill Foley, McKee Rocks, Pa.

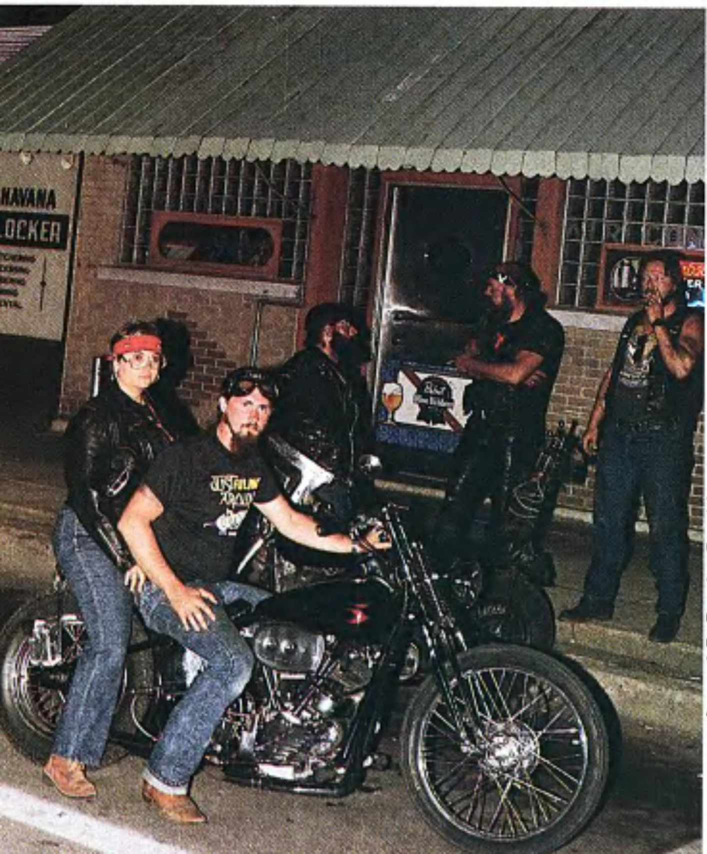
—from Scooter Bob, Modesto, Calif.

—from Fungus, Kraemer, La.

—from Ski, Lafayette, Colo.

—from Uncle Load, Chester Heights, Pa.

—from Balls, Granger, Ind.



—from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.

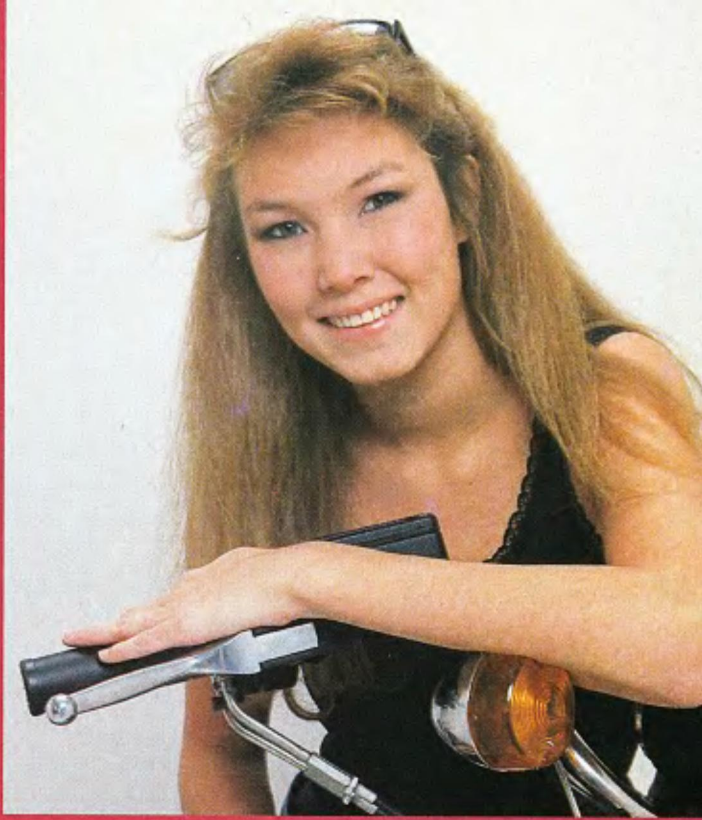
DAYTONA
ZOO
Easyriders Magazine

RAINY DAY WOMAN

If April showers bring the flowers, what do March rains bring? Naked broads, of course. We thought everyone knew that.

It started off like every other Monday — shitty. First of all, it was rainin'. Second of all, Southern California drivers are unconstitutionally suited to deal with anything resemblin' weather. If it ain't a sunny, blue-skied, 100-degree day, watching 'em *attempt* to drive will put ya in mind of a herd of heifers air-dropped onto an ice-covered pond. Naturally, Grape was the last to arrive in the office and this time, instead of staggering in the way he usually does — eyes closed, sorta feelin' his way like Helen Keller to one of his hidden stashes — he was ravin' about how he should get hazard pay for makin' the trip. Gettin' there had been bad enough for the rest of us, but ol' Grape looked like he'd ridden in underneath a semi. He immediately fell down on a pile of rubble to sorta regroup.

Seconds later, he cried out, "Omigawd! There's a pair of bare female feet in here! And they're attached to a set of ultra-fine, shapely gams, and those lead up to a —

Easyriders


holy shit! There's a *woman* in here!"

Grape's voice went on, filled with considerable awe. "I'm havin' the DTs; that's what it is, all right. This woman is naked and beautiful and suntanned and blonde and — maybe I've died!"

"Grape, if you'll get up off the floor, I'll introduce ya to Amanda," Boomer said. "Everything she was wearing got soaked when she rode over from the beach this morning, so I told her she should dry off in your miserable excuse for an office because nobody else would go in there and bother her. She's going to pose for our girl feature this month."

"Oh, wow," Grape moaned, "not *the* Amanda from the beach, not the girl Madman said was his best find ever."

"Hi, Grape," Amanda purred. "Sorry I startled you. If you'd like, maybe that nice Spider will let me wait in his office until my clothes dry out."

"No!" Grape shrieked. "Just sit right down and get comfortable and I'll pour you some fruit of the vine. Tell ya what, if it'll make you

feel better, I'll take my clothes off, too."

"Grape!" Spider's booming voice bounced off the walls. "Bring Amanda in here! "I've got some bun huggers and other goodies for her!"

"I knew it — just another shitty Monday," Grape said. "C'mon, Amanda."

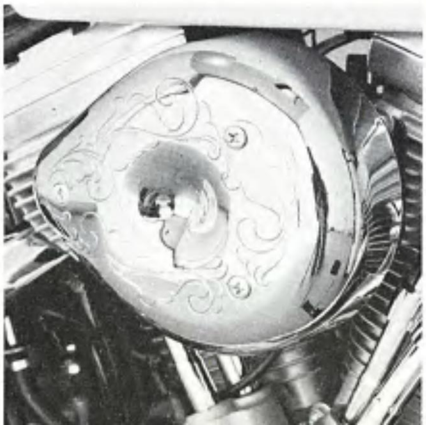
Photos by Pete Chiodo

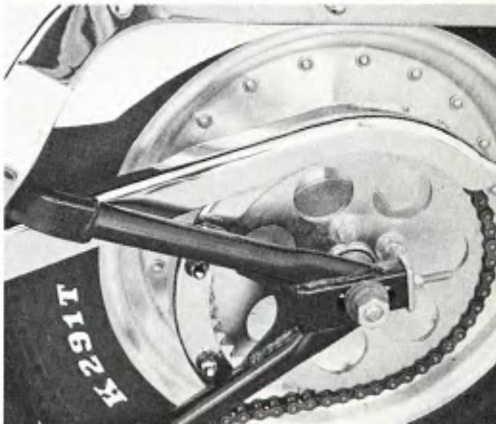
HIGH-CLASS LOWBOY

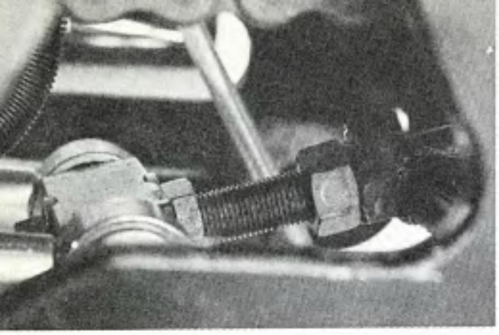
Gettin' on the sleuthing trail with Ma Bell in search of Duc Dufour was a real experience, since trying to communicate with operators speaking Canadian French is even less of a picnic than talking to their American counterparts. See, Duc is a French-Canadian bro who happens to be the general manager at Montreal Harley-Davidson, and bein' the smart boss that he is, he gets the hell out of town when the mercury plummets. So, natch, when we went a-callin' for info on the FXLB in front of ya, we were told, in various dialects, that he could be in Key West, Palm Beach, or possibly California — in other words, wherever the sun was shining.

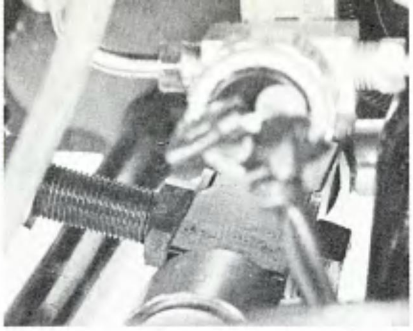
Eventually, we tracked Duc down to a pay phone in Daytona Beach, Florida, after first getting a read on the scoot from Duc's right-hand man, Denis Lavoie. An ace mechanic who placed first in his class — with the highest grade ever — at Harley's factory school, he's also Duc's confidante on many projects, including the building of the righteously named Lowboy.

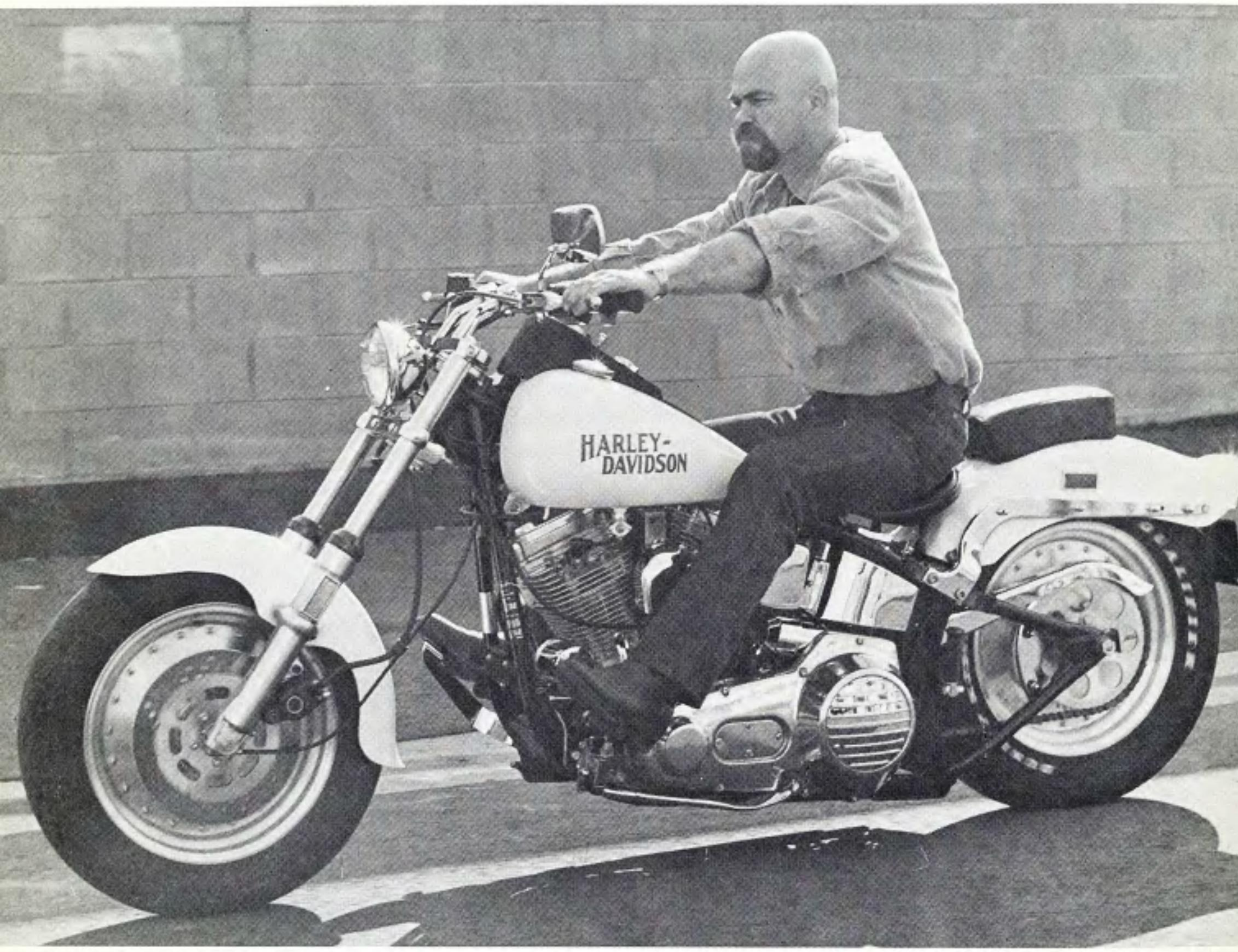
Between the pair, we finally got the lowdown on the Lowboy. Conceived right after the Harley dealer's meeting in York, Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1984, the goal was to have an exclusive, limited-edition, factory-approved motorcycle on display at Mon-

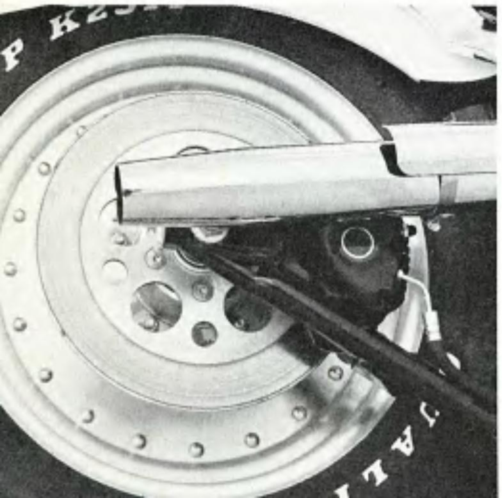












treal's custom show in November.

What inspired Duc at the dealer's meeting, flicking on a light in his head and yanking him bolt upright, was the factory reps' disclosure of the new Softail frame. Duc's vision was a bike that could be lowered and raised quickly (two minutes), from a rigid to the original Softail, affording two distinct styles: a ground-hugging road warrior and a high-stepping pothole dodger. The unique fabrication would have the classic lines of Harley's vintage products with the comfort and power derived from the Softail's Evolution engine.

Believe it or not, it took Denis and Duc only three days of fabrication — four days overall, waiting for the paint to dry — to slap it

Owner: Duc Dufour/Montreal H-D	**City:** Montreal, Quebec	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Montreal H-D	Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1984 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: Softail/Lowboy	Type: Softail	
Value: $15,700 (American)	Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly by: Montreal H-D	Stretch: none	
Time: about this much	Other alterations: adj. rear suspension	
Chroming by: H-D	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Low Rider '77-'79	
Year: 1984	Risers: 4 in. high, 1½ in. offset	
Model: V-2 Evolution	Fender(s): fiberglass front	
Rebuilder: D. Lavoie/Montreal H-D	Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: 1982 FXRS	Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.	Speedo: kilometers per hour	
Lower end: H-D	Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: factory	Rear pegs: stock	
Pistons: Mahle/high silicone	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: 5.2-gal.	
Heads: ported by Branch	Oil tank: wraparound	
Cam(s): Sifton E2	Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: ribbed derby cover	
Carb(s): 44mm Mikuni	Seat: XLX rear/Montreal H-D	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: shotgun/Montreal H-D	Height: stock Softail	
Muffler(s): tapered/Montreal H-D	Material: steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: none	Type: wide glide	
Year: 1984	Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: trick lower tree	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 47 road/51 racing	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none	Hub: Centerline	Hub: Centerline
Painter: Tineault/Montreal H-D	Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM3.5
Color: Lone Ranger White	Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: enamel	Brake: 11½-in. disc	Brake: 11½-in. disc
Special paint: Imron clear		

Other special modifications: Steel rear fender widened 1 inch, fully adjustable rear suspension, interchangeable rear wheel to accomodate 6½-in. tire for racing.

Photos by Pete Chiodo

together. Looking back, Duc wants to publicly thank Denis for pushing him to keep it simple.

This 675-pound heavyweight, powered by a hopped-up 80-inch engine, is Duc's private putt. Last summer he ran it in the street-modified drag-racing class where it was never beaten, no matter what the competition's engine size. Duc's now got 16,000 miles on it, 5000 since making modifications.

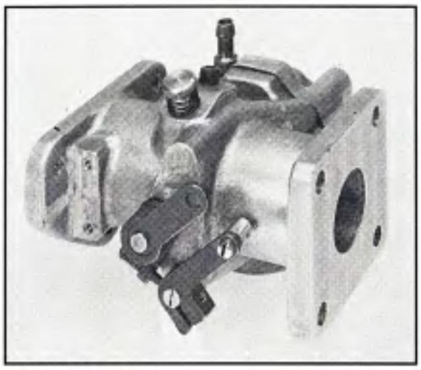
Lowboy, officially called the FXLB, has even elicited praise from an unusual source. Jap-bike riders have said that if they ever did switch from rice grinders, this would be the ride for them. Trouble is, shouldn't they have to pay some dues on a rigid first?

—Loudmouth

PARTS BOX

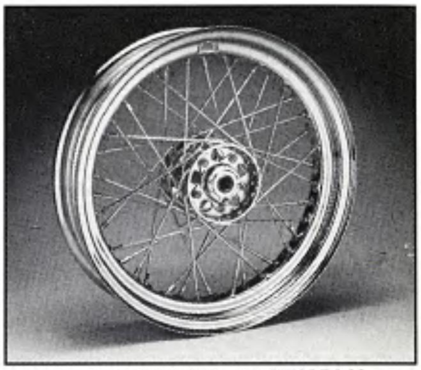
LADIES JACKET

When Milwaukee decides to design a better mousetrap, they don't fool around. This butter-soft, black leather jacket for mouses features contrasting zippers, long, *long* fringe, a center-pleat "action back," and elasticized belting to showcase the assets it's protecting from the elements. Called the Apache Fringe Jacket, it's available exclusively from Harley-Davidson dealers in women's sizes 32-42. Tell 'em *Easyriders* turned ya on to it.



CARBURETOR

Got $229.50, plus some change for the tax man, burnin' a hole in your pocket? Want to get more horsepower and better mileage? Like the idea of having only three moving parts to contend with in a unit that will, if ya ask it to, run not only on low-test gas but also on alcohol and paint thinner? Well, friend, what you want is the Fish carb. Made for side-draft applications, it's available in bores 1.250 (A) through 1.750 (F). Requires SU adapter. Details (and carb) available from Mike Brown, Dept. ER, Box 88-A, Draper, UT 84020. Telephone 801-571-9452.

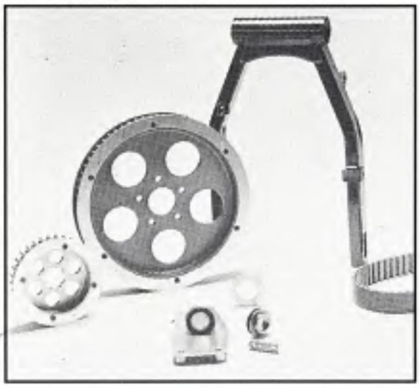


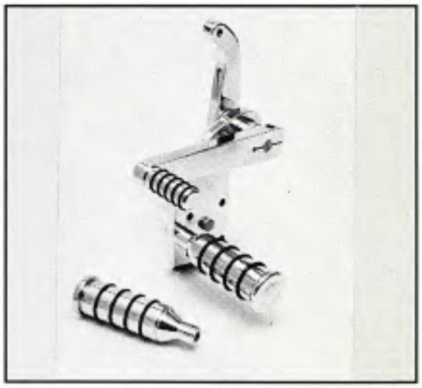
STAR HUB WHEEL ASSEMBLY

At last, something that comes fully assembled! And that's not all. This fully chromed reproduction (p/n 19-547) of the H-D interchangeable wheel assembly for all '37-'58 Harleys (except W front and Servi-cars) and all '59-'66 Big Twins is simply one item from an entire new line of wheel assemblies and component parts CCI is currently offering.
Get down to the nitty-gritty by contacting Custom Chrome, Inc., Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037. Phone: 408-788-0500.

FINAL-DRIVE CONVERSION KIT

Convert your 74 (1973 to present) from a chain drive to belt drive that uses the same drive ratio as a stock H-D with the Karata/Gates final-drive kit. The only complete kit of its kind, it consists of a Gates polychain belt, a front pulley machined from billet steel, a rear pulley machined from A356 T6 aluminum, a swingarm replacement made by Karata, an inner primary support plate with bearing, electric-start adapters, templates, full instructions, and a two-year guarantee. Contact Karata Ent. Co., Dept. ER, 3 River Rd., Conshocken, PA 19428 for details. 215-825-2070.





PUSHROD TUBE WASHERS

Because ya don't see 'em every time you fire up the ol' sled, ya probably don't think about these teeny-tiny little critters until one of 'em disintegrates on ya at some highly inconvenient time and place. Available in small and large sizes to fit Sporties ('57-'79) and Big Twins ('39-'79), these washers are made of Buna-N (60 durometer), a substance whose durability in the face of heat and oil is a vast improvement over cork-type washers. Contact the manufacturer, Cycle Mania Products, Inc. Dept. ER, 7469 Jensen Blvd., Hanover Park, IL 60103 for the complete lowdown. 312-837-5657.

MATCHING SHIFTER AND FOOT PEGS

If you've been moping around, stoically waitin' on the next century's first crop of new designs to free you of that old shifter — you know, the one that looks pretty much like everybody else's — Jaybrake's got something that'll set ya free now. Their matching shifter and foot pegs are made of high-quality aircraft aluminum, polished to a mirror finish, and so what if they tell ya right from the gate that it's gonna cost a few bucks more to go first class with 'em? We're talkin' about dressin' up your Hog, bro. Pertinent details available from Jaybrake, Dept. ER, 1201 Cain Rd., Youngstown, NY 14174. Telephone 716-745-7678.

LOCKDOWN

By Boomer

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. *—Anatole France*

The riot-torn Tennessee prison system may be in for some big changes if a proposal by Nashville-based Corrections Corporation of America is accepted by the state legislature.

Under CCA's proposition, the private corporation would lease the *entire* Tennessee prison system from the state for $250 million. CCA would then proceed to operate the system under contract to the state.

Though the idea of having private, profit-seeking companies operate penal institutions is not new, the CCA bid for the Tennessee system marks the first time such "privatization" has been suggested for an entire corrections department. Previous such arrangements, as reported here and elsewhere, have involved states — and in some cases, the feds — contracting with private companies (including CCA) to operate specific institutions, with the governmental body retaining the right to change contractors or eliminate using them altogether at the end of a fairly brief contract period.

The CCA pitch to Tennessee, however, calls for the state to award the firm a 99-year operational lease in exchange for $100 million in cash and $150 million in prison improvements. Under other terms of the proposed deal, CCA would also agree to operate the system for an annual fee not greater than the state's current annual corrections budget, as adjusted for inflation.

The privatization plan could not have come at a better time for CCA. Five of Tennessee's 17 prison units were hit by riots last July, and the state has been debating whether or not to spend $100 million to construct two new maximum-security prisons to alleviate overcrowding of the 7600-inmate system.

Though many so-called corrections experts are skeptical about the idea of turning over maximum-security prisons to private firms, Tennessee Gov. Lamar Alexander found the proposal sufficiently viable to justify calling a special session of the Tennessee General Assembly to consider it.

From the perspective of inmates, the question of who's operating the institution is a hell of a lot less important than *how* it is run. According to proponents, the main advantage of privatization to inmates is that a private firm trying to make money cannot afford to put up with a lot of the bullshit that the state does.

A redneck warden who keeps getting the company involved in expensive lawsuits by depriving prisoners of their constitutional rights, for example, would be much more likely to be shitcanned by a private corporation than by a state corrections department that doesn't give a shit how much of the taxpayers' money it wastes in court.

Likewise, a private corporation can terminate fucked-up guards, rank food-service personnel, incompetent medical techs, etc., in the same manner that non-government employees everywhere are fired off their jobs. In most state-run systems, civil service regulations and other bureaucratic safety-nets for sadists and incompetents make it virtually impossible to discharge worthless employees — even if their supervisors want to, which they usually don't since there's no profit incentive for them to seek improvements in their institution.

The potential perils of privatization to the inmate are the other side of the same coin. Since private corporations operate on a fixed budget, the amount of profit that can be ground out of each institution is the difference between that budget amount and what is spent. Obviously then, one hell of a temptation exists to cut corners, trim staffing to the bone, and otherwise take every conceivable shortcut to keep operating costs as low as possible.

The situation is far from cut-and-dried, but in this writer's opinion, privatization could be the best thing that ever happened to the American penal system for several reasons.

- Current "corrections" systems offer relatively few opportunities for career advancement. A guard in Texas can, at best, hope to someday advance to a higher rank, but he'll still be doing essentially the same job at not much higher pay. A private firm that runs many prisons in all different parts of the country will have a lot more openings for officers, assistant wardens, wardens, etc., that can be filled from the lower ranks. Obviously, a guard with his eye on moving up is going to be more careful about keeping his disciplinary record clean, which should translate into fairer treatment for inmates.
- Logic says that executives who are running prisons as a way to make a profit (i.e., for money) are going to have superior attitudes and fewer psychological hang-ups than those who go into "penology" as a means of satisfying an obsessive need to dominate and oppress others.
- Private firms operating a prison, or a prison system, have to do so in the knowledge that if they fuck up too seriously, the state will give them the boot and take over. No such constraints inhibit state corrections departments.
- History tells us that in any endeavor — whether it's building a road or operating an insurance program — private entrepreneurs have almost universally been able to perform better, at lower cost, than governmental bureaucrats.

At this writing the Tennessee legislature is about to convene to consider the CCA proposal. We'll keep you posted. ■

Illustration by B. "Frankie" Decker

Miraculous Mutha Tells All

No Pussy

I ain't one to look a gift cunt in the mouth, but I can't figure it. Ya see, I got this setup that's bitchin', but I still ain't satisfied.

It's like this. I'm the only one in the building where I work at night. I met this little hardbelly downtown and she comes down there every night and porks my dork. The problem is that's all she ever wants to do. For two weeks she's been suckin' my balls dry, but she won't let me in her cunt. What's wrong with this fuckface?

No Name
Spokane, Wash.

● Maybe she's a he (best check it out fast).

Another Whiner

My husband is a biker and I love riding on the back and partying with him, but there are times when it gets out of hand.

The other night he took me to my first hot-tub party. I was scared (I'm not a swinger), so they promised they'd be cool — the chicks would go in with their T-shirts on and the dudes with their shorts. After a while, some bitch comes in with nothing on and says, "I don't care who I piss off." Well, my ol' man was totally shitfaced and kept staring at her tits, which was fine with me — what man wouldn't?

Then this bitch and her boyfriend started playing around, but she kept looking to see if my ol' man was watching, and rubbing her foot on his leg. I wanted to beat the shit out of her, but all I did was give him dirty looks. Later, I saw him rubbing her legs, hoping I wouldn't notice.

Finally the bitch said, "I'm horny, let's go upstairs," and my ol' man turned to me and said, "Let's go upstairs and party." I told him I hated all this stuff and wouldn't go, and he said I wasn't any sort of biker woman. The next day he couldn't even understand why I was so pissed off.

Are all biker women as loose as that? I've never swung and don't want to.

Frances
Baltimore, Md.

● If you're gonna be a biker bitch, you better accept the fact that the choice of who and when you fuck ain't yours.

Trivia Time

Women have been getting fucked for millions of years. Who was the first woman to get fucked, and who laid the meat on her?

Bite
Burkeville, Va.

● Seems to me that Eve went down on the serpent's apple and then got really fucked.

Bon Appétit

Is pussy considered fresh fish or red meat? What wine do you recommend when eating pussy? My ol' lady says a white wine would be the correct choice, but I favor a rosé myself. I need a quick reply 'cause the wine is on ice!

Sleeze and Kimbo
Kamiseya, Japan

● If you're lookin' for *fresh* fish, you won't find any in the land of the slanted snatch — they haven't figured out how to make a douche from six transistors and two AA batteries yet, so they just don't bother. As for red meat, you're supposed to pack that with you.

What A Pisser

After long suspecting my ol' lady of being a groupie, I had the damnedest dream. We walked into this music store and she went downstairs alone to look for some "bargain" records. Without her knowin' it, I watched her through a hole in the floor as she ran into a musician she used to know and proceeded to go down on him.

Bein' madder than hell, I whipped out my dick and pissed on both their faces. Not surprisingly, when I woke up I discovered I'd pissed all over the bed. What should I do? Kick her ass or stop drinking so much beer before I go to bed?

Eddie
Franklin, Ohio

● Turn the mattress over.

Company Time

We have this guy at work and his name is Mongo. Every month he brings in a copy of *Easyriders*, sits back in the stockroom, and whacks off while reading your column.

I was wondering if you could send him some used, bloody, leech-infested undies, so he can at least get a whiff of what his favorite swine smells like.

Mongo's Bro
Mt. Prospect, Ill.

● Does he punch out before he pulls off?

No Balls

I was lying here one night in my 10 x 16 cell, jacking off, when one of the lady screws caught me. She said that if I keep doin' it, I'll have problems getting it up later. What does she mean? Will this cause me problems when I get out?

Shotgun
Ionia, Mich.

● She's just jealous 'cause she ain't got one.

Soft Suck

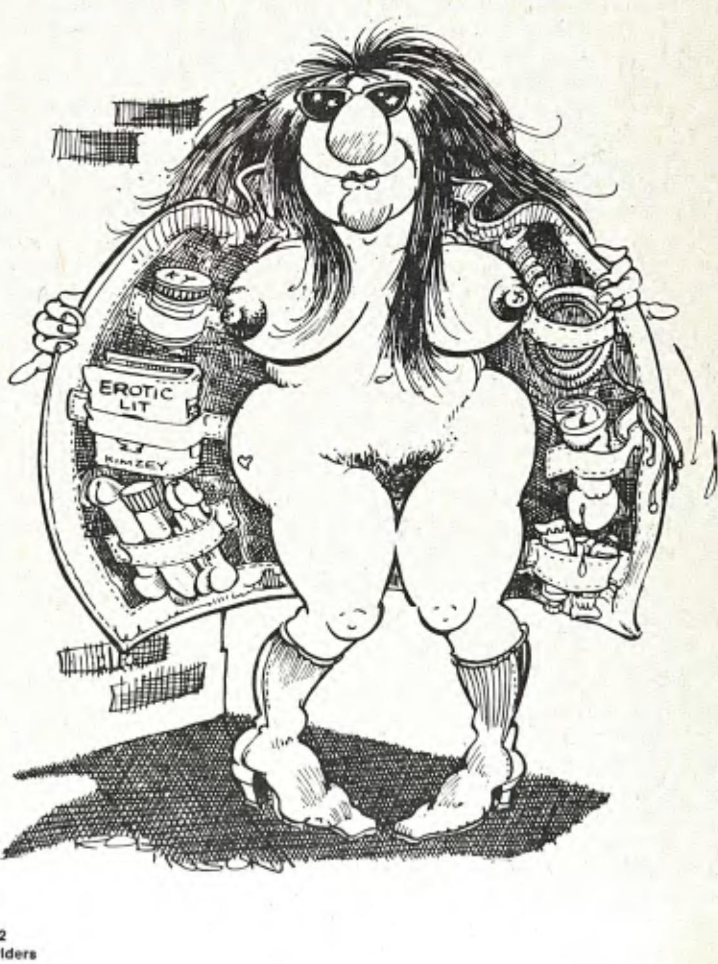
I would be extremely appreciative if you would attempt to apply approximately an 80-pound-per-square-inch vacuum to my lower external appendage for approximately 45 minutes.

The force of the vacuum desired should be equal to that required to remove the chrome from a trailer hitch.

Buzzer
San Diego, Calif.

● Sorry, my *suck*tion device don't have a low-power setting.

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■



Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

spreads on garage walls, club house walls, apartment walls, cell walls, and under the glass tops of glass-top coffee tables. In other words, we use and save these centerspreads.

In my opinion, you sort of fucked us this time. (Yeah, I know about opinions and assholes.) It's still a good mag, done in a professional way. But I don't understand fuckin' over Dave Mann.

Fish
Rosharon, Tex.

■ We fucked up — what can I say?

☐ All right, what kind of shit is this? It's bad enough that they lock me up in permanent lockdown, but that's not the reason for this kite. On page 59 of the November '85 issue, I understand that if ya cut the sub tab out and send it in, ya get a free Ghost Rider on cloth. Hey, that's all right. Now turn the page. Ya just fucked off the centerspread.

Dave Mann should be kickin' ass every time he sees one of these sub tabs come in. I'm sure a lot of fuckers will ruin a nice fuckin' centerspread for a Ghost Rider on cloth, but why couldn't ya make it so that they could have both?

Don Wells
Brazoria, Tex.

Insurance

☐ In response to Susan Gildy (December '85): Try State Farm. I'm 38, have a clean driving record, own an '84 XLX, and pay less than $250 a year for full coverage.

Bob Watts
Blue Springs, Mo.

☐ I've found after shopping around that Allstate has it together. For my '84 Softail, I pay $370 annually, full coverage. There's one catch, though. To cover your bike they require you to first have cage insurance with them. Otherwise it's a good company and they pay off fast. Check them out.

Johnny Mac
Savannah, Ga.

☐ I hate to do it, but someone has to pop her bubble. Susan Gildy seems to be happy paying $670 a year for insurance — on a Sporty, no less. Either Dairyland Insurance or the state of California is a rip-off. Here in the "Land of Ahs," I ride a 1982 FLH (fully dressed at times) and only cough up $94.50 for six months of full coverage. Double that, Susan, and it's a hell of a lot less than $670.

Think I'll call my Farmers Insurance agent just to say thanks.

Bill
Merriam, Kan.

☐ To those who want to save some of that hard-earned cash for other things, like drugs, parts, drugs, brew, and more drugs, I've found an insurance company that does us right. You may not like or believe this, but it's Yamaha Group Insurance. No shit! These people will do you good. I have my Sporty insured through them and have no problems with claims. They'll insure any make motorcycle and are at most Yamaha dealerships. So if you can handle walking in or calling a Yamaha dealership that handles the above company, you'll save yourself some much-needed cash.

Jimbo "Faus" Strausbaugh
York, Pa.

☐ I'm an insurance agent who owns an '84 Sporty. My ol' man has an '82 FLH. Harley-Davidson is not the only motorcycle Dairyland won't insure. Here's a list of others: Any motorcycle not licensed for road use, used in competitive events, turbocharged, or with an altered frame or custom extended front forks; Honda Odyssey (FL250), all Interceptor models, V65 Magna, V65 Sabre, Nighthawk S; Kawasaki (all GPz models, including Ninja); Suzuki (all E series, all Es series, all Katana models); Yamaha (FJ1100, all Seca models); Harley-Davidson (all models are ineligible *except* FLH Electra Glide and classic models, FLT Tour Glide and classic models, FXRT Super Glide II).

So, you see, rice burners also have some problems getting insurance. The company uses statistics on accidents and claims. All the ineligible models are the ones that have been involved, or are considered likely to be involved, in accidents. I advise anyone who's thinking of buying a new bike to contact their agent first. Make sure you can get insurance and can afford the premium before purchasing a new bike. There are a few companies who will write the "ineligible" motorcycle.

An underwriter can decline insurance, but he has laws and regulations that have to be followed. He doesn't make these laws. Insurance companies' board of directors and state insurance commissioners make the laws, so write your state insurance commissioner and complain about the treatment we bikers receive.

Insurance salespersons don't make 50-55 percent of the premium for commissions, as was stated. The agency receives 10-15 percent of the premium and may give the agent a percentage of this. If the premium is $652, the agency receives 10 percent ($65.20) and gives the agent a percentage of that amount.

I don't receive any commission — I get straight wages. Most agencies either pay straight commissions and no wages, or straight wages and no commissions. There are few who pay both. Unfortunately, I don't own a $15,000 car or a $100,000 home, and I don't wear $500 outfits. If you came into my office, you'd see me wearing an old pair of Levi's and a Harley-Davidson T-shirt — and I'm the manager.

Insurance Agent/Biker
Antonito, Colo.

Gripes

☐ Harleys will always cause a lot of people to bitch and moan for a lot of different reasons. The latest Harley to get the flak is the Sportster 883.

Some wanted it to have rubber engine mounts (*Cycle Guide*); some wanted a final belt drive instead of a chain (*Cycle World*). This bike has been put down for every reason from not having a center stand to no underseat storage (*Cycle Guide*). Next, these people will want a 16-valve, liquid-cooled engine with shaft drive and triple-disc brakes.

Harley-Davidson calls the '86 Sportster 883 a basic, functional motorcycle, and I like it that way. If you want more hp, add about six bucks per cc and get yourself an 1100.

As long as there are motorcycles, there'll always be bigger and faster bikes than the Sportster 883, but there'll never be another new bike as much like the legendary '57-'68 Sportsters as this one.

Dave Dupell
Las Vegas, Nev.

■ What do those Jap-bike-lovin' rags know?

Thumbprints

☐ This goes out to Blue Eyes from No City (October '85): You want to know which states don't require a thumbprint on driver's licenses. I'm pretty sure I understand why you requested this info, so I'm gonna help you as much as I can. The states I know of are Missouri, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Virginia, Texas, New York, Michigan, Iowa, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, Ohio, Minnesota, Maine, Louisiana, and Illinois. Those are the only ones I know of for sure, but from what I understand, only three or four states do require a thumbprint.

Hope I helped you (and anyone else who might have wanted to know) out, bro.

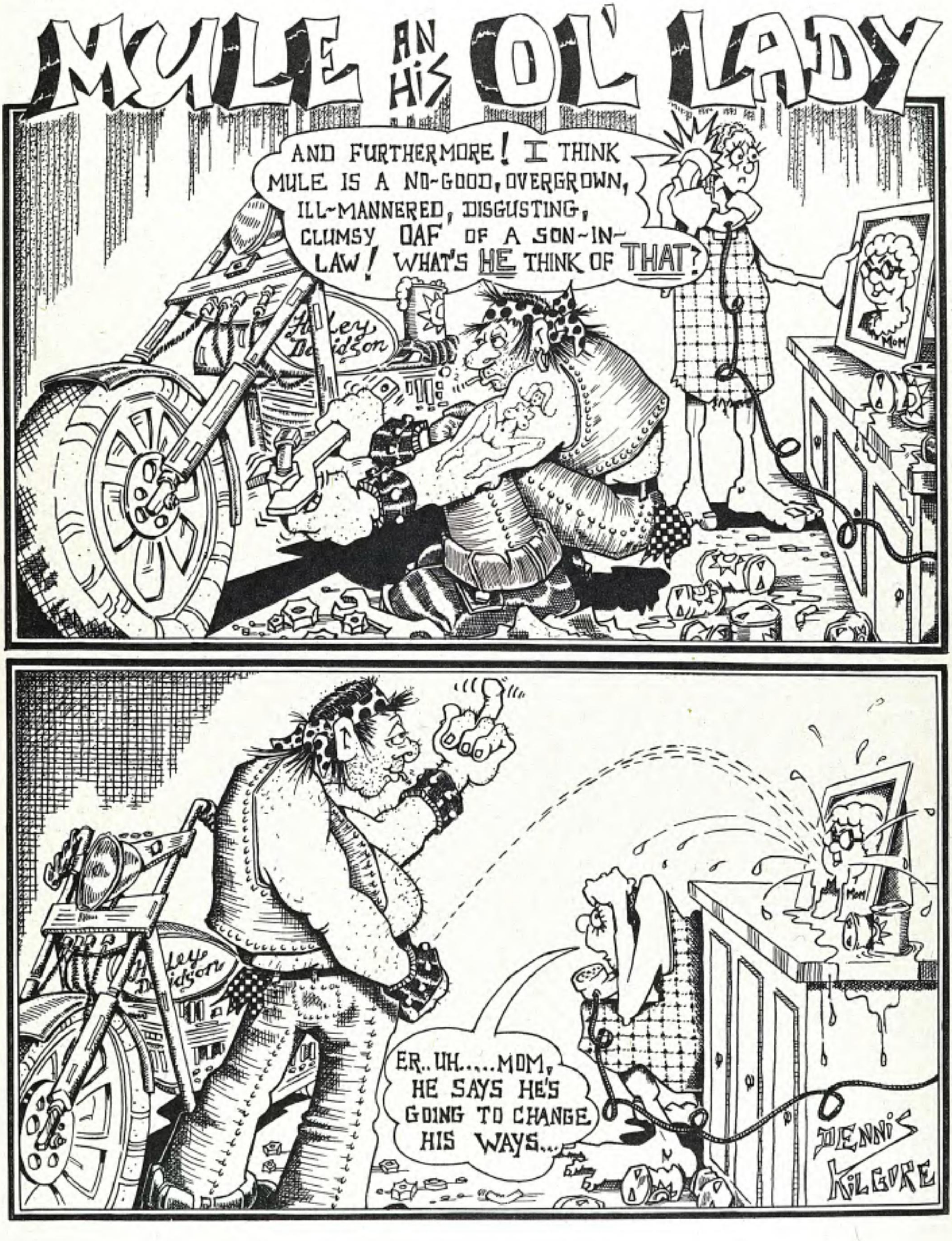
Muff
USS Iwo Jima

Wants To Get In Touch

☐ I need help in locating a couple of biker bros I served with in Vietnam, A Company, 1st Tank Btn, 1st Marine Division, '68-'70. One was a Hells Angel and a Silver Star recipient known to me only as Loser. (He saved some lives by boarding and driving a tank engulfed in flames, getting it down the road just before it blew up. He got out in time and should be somewhere in the wind today.) The other was also a Hells Angel named Huck Peragus, a good friend and a hell of a partier. Please print my name and address so they can write back. They were both from California.

Dennis "Inky" Villetto
19B Rundell Place
Cold Spring, NY 10516

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, *Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.* ■


MULE AN HIS OL' LADY
AND FURTHERMORE! I THINK MULE IS A NO-GOOD, OVERGROWN, ILL-MANNERED, DISGUSTING, CLUMSY OAF OF A SON-IN-LAW! WHAT'S HE THINK OF THAT?
Harley Davidson
MOM
ER.. UH.....MOM, HE SAYS HE'S GOING TO CHANGE HIS WAYS...
DENNIS KILGORE

VETVOICE by Sarge

"I can't *believe* this shit is happening!" How many times have you said that — and really, all bullshit shoveled aside, really, sincerely meant it? What I mean is that frequently something we're unprepared for goes down, or something semi-anticipated materializes — even though we'd strenously hoped it wouldn't — and our immediate reaction is "I don't believe this, man!" Still, we really do believe it and our exclamation to the contrary is merely an expression of disappointment or frustration.

But every once in a while something damned near totally inconceivable does happen. It smacks you right in your thoroughly unprepared face, and, dumbfounded, you let your shoulders drop, sink back in the saddle, stare at nothing in particular, and say, "I just don't *believe* this shit!"

That pretty well sums up how I feel about a situation that I've only recently become aware of: Our armed services are, apparently, trying to rid themselves of veterans who suffer from PTSD. And, also apparently, they're attempting to do it in the most destructive and wretchedly dishonorable way imaginable — by rejecting their own doctors' diagnoses of PTSD and then nailing those burdened by it for offenses that stem from the disorder.

On one hand, the military is making a pretense of understanding, recognizing, and "treating" cases of PTSD. They have qualified psychologists and psychiatrists whose diagnoses of PTSD in servicemen and servicewomen are even officially entered in those personnel's medical records. But, pretty much behind-the-scenes and hushed up, the services prosecute those who are afflicted with PTSD and discharge them for other than medical reasons. Result? Victims of the syndrome are blatantly kicked out of service, out of careers (often with bad paper), and the service "cleanses" itself.

I can't say how extant this practice is and won't call it a "policy," let alone a conspiracy — I currently have knowledge of only individual cases. But I want more facts, figures, dates, names, etc. I want to know if what I'm beginning to suspect is a reality, because, if it *is*, it's one of the most shameful displays of disregard for the Vietnam veteran we've ever seen. It was one thing for a poorly informed public to be down on its vets; it's quite another for a well-informed and properly staffed military to heinously shaft "its own."

Here's a case in point. A US Navy CPO — a combat veteran of Vietnam with over 15 years of honorable service — several months ago found himself going off the deep end and recognized the symptoms of PTSD. Unlike all too many of us, he did the wise thing by seeking immediate counseling and help. He even went so far as to move out of his quarters so that he wouldn't be a threat to his wife, to whom he explained the situation and his suspicions of having PTSD.

Okay, now this veteran goes to his base's mental-health unit and speaks with a qualified psychiatrist. He then undergoes several weeks of testing and counseling; the physician diagnoses PTSD, the vet is put on medication, and his commander is informed of the medical situation.

Everything is in order up to this point. Unfortunately, a problem surfaces. The commander does not believe in PTSD. His judgment — in the style of little tin gods everywhere — is that the diagnosing doctors are nonmilitary intellectual-types, full of crap, and that any man of his who goes astray is simply bad blood and unfit for service.

This commander is made aware that the vet has recently been attempting to compensate for his ugly mental situation by turning to a little cannabis here and a lot of booze there. The vet and his doctors all understand that it will take time for him to rid himself of the perceived need for chemicals, even though he's trying to stay straight most of the time. Further, it's understood that the counseling he receives for PTSD is a course of therapy that will help him stop using drugs as a defense against losing it.

The commander disregards all this, though; he simply doesn't want anyone like this man "on his ship." To hell with official Navy-endorsed programs to help veterans; to hell with doctors; to hell with vets who've served in hell itself and then stayed in service despite what such service has cost them; and to hell with this human's attempts to get better. The *only* thing that counts is that the service be cleansed.

The CO deliberately orders the sailor to report to the hospital for a urine screen. The sample is, for various reasons, illegally obtained, but there's concrete evidence of a small amount of marijuana use. The vet is brought up on charges. He faces a bad-conduct discharge, his doctor has been transferred, and nobody's doing a damned thing for him. (Not in the military, anyway. Rest assured, though, that other people are getting involved.)

This is just one case. I know of others. They point toward a highly suspect trend. Our armed forces, instead of embracing and caring for those veterans of the Vietnam War who suffer because of it, want only squeaky-clean "good" veterans or brand-new, untainted-by-Vietnam personnel. Their image is more important than what they owe the people who not only answered the call, but stayed on long after.

It was bad enough when our countrymen shunned hurt and suffering veterans, either because they didn't know truths like PTSD or because they didn't want us as a burden. But the *military* thinking that it must cleanse or purge itself of us? That's got to be the biggest slap in the face yet.

In a time of long-overdue enlightenment within our society, is it possible that the armed services — in which we gave of our life's blood and accrued innumerable psychological scars, but in which we've never lost pride of membership — want to take very calculated and deliberate steps back into darkness, all for the sake of merely looking good? If so, I hope all the young people who now look up to 'Nam vets and want to emulate them understand just what kind of immoral entity it is they may wish to join.

I want to make no charges unfairly; commanders, doctors, and vets in the service, please write me. I want to hear the pros and cons. ■

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail. Please send your *Male Call* listing to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. Subscriptions and renewals of existing subscriptions are now available to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate of $14 per year (offer doesn't include premiums available to subscribers paying regular rate). Send $14 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. *Note:* Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

So. Calif. biker, blond, tattooed, nineteen months left, burned out on fantasizing about times long past. I need a woman. Jimmy Carroll, C-11402 CTF/C, Soledad, CA 93960.

W/m, 33, getting down to less than a year. Really tired of this time routine. Like to find a good lady to help me stay free. All answered. David "Ski" Wloczenski, C-20838, Box 441 #1155, Chino, CA 91708-0441.

Are you dreaming about that special guy again? Maybe I'm thinking about you, too. Let's find out. Be home (Erie) in Feb. '86. Write now with sexy photo to handsome w/m, 6', 155 lbs., blond and blue. Dave Krista, P-8376, 801 Butler Pike, Mercer, PA 16137.

W/m, 37, 6'2", 220 lbs., been down 12, have a few more to do. If possible, would like to have a lady waiting, but please, no games or bullshit. If you're sincere and want to give it a chance, write Irvin Schultz, Jr., FCC, Rt. 1, Hawkins, WI 54530.

Lonely w/m, 26, 6'3", 185 lbs., green eyes, light brown shoulder-length hair, beard. Will correspond and exchange photos with all ladies, 18-35, who are willing to write a con. Don McDaniel, N48001, Box 500, Vandalia, IL 62471.

Lonely biker, 30, from SoCal needs a good ol' lady and wants to hear from females, 18-45. I'm 6'3", 185 lbs., with brown hair, blue eyes. Free 5/7/86. Richard Cooper 51932, Box 700, SMCF, Canon City, CO 81212.

Honest, sincere male, 31, seeks correspondence with honest, sincere females. Looking for one special lady. Alan Woods 155-658, Box 4571, Lima, OH 45802.

W/m, 30, 6', blond hair, green eyes, 180 lbs., doing life sentence. Have been down 5 years; no more free-world friends or family left. Dan Talbert 81339-071, VA Unit, Box 1000, Petersburg, VA 23804.

Outlaw drifter has been down for a while. Ladies, let the Muskrat tell you about days in his past and fantasies in his future. I'll answer all; pic for pic. O. Hernandez 84-C-0286, Box 216, Marcy, NY 13403-0216.

Lonely w/m, 26, would like to correspond with someone who has her head together. Please, no head trips. David A. Martin 047543, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Bro looking for sincere lady. Lost everything; need a new start with someone who cares. John Stone, St. Johnsbury CCC, RFD #3 Rt. 5 South, St. Johnsbury, VT 05189.

Terminally lonesome. Want a sexy, sweet, warm, smooth, soft, delicious modern nurse with heart. Need you pretty bad, hear? Thirty, Viking, gentleman. Jeff Mitchell 038993, Fla. State Prison M-1-N-11, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Two bros, ages 26 and 30, need correspondence with sympathetic women. Have a lot of time to write. Send pix if able. Looks don't make a damn — just be white and right. Guy Boggs 098466, Union Corr. Inst. 63-221, and Patrick Mullin 081660, Union Corr. Inst. 63-121. Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

Young biker, 22, looking for a few letters from the opposite sex. Will write back. Please send stamps and pictures. Brian W. Pease, Atascadero State Hospital 034757-5, Box A, Atascadero, CA 93423.

W/m, 21, blond, brown, 5'5", ex-82nd ABN-Div. trooper, down for 8, due out in '88. Want hot mail from blonde, blue-eyed chicks interested in writing lonely soldier. All letters answered; pix get quicker reply. Robert Clifton, M0035, Box 800, Ontario, CA 91761.

W/m, 34, 5'9", 200 lbs., brown hair and eyes, beard, down for 10, out in '87. Looking for big-bodied outlaw lady with truth, heart, and eye for the future. Prefer dancer. Send photo. Michael Meade 75D210, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011-0149.

Lonely dude, 27, 5'9", 150 lbs., hazel eyes, looking for ladies to write. Will answer all. Michael Jacob Miller 20453, Box 7000, Carson City, NV 89701.

Cajun tramp, w/m, 6', 189 lbs., brown and brown, down on 4, out in '86 (with luck). Need a lady whose heart is sincere, whose soul is free, and whose spirit is willing. If you seek true friendship as I do, let us begin. Jack E. Crowe 202034, Marion Corr. Inst. (F) 356, Box 158, Lowell, FL 32663.

W/m, 28, 5'10", 183 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, Yankee-born and Southern-bred. Not lookin' for promises nor makin' any. Let's get to know each other, then we'll see. All's possible if you're a woman with heart. Mike Knutson 97449, Box 514, Granite, OK 73547.

Marriage-minded man would like to meet marriage-minded lady who doesn't bullshit or play head games and lives near Shelton/Seattle/Tacoma area. Want letters, visits, and a lasting relationship. John Goerig 629146, Pine C-2, Box 900, Shelton, WA 98584.

W/m, 32, 6'1", 195 lbs., on death row, seeks good-hearted lady (no prisoners, please). Will answer all. Please send photo. Mikel J. Derrick 701, Ellis 1 Unit, G-13, Huntsville, TX 77343.

W/m, brown hair, hazel eyes, 6'4", 180 lbs., would like to hear from some wild, kinky bitches, tramps, and babes, 18-65, who won't play head games or do me wrong. Send pix with letters. Will answer all. Max E. Sizelove, A-086954, Reception & Medical Ctr. 02-84, Box 628, Lake Butler, FL 32054.

Eskimo, 26, born and raised in Ambler, Alaska, 5'8", 200 lbs., very lonely, 10 years left. Would like to correspond with lady, 20-35. Steve Cleveland, Box 103155, Anchorage, AK 99510.

"Smurf," 38, 5'10", artist, looking for "Smurfette." Must have experience in avoiding that scoundrel "Gargamel." Smurfettes of the large-busted persuasion welcome. Ken Tiboni C-73565, Box 8101 (#3127X), San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001.

W/m, 22, 150 lbs., long blondish-brown hair, blue eyes. From Tri-State area of N.Y./N.J./Pa. Would like to get some fe-mail. Will answer all. Bill Price, PCP C-3, 500 Broad St., Milford, PA 18337.

Happy-go-lucky male who'll be released within two years wants very strongly to meet and share love with female from N.Y./N.J. area (only). Steven Welbon 82A-4694, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

W/m, 31, brown hair, brown eyes, in search of very special lady. Locked down 2 years; have 2 more to go. I'm sincere, caring, and tired of being lonely. Need a good lady, 25-45, to mend this broken heart. Send photo if possible. James Lent 84-A-5316, 13-2, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508.

Down bro from England doing downtime hell in country county. Need pix and letters from ladies. Jules Simon 102815, Box 220, Hominy, OK 74035.

Convict, 38, 5'10", shoulder-length brown hair, brown eyes, 220 lbs. (in the right places). Looking for a stand-up relationship, with visits, letters and photos. Terry Johnson, C-90399 (I-109), Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000.

W/m, 26, brown hair, brown eyes, 190 lbs., 5'10", needs some correspondence. Letters with pix get fast response. Write to Ron Raiche, Strafford County HGC, County Farm Road, Dover, NH 03820.

No, honey, t'ain't funny. Now I'm down with no butt, no smut, and no putt — what a rut. Biker dude could use some good lovin' or smut; prefer both. How about one of you sweet, sexy hardbellies droppin' me a line? Don Crowhurst, Box 8274, Cranston, RI 02920.

W/m, 24, black hair, brown eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to hear from opposite sex. Winston LaCourse, W-39629, Box 100, So. Walpole, MA 02071.

Lonely bro, 5'9", 175 lbs., sandy-blond hair, green eyes, less than a year to go, looking for sincere lady. Want to relocate. Send pix to get fast reply. Tim Flowers 35793, Box 2500, Lincoln, NE 68502-0500.

W/m, 28, 6'2", 198 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, well-built, lonely, looking for letters and pix from women. Will answer all. Randy Tallman 386775, Jester 3, Rt. 2, Richmond, TX 77469.

W/m, 27, 5'7", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, Scorpio, looking for solid lady who wants to be loved, not used. Age and past not as important as attitude. All answered. Michael Brown 20841, Unit 3-B-16, Box 208, Indian Springs, NV 89070.

W/m, 19, 5'7", 140 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, needs to hear from ladies with their shit together for a possible relationship. No head games, please. Send photos with letters. Mike Ducharme, ACI-Max, Box 8273, Cranston, RI 02920.

Male Scorpio, 31, getting out soon, would like to write and visit women from Houston and surrounding areas. No dings, please. I'm looking for a mature, financially secure, independent woman who knows how to enjoy life. Age and kids do not make a difference. T.S. Janczak 289690, Jester Unit, Rt. 2, Richmond, TX 77469.

Lonely biker, 24, 5'11", 156 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, looking for a lady with heart. Would like to meet someone, 18-35, who'd ride with me forever. I'm secure, love to ride, party, and listen to rock 'n' roll. Please write and send pix. I'll be out in 12 months. Will answer all. Rodney D. Adair 123593, Star Rt. Box 70, Hodgens, OK 74939.

Stand-up w/m, 5'11", 170 lbs., good-looking. Had it all, took a fall, out in '86. Need a good, sincere lady, any age. No more disappointments, please. Send kite and picture. Will answer all. Daniel Millen, CC62011, CS 1072, Hicksville, NY 11802.

W/m, 1%er with Cherokee blood lines, 39, 5'10", brown eyes and hair, looking for that special lady, 18-100. No thunder thighs. Love running in the wind, have two Harleys — one for you, baby. Get out in July of '86; will relocate. Write and send photos soon now, you hear? Art Clawson, Box 31425, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310.

Two lonely East Coast bros looking for kites from attractive, honest, loving ladies who have a love for the wind. Will answer all letters. Bob Majak, Z-1984; and Kurt Betts, Z-2174. 801 Butler Pike, Mercer, PA 16137.

W/m, 24, 5'8", 150 lbs., blond hair, hazel eyes, seeks mail from anyone who would like to make this time go faster. One year left till parole. Will send pic and answer all. Also looking for someone to pack behind me on a run to Nevada. Kenneth Riling 175-113, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Serious ol' ladies, 18-25: Write this w/m, 26, downed in the Sunshine State. Send flashers and flicks to Kenneth J. Dirkes 098760, Apalachee Corr. Inst. I-48, Box 699-W, Sneads, FL 32460.

W/m, 28, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, could dig hearing from sincere, stand-up women out there. Help me pass this time away and there will be good times when I get out. Age unimportant; kids okay. David A. Tingle 29091, Box 127 Dorm-D, Plainfield, IN 46168.

W/m, French, 28, 200 lbs., brown eyes and hair, paroles February '86. Looking for that special sweetheart to come out to. Send scribes and pix. Richard Anderson, Box 4510, Kingston, Ontario, Canada K7L 5E5.

W/m, 25, 6'3", 207 lbs., hazel eyes, dark hair, looking for chick I can talk to. I've been down 3 years and need someone who'll care a little and bring some light to this dark hole. David Peters, Dorm 5, 502 Old Newnan Rd., Carrollton, GA 30117.

W/m Harley lover, 33, 5'9", 165 lbs., doing nine, one day at a time, needs letters from you ladies. Will answer all. Jack Crouch 107377, Brushy Mtn. Prison, ETRC, Petros, TN 37845.

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Crank

Continued from page 19

day with. Don't you remember?"

"Uh, well, to tell the truth, the last couple of days are kinda blank.

"I'll bet they are. Man, when I saw you chasing Fat Doris, I knew you were fried."

"Fat Doris, huh? Just how fat?"

"You remember anything about Sturgis, year before last?" asked Dog.

"Yeah, a little," said Crank, getting up to rummage through a drawer, looking for his stash.

Dog handed him a finger-size bomber. "You remember that real nasty waitress at the campground?"

"Two-Ton Tina, the land whale? Yeah, I remember. Sully got ripped and groped her, an' the bitch broke three of his ribs."

"That's the one. Well, if Doris lost about 100 pounds and took a grinder to her face, she'd be as good as Two-Ton Tina," chortled White Dog.

With a groan, Crank fell back on the bed. "I'm getting too old for this shit. I don't suppose you know where she lives, do ya?"

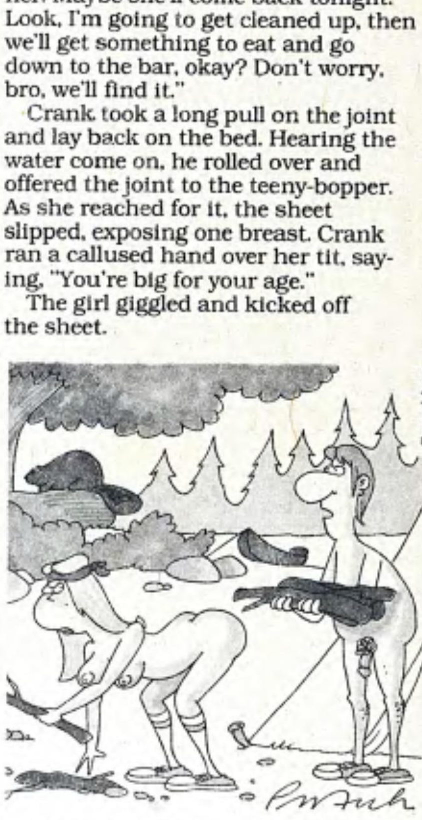
"Hey, bud, I'm not the one who took her home." Dog said with a certain superior air.

"Thanks a lot. Christ, how'm I gonna find the knuck if we don't know where to look?" growled Crank.

"Maybe Doris will come looking for *you*," Dog suggested helpfully. "We were in that little place around the corner from the Boot when you met her. Maybe she'll come back tonight. Look, I'm going to get cleaned up, then we'll get something to eat and go down to the bar, okay? Don't worry, bro, we'll find it."

Crank took a long pull on the joint and lay back on the bed. Hearing the water come on, he rolled over and offered the joint to the teeny-bopper. As she reached for it, the sheet slipped, exposing one breast. Crank ran a callused hand over her tit, saying, "You're big for your age."

The girl giggled and kicked off the sheet.



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When Dog came out of the john, he found Crank asleep with his Levi's around his ankles and a smile on his bearded face. The girl giggled and re-lit the joint.

Dog shook his sleeping friend awake. "C'mon, man. Go take a shower so we can hit the road."

Blearily examining the remnants of past meals hanging on his shirt, Crank roused himself. Ten minutes later he emerged from the bathroom, water streaming off his massive body. After searching the room for something to wear, he finally shook his head, muttered, "Fuck it," and put on the same gamy jeans and rank shirt he'd earlier thrown in the corner. The giggling blonde had split.

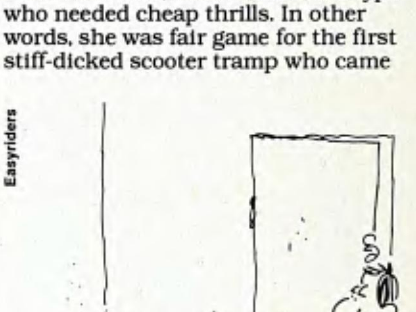
Crank and Dog climbed on Dog's Sportster and headed for a set of nearby golden arches. Four Big Macs, three Quarter-Pounders, three McNuggets, a chocolate shake, and two large Cokes later, Dog said, "You know, something about watchin' you eat puts me in mind of watching 'em drain the sludge tank down at the water-treatment plant."

Crank belched and mumbled a "Fuck you" around a final mouthful of two all-beef patties. Chasing the last morsel off his back teeth, he now noticed the couple at the table next to theirs. Indisputably preppies, they wore matching khaki slacks, matching pink shirts, and matching boat shoes. The girl was covertly staring at the two bikers, only semi-listening to her boyfriend's prattle.

Crank had seen her kind before, a lot of times in a lot of places. She was the type who felt vaguely uneasy about belonging to the privileged few and tried to make up for it by supporting a number of causes that demonstrated she was, at least in spirit, one with the unwashed masses.

She was also, Crank knew, the type who needed cheap thrills. In other words, she was fair game for the first stiff-dicked scooter tramp who came

Easyriders



"You know, you're beautiful when you're taking a dump."

along. From the way Dog was returning her stare, it was obvious that he intended to be the one who fulfilled her fantasies.

When Mr. Clean-Cut headed for the can, Dog said, "How about keepin' him busy for ten minutes or so?"

Crank was already on his feet. "No sweat, just don't forget the bar."

"Thanks, bro."

A couple of minutes later Clean-Cut stepped out of the stall to find himself confronting a very large creature that stood blocking the exit. The creature held a knife in one hand and was nonchalantly cleaning the nails of his other massive paw with it. He showed no sign of moving, so Clean-Cut cleared his throat. The creature looked up. With a cold smile, he said to the preppie, "Have you ever considered the long-range ramifications, from a sociological point of view, of senseless violence in society today?"

Clean-Cut gave his complete and undivided attention to the creature's lecture on the significance of random, hostile aggression. In the middle of a sentence, the creature cocked his head to listen to a rumbling sound that rose, then faded in volume. The creature smiled, said "Fuck it," and walked over to a urinal.

Once the doorway was clear, Clean-Cut wasted no time in departing.

Shortly thereafter, Crank encountered the young man standing next to his Jetta with a puzzled look on his face. "Don't worry about it, kid," he said. "A ginch is just like a cop — ya lose one and another one'll show up sooner or later." He walked off down the sidewalk, singing about a girl with "gigantic tits and sandblasted zits" in a manner that would make Zappa proud.

Dog and the debutante found Crank arm-wrestling for drinks when they arrived three hours later. During the time they'd been gone, the girl had changed into a pair of tight-assed jeans and a lace-trimmed tit top.

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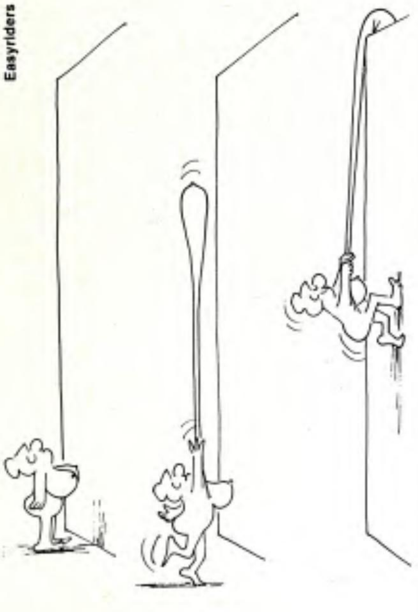

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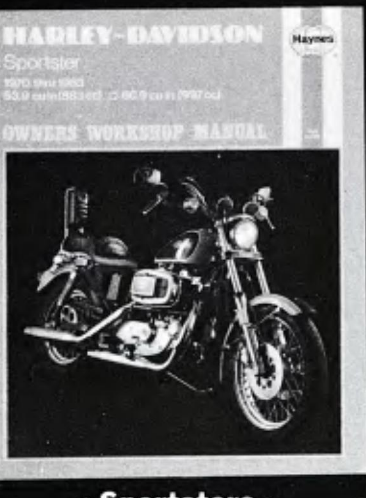

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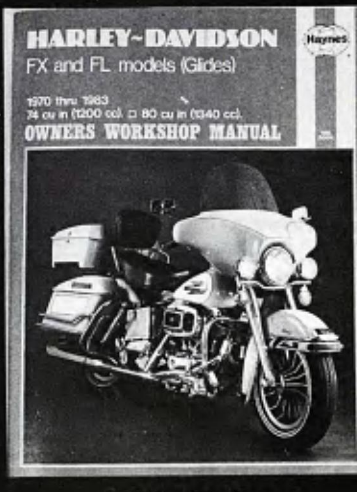

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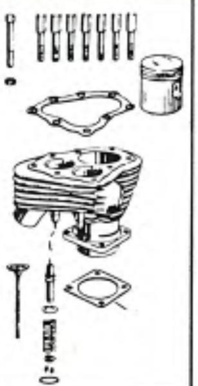

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"Crank, this is Debbie," said Dog.

"Great name," Crank said. "Fits you like a glove. And you look pretty good in those jeans, too. Your legs make a perfect ass out of themselves."

"I'll bet you're a real expert on asses," Debbie smirked, walking toward the bar swinging her hips like a barroom door.

"Damn, Dog, she's good-looking and buys drinks without being told. Maybe you better think about keeping this one for a while."

"Speaking of keepers, Fat Doris just came in," announced Dog.

Crank glanced at the door and his worst fears were realized. Fat Doris was worse than Dog had said — *much* worse. She outweighed Crank by a good 50 pounds and her face resembled 40 miles of bad road. Spying Crank, she charged across the room and jumped in his lap, nearly causing him to puke when she threw a yard of tongue down his throat, and groped his crotch. "Oh, Crank!" she squealed. "I missed you so much! If you hadn't left your motorcycle in my garage, I'd have thought you ran out on me." Even her voice was disgusting.

Dog turned away to hide his laughter. He'd seen Crank in some deep shit before, but none of it had been any deeper or fouler than the porker parked on his lap now.

When Debbie returned with their drinks, Crank quickly drained all three glasses, and then said, "Doris, why don't you fetch some tequila for everyone?"

"Sure, Cranky-Wanky. A good ol' lady never leaves her ol' man thirsty. Or full," she added meaningfully, again squeezing his meat.

Once she'd left, Crank grabbed Dog's arm. "You've gotta get me out of this!"

"I don't know, Crank. Sounds to me like she's in love," snickered Dog.

"This ain't funny, asshole. If you don't quit laughing, I'm gonna rip your lips off!"

"Mister Right, meet Mister Hung. Goodbye, Mister Right!"

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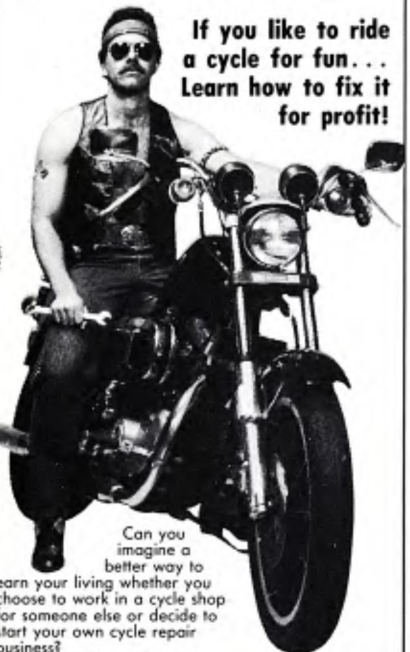

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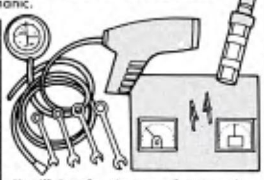

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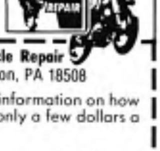

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Dog was halfway out of his seat when Debbie placed a hand on his arm. "There's no need for a fight," she said. "All we need to do is find out her address, then Crank can get his bike back. Oops, here she comes now."

"Hey, Doris, I'm a little fuzzy about last night," Crank said, trying hard to sound guileless. "Where'd ya say I left my scoot?"

"I told you, it's in my garage," replied the land whale, her eyes narrowing slightly as Debbie and Dog both coughed.

"Yeah, but where's your garage?" demanded Crank.

"Crank, honey, if I tell you that, you won't treat me nice. And after last night, I intend to keep you around for a while," Doris said coyly.

"Lord, I need another drink," groaned Crank.

"I'll get it," Doris offered. "But don't drink so much you can't get it up."

"Make it a double," whispered Crank as Doris waddled away.

"I got it! I know how to get rid of her," said Dog.

"How?" croaked Crank.

"Turn her out," said Dog.

There was a moment of stunned silence, then thoughtfully, Crank said, "It might work."

"See, she just needs to find someone with a longer schlong than yours and she'll fall outta love with you," Dog said convincingly.

When Doris returned, Dog left to find support around the bar while Crank explained how, if she was serious about being his ol' lady, she'd have to make a few of his friends happy. Much to his dismay, Doris was thrilled by the idea. In fact, she couldn't wait to get started.

She stripped and ponderously clambered up on the pool table. Half-moons of dried sweat and dirt could be seen under each monstrous breast as she wriggled around on the felt, waiting for the first taker of her charms. Crank was forced to make

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personal appeals, ranging from bribery to threats, in order to find "volunteers" to root Doris.

Three hours later it was quite apparent that no amount of perversion or degradation was going to keep Doris away from Crank. "Well, smart ass, what do we do now?" Crank demanded.

"Damned if I know. She even took on Nasty and nobody lets *him* play bury-the-bone," said Dog.

"Maybe you've been using the wrong approach. Let me try talking to her," said Debbie.

When Doris got up to go to the ladies' room, puddles of cum splattering on the floor as she walked, Debbie followed her. Within five minutes she was back. She dropped a napkin with an address and a map on it in front of Crank. "I told her that she and I would be following you guys in my Porsche when you left town and that I needed to know where to pick her up at," Debbie said.

While Dog stayed behind to keep Doris from getting suspicious, Crank and Debbie left to retrieve the knuck. The house was a small bungalow a block from the alley where Crank had come to that morning. Two hard kicks sprung the garage door.

There stood the knuckle, awaiting his return, as it had a thousand times before. Crank threw a leg over the cracked leather saddle and lovingly ran his hand over the primer-red tanks. Lunging down on the kicker pedal, he was greeted by a cold cough. Again he stomped downward and again the knuckle coughed in response. "Cold-hearted bitch," mumbled Crank, once more stomping on the starter. This time he was rewarded with two coughs and a hiss. After a dozen kicks, the big engine finally caught. Crank sat there, a pleased smile on his face, as the familiar vibrations went through him. Ten minutes later he and Debbie were back in the bar.

Strolling over to Doris, Crank said, "Bitch, I got only one thing to say to you." He stuck his finger down his throat and puked on her head. "So long," he said and walked out of the bar followed by Dog and Deb.

Early the next morning, Crank and Dog were headed north on I-95. They stopped for gas in Jacksonville. "You know, I'm going to miss Debbie," said Dog.

"Yeah, she was a good-looking ginch," agreed Crank.

"Besides that, she was rich," said Dog, removing a thick sheaf of bills from his pocket. "There just isn't much that's better than a chick who knows how to show her appreciation for a well-oiled rod."

Just then a pickup with two blondes in it roared past. One of the girls waved to Crank, who immediately fired up his knuck. "Let's ride!" he shouted to Dog. ■

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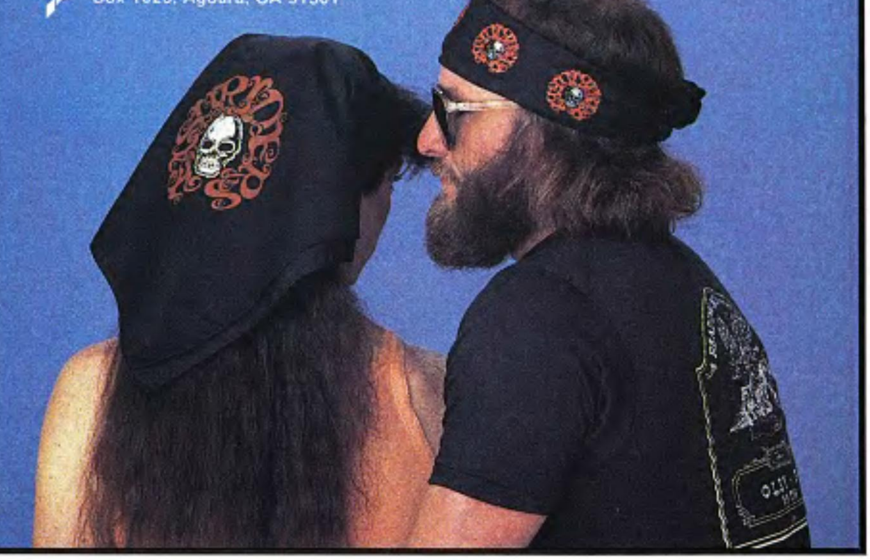

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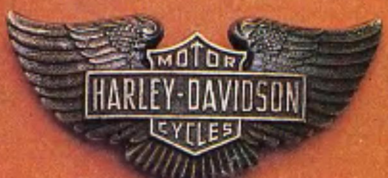

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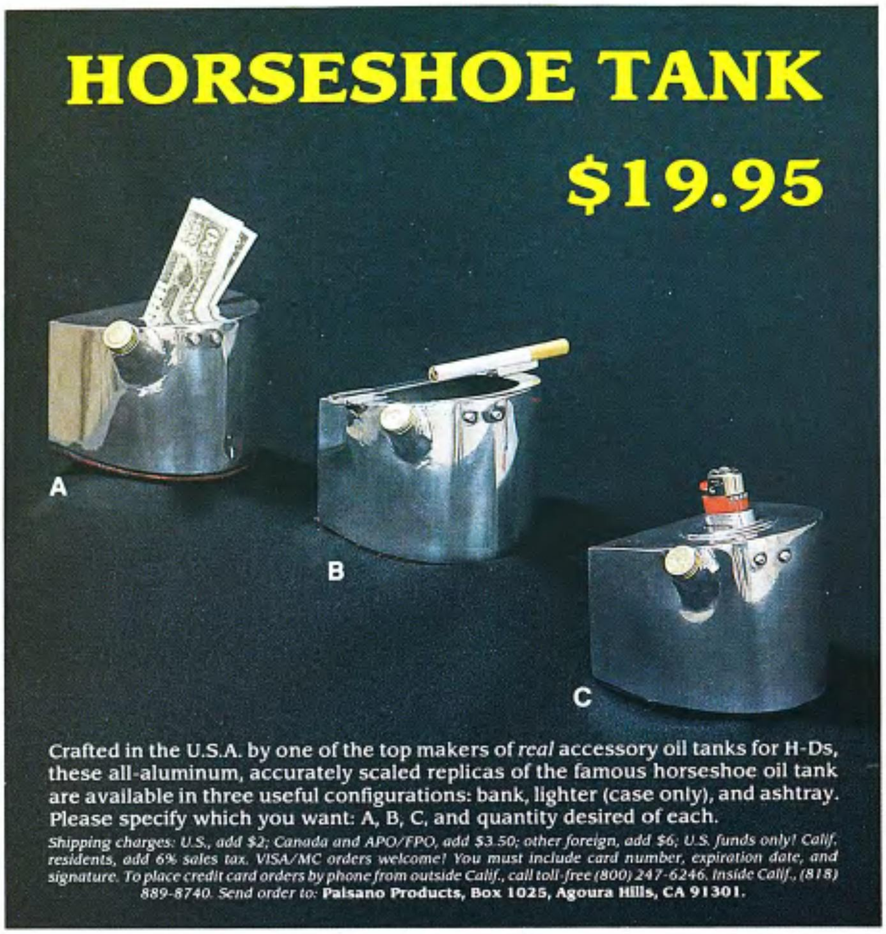

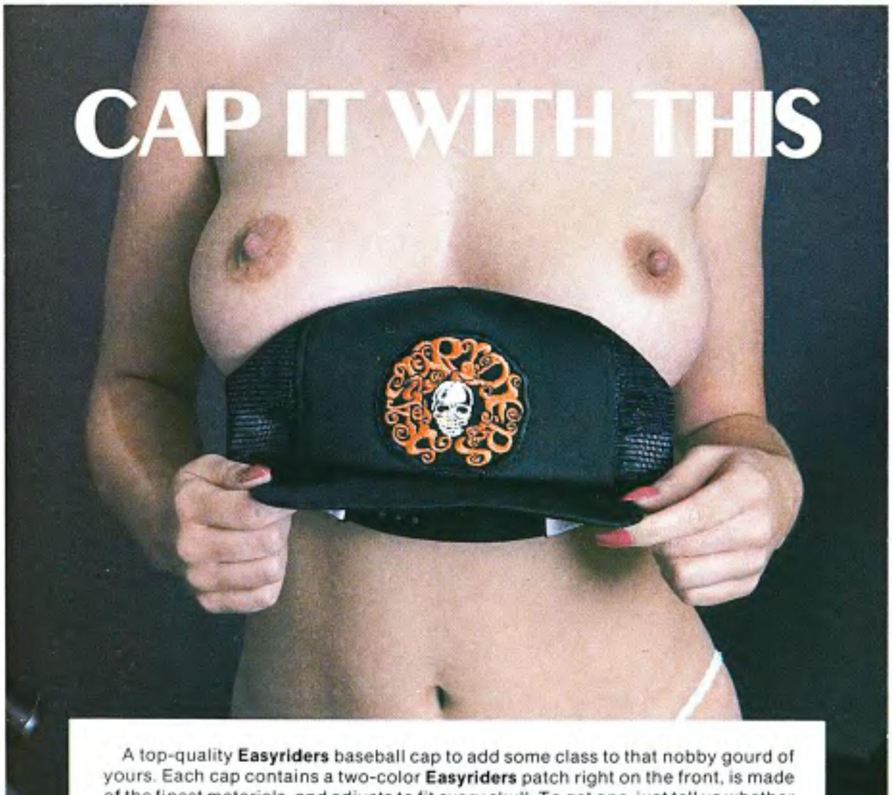

Hollyweird goes. . .

Continued from page 41

talent, you've gotta put the man I have here right up at the top of the list. The whole world knows him for his singing, his dancing, his special relationship with Linda Lovelace, and the 47 pounds of gold jewelry he wears around his neck. Hey, all you folks out in TV land, put your hands together for Sammy Slavis, Jr. Let 'er rip, Sam!"

"Thank you, thank you, Glasseye and Horsedick. I mean, like, wow, baby, I just can't tell you how blown away I am to be here, surrounded by all these beautiful and concerned people. I mean, like, the vibes are extra-monstrous-ordinary, dig?"

"Uh, sure, Sam. But tell us, don't ya have on even more jewelry than usual tonight?"

"Sharp of you to flash on that, baby. But, like the thing is, business has just been slow tonight, dig? I mean, these cats are all beautiful and groovy, but they're stiffs. Like they just don't buy — they're not players, man. Hey, but you two cats are cool. How 'bout some 23-karat earrings? Fully interchangeable from your left ear to your right, depending on which way you swing. No way, Jose? Okay, that's cool, I can deal with that philosophy. How 'bout a 17-jewel watch then? It's an exact replica of the Benrus they buried Bojangles in and. . ."

"Sammy, Sammy, just cool it, okay? Like we ain't in the market for nothin' since our last paychecks bounced. Bikers Action News Network ain't exactly as well-heeled as NBC or the Trinity Broadcasting Network, ya know. But tell our viewers this, Sam, ever since you walked in, we've seen you sliding up to everyone, huggin' 'em, wrapping your arms around 'em. Lots of public display of affection, in other words. Aren't you afraid of getting this dread disease that we're all here to celebrate?"

"Hey, cat, dig this shit. I been to the White House, man! I done swapped

Easyriders

"Another **merit badge, Tommy? And what's this one for?"**

spit with presidents! If I didn't get AIDS doin' that shit, I ain't never gonna get it."

"All right, Sammy, thanks for taking the time to talk to us. Right now we've gotta break away for a brief message from our sponsor. We'll be right back . . .Shit, Glasseye, whaddya think about that rap?"

"Fuck, they'll love it back in the studio, but as far as I'm concerned, you can take that little. . .Hell, there goes the red light! We're back on the air."

"Hello again, Mr. and Mrs. America, this is Horsedick Hank with Glasseye Dave Thompson reporting live from the big AIDS benefit in Hollywood. Next, we'd like to. . .hold on, hold on, Kurt Kennels is getting up on the platform. Kurt's scheduled to read a telegram from the president —"

"Kurt Kennels? Didn't he once play Ben Hur?"

"Naw, Glasseye, Ben Gay is more *his* speed. You're thinkin' of Charlton Heston. Let's listen to what Kurt's got to say."

"Ladies and gentlemen, your attention, please. Keep it down. I've got a telegram here from the President of the. . .Just a minute, just a fuckin' minute! Would you all get your mitts off each other's privates for a minute and listen up? This is important.

"To repeat, I have here a telegram from the president and I'm going to read it. The president says, 'Dear friends and fellow compadres, congratulations on your heroic stand against AIDS, the latest scourge in the Hollywood community. As you know, I myself resided in Hollywood for many years and can only attribute my good fortune in not contracting this disease to voting right and the fact that none of my co-stars could ever stand to kiss me.

As your president, I intend to act with dispatch in ending this killer epidemic. An aide recently brought to my attention a media proposal to cure AIDS by removing the diseased parts of homosexuals' bodies. I find that this is the most sensible, fool-proof way of dealing with AIDS I have yet heard, and I intend to immediately introduce legislation making such "trash removal" mandatory, though not, of course, covered by Medicare, Medicaid, or any other commie-backed milk-the-taxpayer program. Frankly, I cannot conceive of any patriotic American objecting to this solution. I know that if I were an AIDS carrier, I'd be first in line at the crank-removal station. I mean, how badly can you miss something you only use once every three or four years? In conclusion, Mommy and I wish you all prosperity and good health.'"

"Jesus, Horsedick, that message from the president was certainly stirring, wasn't it?"

"Sure was, Glasseye. I think it got me right in the gut, but maybe it was the appetizer I snagged while we were off-camera. The thing looked like a cat

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turd wrapped in bacon. But. . .hold on! Here comes the belle of the ball right now, Ms. Sleazabit Saylor. Ms. Saylor. . .Ms. Saylor?"

"Are you barking at me, you tattooed little cretin? Don't you know that I speak to no one before my accountant analyzes their net-worth statement?"

"Ms. Saylor, is it true that 27 of your 29 previous husbands died of AIDS?"

"I never stayed around long enough to notice. Now take your camera and your microphones and go practice your bondage and discipline with 'em. I'm busy being a star."

"Wow, Horsedick, you actually spoke to Sleazabit Saylor! Did ya get her autograph?"

"I wouldn't let her autograph my primary chain with her pussy lips, Glasseye. Now I think we'd better get some coverage of the auction going on in that corner. That's the main reason all these Hollywood geeks and geekettes are here, ya know — to raise money to help spread AIDS. We've already missed the bidding action on a lot of the good stuff, like Truman Kaput's crotchless panties and a lifetime membership at the Sutro Baths. Let's see what they've got left."

"Okay, Horsedick. Looks like Kurt Kennels is acting as auctioneer. He sure has a great voice, don't he?"

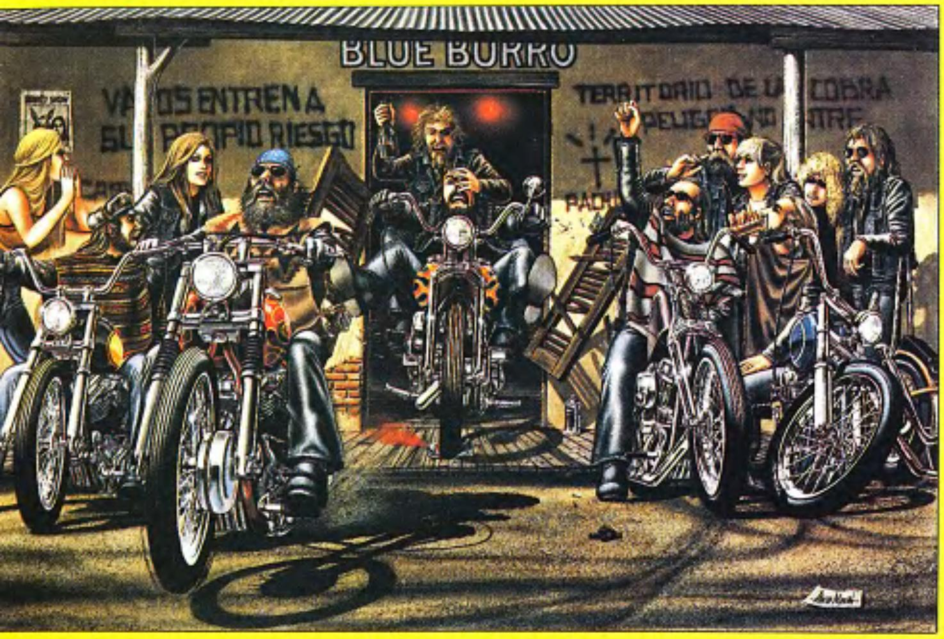
"Yeah, well, suckin' big ones probably enhances the vocal cords and keeps 'em supple. What's in that jar he's wavin' around?"

"Folks, this is it, the moment you've all been waiting for. In this jar is a full United States standard pint of the late Stone Pudson's most precious bodily fluid. Now before I start accepting bids on this item, number 69 in your program, I must tell you that we cannot guarantee that this blood carries the AIDS virus. . .but we all know what Stone died of, don't we?

"If he or she is lucky, the winning bidder will be able to use this elixir of death to spike the punch at their next party and get rid of every scheming

Easyriders

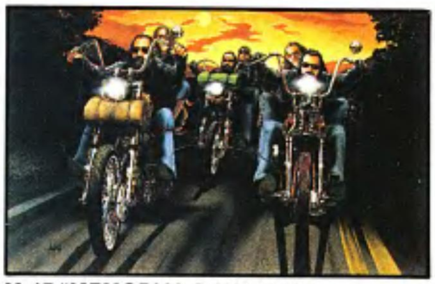
"A lady isn't safe anywhere any more. I merely went in to put my phone number on the wall!"



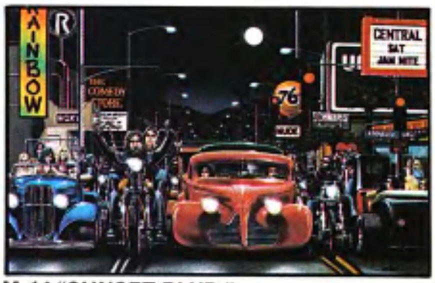
M-18 After The Donkey Show

NEW!

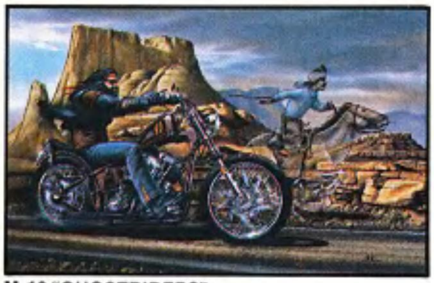
There's hardly a guy who's been to Tijuana, Mexico, who hasn't heard of donkey shows. Back in the '40s and '50s there was a wild bar named the Blue Fox where anything went on. At times, bikes went right into the cafe, did a doughnut, and shot out the front door. It's been rumored that part of the floor show was a donkey fuckin' a chick — I guess it musta been true or why would Dave Mann change the name to the Blue Burro! (The rumor persists to this day.)



M-17 "MEMORIAL DAY RUN"



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."

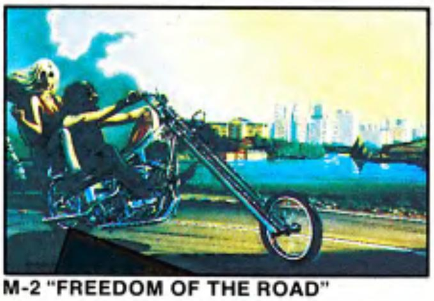


M-16 "GHOSTRIDERS"

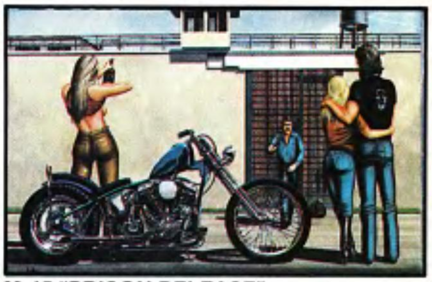
M-7 "RUN HEAT"

M-8 "COMIN' AT YA"

M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



M-2 "FREEDOM OF THE ROAD"



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$5 each or Four for $16

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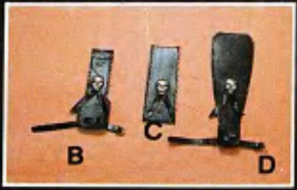

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Subtotal ____
Calif. res., add 6% ____
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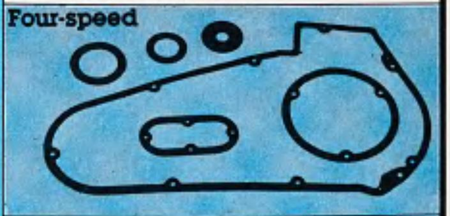
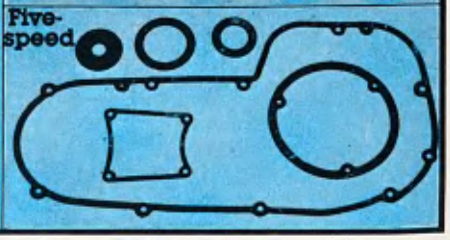




freeloader there. Now what am I bid for this blood? Do I hear one thousand dollars? Two, four over there in the corner, five thousand by Glenda Blevins, six, seventy-five hundred, eight thousand dollars bid by Mrs. Olson! You're right, lady, it goes great in your morning coffee.

"Eight thousand dollars! Going once, going twice — whoops, nine thousand from the lawyer in the lavender suit, ninety-five hundred over here — remember, folks, your bid is a tax-deductible contribution to the spread of AIDS — ten thousand dollars, eleven, eleven, going once, going twice — sold to Mr. Dracula for eleven thousand dollars! Better drink up before heading back, Count. You might have some trouble trying to get it past customs in Transylvania.

"Wow, eleven thousand dollars on the blood. Stone would be proud. Now to end this historic occasion, I'd like to invite you all to gather around me up here on the stage and join in the singing of that great classic, 'We Shall Overcome.' C'mon, everybody. . ."

We shall overcome, we shall
overcome,
We shall overcome our
AAAA-yyds.
Oh, oh, deep in our butts, we
do believe
That we shall overcome our
AIDS.

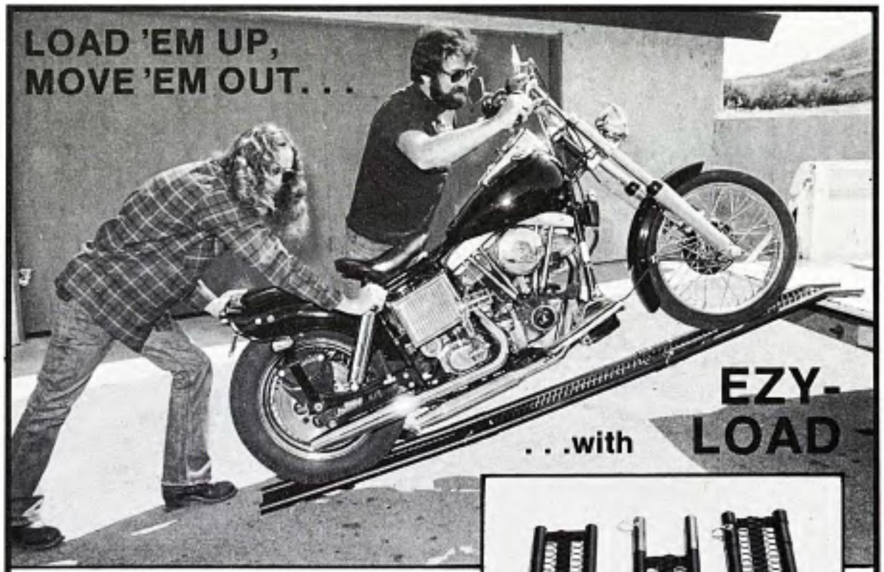
"Second chorus now — sing out, Louise! Smile, Baby June!"

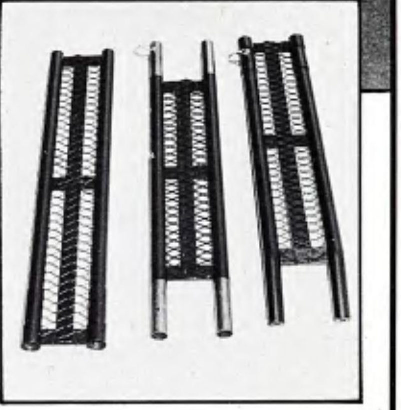
We are not afraid, we are
not afraid,
We will ball a fag
today-ay-ay-ay.
Oh, oh, deep in our butts we
do believe
That we will ball a fag
today.

"Good night, Chet."
"Good night, David." ■

Easyriders

"It was weird, Bill. . .I went under a bridge. . .an' everything went black. . .but I don't seem to mind!"





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Tech Tip

Continued from page 27

that causes gas to flow out of the spray bar or idle holes. If you happen to pinch off the breather tube to your carb's float bowl, or point it into the wind, you can alter the pressure in the bowl and mess up the tune of your carb. A carb float-bowl breather should be in still air to make sure that it will work right.

Fuel begins to flow out of the main system's spray bar at about one-eighth throttle. It will now be delivered by both the idle system and the main system. As you open the throttle farther, the main system will deliver more of the gas needed, until at full throttle it delivers nearly all of it.

Remember that rubber plug I mentioned earlier? All the gas that goes through the Keihin carb must pass through the main jet first and the idle jet is fed by gas flowing through the main jet. If you leave that plug out, you'll bypass the main jet and your engine will run like it has the choke on, so be sure that plug is in place.

Both the main air-correction jet and the spray bar are fixed and you can't change them very easily. Your control over your engine's full-throttle mixture strength is with the replaceable main jet.

Main System: Tuning

Find a place where you can get up to the national speed limit in safety. Put your scoot in a gear that will let it run near peak torque (3500-4500rpm). As you accelerate at full throttle, suddenly shut down to ⅞ throttle. If the engine picks up speed, the main jet is too lean. If there's a hesitation before the engine cleans up and runs smoothly, the jet is too large. If the engine simply slows down a bit, the jet is within one size of being right.

When you get your main jet to this point, the tuning gets a bit harder. Wait for a cool, dry day when the air is as thick as it's likely to be and make the same test again. If the jet you have falls between too rich and too lean, it should be all right, since few of us spend enough time at full throttle to worry about having the main jet perfect. If you want it just right, you can fiddle with sizes on either side of the one that seems right and if you truly notice a difference in response, speed, or mileage, go with the jet that gave it to you.

Harley does not have a complete line of

Continued on page 103

Easyriders

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Suspicions

Continued from page 29

even before he noticed his visitor. "How you feelin', bro?" came Weasel's voice from behind him.

He rolled over on his side and growled, "How long have *you* been here?"

Weasel, a bit taken aback by this less-than-friendly greeting, said hastily, "Since about nine, man." When Bear made no response, he went on. "So how you doin'? You gonna make it?"

"Yeah, I'll make it," Bear answered tersely, thinking that Weasel would be just as happy if he croaked on the spot. Weasel was bad news, an eager-to-please but slippery sort of hanger-on. He didn't really fit in, but he was tolerated — though never trusted — by the local biker community.

Although Bear wished his uninvited visitor would disappear, Weasel remained, making mostly one-sided small talk. At length, Jennifer and Flash arrived. "Morning, babe!" chirped Jennifer before she caught sight of Weasel. Upon seeing him, her cheeriness faded and a faint expression of disgust crept across her pretty features.

Flash did little better. "What's up, Weasel?" he inquired coolly, making it clear that he, too, could think of more welcome company.

Weasel, however, appeared oblivious to everyone's lack of enthusiasm for his continued presence in their midst, so Jennifer and Flash were forced to join the meandering, aimless conversation. Because Weasel wasn't someone whom personal business could be discussed in front of, the others had to be diligent in steering all talk away from "sensitive" topics. After the third or fourth uncomfortable pause in the conversation, Jennifer rose. "I'm awfully thirsty," she said. "Does anybody else want something from the snack bar?"

"So how often do you come up here to piss on your wife's grave?"

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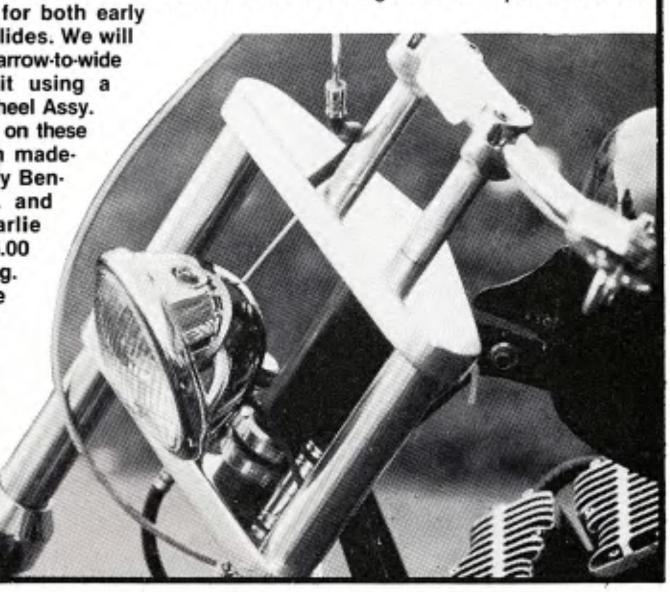

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"I'll take a sixer of suds," Bear volunteered.

"You wish!" she retorted. "You'll take a plain old soda. Anyone else?"

Weasel asked for a chocolate shake and now Flash spoke up, saying he'd go along to help carry everything. Jennifer gladly accepted his offer, taking his arm as they left the room — a gesture that didn't escape Bear's notice.

"Listen, Weasel, I owe you my thanks for helping Flash get my scoot home," Bear said grudgingly once they were alone.

"No problem, man. Weren't no trouble at all," Weasel said. "But I've been wondering" — here he gave Bear a strange look — "if your ol' lady is gonna be okay alone."

"What the hell do ya mean by that?" Bear thundered, raising up from the bed like he was on the verge of leaving it altogether.

"Hey, take it easy, bro!" Weasel's peculiar little nervous laugh punctured the tension. "I just meant, like, will she be safe all by herself? You know, with things the way they are nowadays and all. . ." The possibility of angering Bear, even now, was a concept that Weasel wished he couldn't envision. "See, maybe I could just cruise by, kinda keep an eye on. . .things. Till you come home, I mean. We wouldn't even have to let Jen know. Unless, of course, you want her to, that is."

Bear pondered the offer. Images floated up in his mind: the sudden closeness between Jen and Flash, their coming and going together at visiting hours, the cheeriness when they were ready to leave, how she'd taken his arm just minutes ago when they'd left for the snack bar. He fought to push the visions far away, but the deep sense of mistrust he'd developed over the years toward his fellow man fought back, reaching out from the darkest recesses of his mind. "What's wrong with you?" he asked himself silently. "This is your ol' lady and your best friend we're talkin' about here, not two strangers in a waterfront poker game." Try as he might, though, suspicion kept gaining and finally Bear gave in to it. "All right," he said, "but don't you mention this to anyone, not even Flash, or you're gonna be sorrier than any twelve other people have ever been, understand?"

Weasel, feigning hurt that Bear found it necessary to warn him about what happened to blabbermouths, croaked something about how his lips were sealed for all time. Then he gave himself up to a secret, silent pleasure in his new duties, nodding eagerly here and there as Bear outlined his instructions. If Jennifer and Flash had paid any attention to him upon their return, they would have noticed that Weasel's eyes were sparkling with joyous anticipation.

The rest of that morning's visit

went much as it had earlier, until Jennifer, obviously uncomfortable in Weasel's presence, stretched and said, "Well, hon, I've gotta get home and take care of some stuff."

"Yeah, and I've got to go hunt down some parts this afternoon," Flash added. After Jennifer gave Bear an absentminded peck on the cheek, the two of them were off, promising to return that evening. Weasel shot Bear a questioning look, but underneath the facade of concern, intrigue and delight burned brightly. A simple gesture from Bear sped him on his way.

In Weasel's absence, the evening visit held a large measure of the morning's lost intimacy. Afterward, Bear dozed fitfully, a dream-filled sleep that left him strangely weary. When he awoke Weasel was once again occupying a chair at his bedside. "Do ya have to creep in here and hang over me like the Angel of Death while I'm sleeping?" Bear snapped.

Weasel looked genuinely offended. "I didn't want to disturb you, man. You look like you need your beauty rest." A sharp glare told him that Bear was not in a jocular mood.

"Did you take a ride by the homestead like I asked?" Bear inquired.

Weasel looked uncomfortable. "I rode by about ten last night, but no one was home. When I came back from Clancy's, your ol' lady's cage was there and so was Flash's scoot."

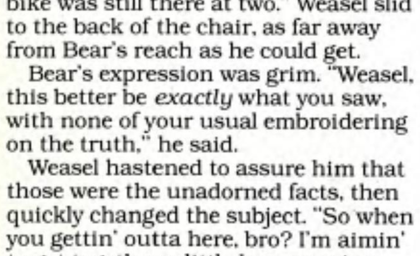
"What time was that?" Bear demanded.

"Uh, about midnight." Weasel's voice had a decided quaver. "I thought it was kinda strange, y'know, so I went over to the Lighthouse and closed the joint before doubling back. Flash's bike was still there at two." Weasel slid to the back of the chair, as far away from Bear's reach as he could get.

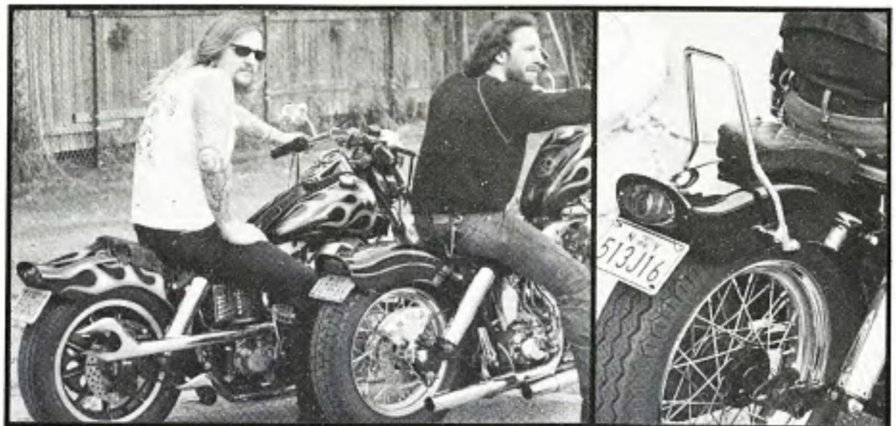
Bear's expression was grim. "Weasel, this better be *exactly* what you saw, with none of your usual embroidering on the truth," he said.

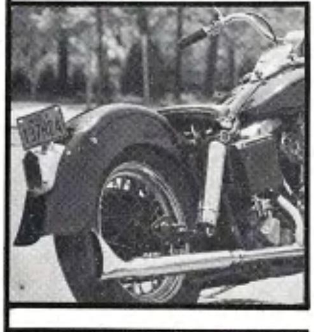
Weasel hastened to assure him that those were the unadorned facts, then quickly changed the subject. "So when you gettin' outta here, bro? I'm aimin' to get together a little homecoming party for ya."

"I don't know," Bear answered glumly. "But I appreciate the thought



"For the last time, Edith, get yer ass off that fuckin' gorilla!"





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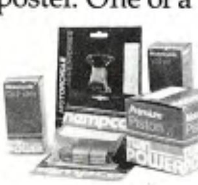

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and I hope like hell it's soon."

Another week passed and Weasel's surveillance continued, always producing the same depressing report. Jennifer and Flash noticed the change in Bear's disposition, but they chalked it up to his being bedridden and never suspected Weasel of playing any part in his increasing irritability and sullenness.

At last, early one morning during his rounds, the doctor informed Bear that he was going to be discharged the following day. "No reason to keep you here any longer," he said. "Yesterday's tests show no further evidence of concussion and I'm sure you'd rather practice walking with a cane at home than here. Now don't worry, it's only going to take you a couple of weeks before you'll be able to get about without it."

"That's the best news I've heard in a long time," Bear said. "But, say, Doc, if you're gonna let me out tomorrow, why don't you make it today instead?" When the sawbones appeared hesitant, Bear said, "Well, if not today, then how about tonight? It's been a hell of a long time, Doc. Think of it as a medical emergency."

"I'll notify the office that you'll be leaving us this evening," the doctor said with a smile.

Bear limped down the corridor to the nurses' station to use the phone. Jennifer answered after the second ring. "Hi there, sweet cheeks!" he greeted her, disguising his true feelings. "Guess who's coming home in the morning."

"You're kidding!" Jennifer shrieked. "God, I've missed you so much! Say, if you don't mind, I don't think Flash and I will come by today. We've got to get your homecoming surprise ready!"

"That's fine, babe," Bear replied. They talked a bit longer, then Bear said, "I'll see you in the morning, about seven." As he hung up, a thin smile rose to his lips. We'll just see who gets the homecoming surprise, he thought. Next, he phoned Weasel and told him not to bother coming by,

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"If I were you, I'd shave it!"

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because he'd be getting out in the morning.

That evening Bear dressed in his street clothes. After signing some forms that had been left for him at the nurses' station, he picked up the cane he'd been given and limped toward the elevator. Once on the street, he hailed a passing cab. "The Lighthouse," he told the cabbie. On the way, he had the taxi stop at a hardware store, where he purchased a gleaming, six-foot length of heavy chain. Nothing but the best for my ol' lady and closest bro, he thought.

After several beers at the Lighthouse, Bear called another cab. He gave the man an address and then sat back in brooding silence. Two blocks from his house, he had the cab pull over, paid the driver, and got out. Once the cab had rounded the corner and disappeared, he set off for home. Approaching the house, Bear felt a sudden, sharp pain in his chest when he caught sight of Flash's Harley in the driveway, parked next to Jennifer's cage. Couldn't even bother *tryin'* to be discreet, he thought bitterly. It was shortly after eleven as he pulled the chain loose from around his waist, limped up the steps, and quietly let himself in the front door. Moving as silently as his condition allowed, he climbed the stairs to the bedroom. Outside the door he paused a moment, filled with an angry, aching regret for the task at hand, for the loss of a brother and the love of a woman he'd thought was all his.

He stepped into the room, the chain clenched in his hand, and was stopped dead in his tracks by the scene in front of him. Jennifer lay on the bed, bathed in moonlight, alone. He listened intently, scanning the shadowy corners of the room. Nothing betrayed the presence of another. Stepping to the open window, desperately needing some fresh night air to clear away some of his confusion, he saw a light burning in the garage.

Moments later, he threw open the garage door and his breath caught in

Easyriders

"I never thought I'd live to see the day when the damn pigeons would fuck each other right in the middle of the town square!"

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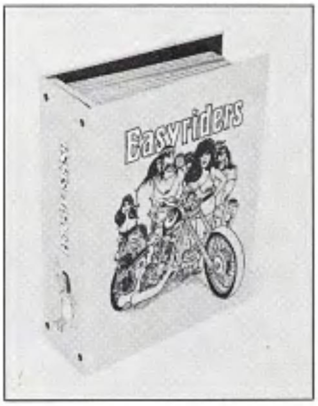

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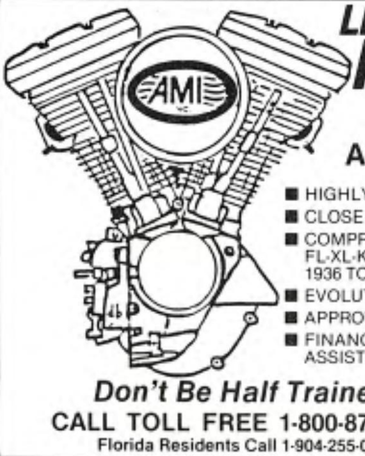

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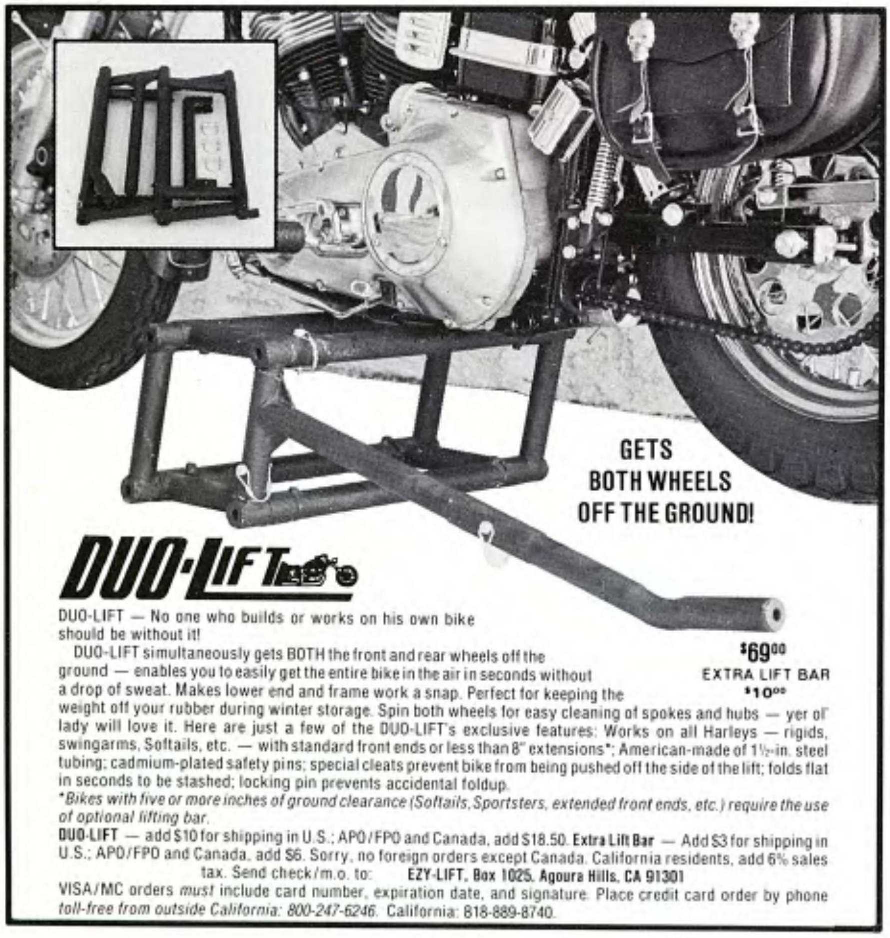

his throat. Flash woke instantly, jumping up from the dirty shop blanket he'd been sleeping on. "What are you doing here, man?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Thought I'd surprise you," Bear whispered.

"Surprise isn't quite the word for it," Flash said, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "Well, what do ya think of it?"

"You didn't have to do this, bro." Bear choked on the words, staring at his gleaming pan. It looked better than it had before the accident.

"It was all Jennifer's idea," Flash said. "She had some money put aside for furniture or something, but when you went down, well, she did what she had to do." The lump in Bear's throat got a little larger. "She's gonna be real disappointed she wasn't here to see the look on your face. Funny, we were both worried that Weasel might run off at the mouth before we could spring this on ya."

"Weasel was in on this?"

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say 'in' on it. He sat around bullshitting and drinking my beer while I worked. You know how he is."

"Yeah," Bear agreed. "At least I should have known." His guilt changed to rising anger, rapidly passing the danger point.

Flash yawned. "Tell you what, bro, since you've already seen everything, I think I'll head for my own bed. I'm gettin' stiff from fallin' asleep on this damn cement floor every night."

"Sure, brother, go get some decent rest," Bear answered. "And thanks for being one hell of a friend."

Weasel had begun to wonder if the broad he'd met earlier at Clancy's was going to make good on her promise to stop by when the knock came at his door. She'd always been both fascinated by and frightened of bikers, she'd told him naively. He'd assured her that he was the genuine article and now he reached eagerly for the doorknob, anticipating a night of easy conquest. When the door swung open, he nearly fainted. Bear was standing there on his doorstep, chain in hand, grinning strangely. "Hi there, Weasel, ol' buddy," he rasped. "It's time for a little homecoming party!" ■

"Careful with that nightstick, Higgins — it's city property!"

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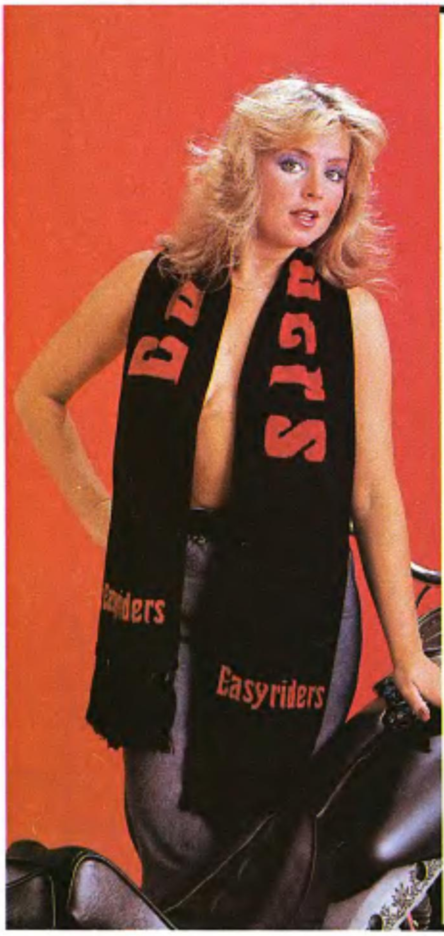

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Soap Box

Continued from page 50

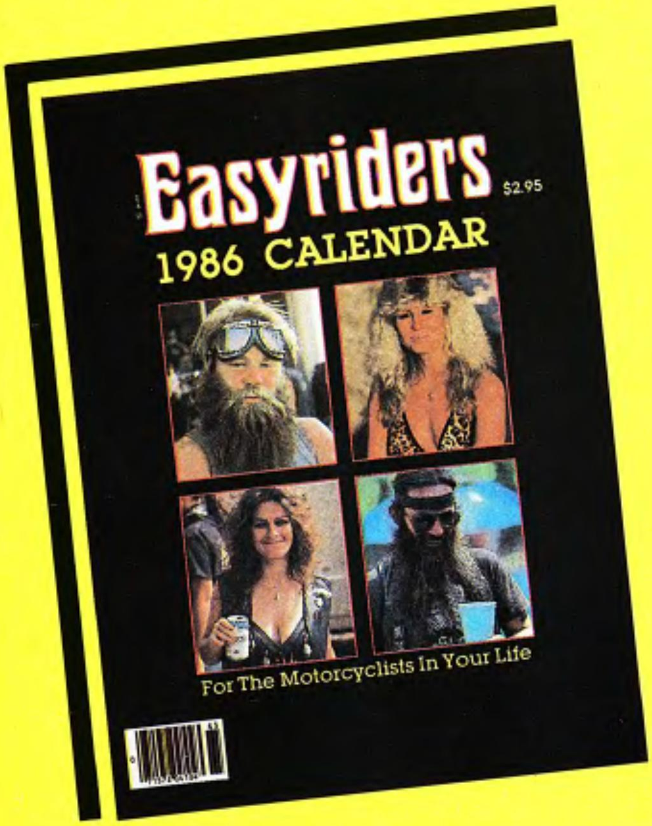
giously, but no matter how "good" his ex-ol' lady's intentions are, he finds he's slowly being reduced to "that nice man who brings Mommy money and presents for us kids." He no longer has any real say about the way his kids are being raised. In fact, after a short while, he finds that there's a line of guys trooping through his ex-home, each in their own turn, who have more say in how his kids are going to be raised than he does! At this point, he's become, for lack of a better term, a pathetic individual known as "Uncle Daddy."

Eventually, the true biker will finally stomp over to his ex-ol' lady's place and begin a meaningful conversation with her. Gently shaking his fist in her face, he'll bellow as quietly as possible, "Now listen good, bitch!" or some similar greeting. That's when he'll be shocked by the discovery of yet another ramification of his status as Uncle Daddy. A simple phone call and two fine gentlemen in smart blue uniforms come and escort him off the property with the admonition that if he returns, he'll be incarcerated for disturbing the peace, trespassing, and any other thing that they and his ex-everloving can think of.

Now the poor jerk is really up against it. Even though he's paying child support (and probably alimony), not only doesn't he have any say about his kids' upbringing, but unless his ex says it's okay — *in writing!* — he can't even visit. (Guess that's why they call it "visiting privileges". . .) Guys with bucks to burn may be able to get some judge who's in a good mood to give them back their God-given rights through joint custody, but we're not talking about the lucky few, are we? The message that most of us get is, "Just send the money, jerk. Don't bother coming around."

After looking at the situation from every possible angle, it finally dawns on Uncle Daddy that if he doesn't have

"Very interesting, but we don't seem to have a need for an enema-bag impersonator."



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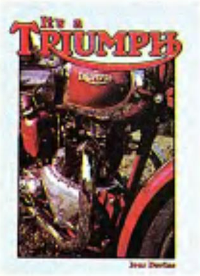

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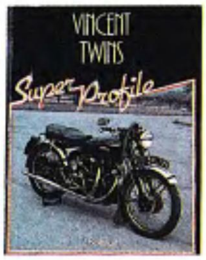

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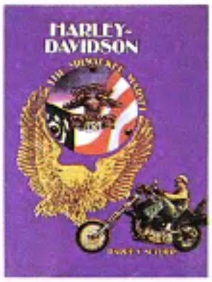

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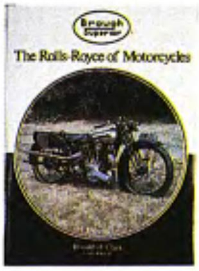

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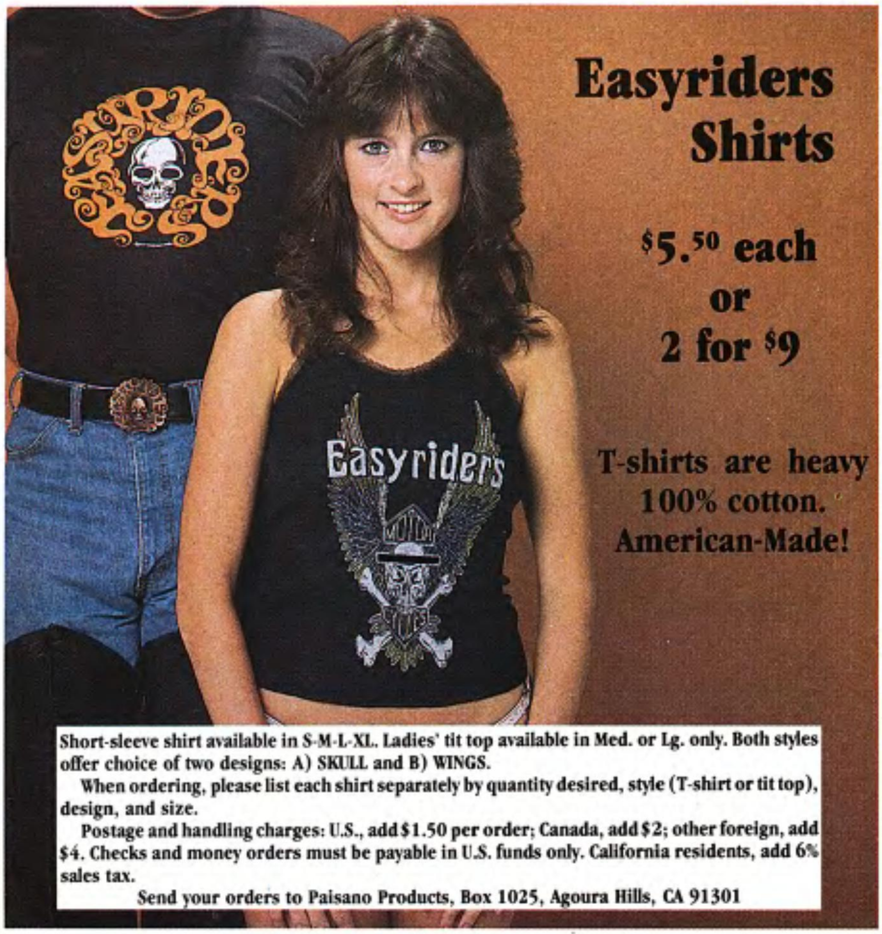

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any influence concerning his children's lives, then he doesn't have any children! He has become nothing more than a genetic-transference mechanism with bills to pay. Now the final anger sets in. He looks into the mirror one fine morning and says to himself, "Self, if they're going to aid and abet in the destruction of your marriage and the removal of your kids from your influence and guidance, then let *them* pay the tab!" A few minutes to throw some clothes together, tie a sleeping bag onto the old putt, and it's in the wind for this

dude — and another ol' lady and a couple of kids meet the welfare worker.

The other day I read a story in the local newspaper about a mass round-up of non-paying genetic-transference mechanisms, quoting the district attorney as saying that he didn't believe throwing them in jail would solve the problem, but that education would. I figure this guy's a genius. He's just got to take it a couple of steps further to understand that it's not the runaway ol' men who need the education, but the courts. If the God-given rights of fatherhood were restored to divorced fathers, everyone would have a hell of a lot less trouble getting them to accept all their responsibilities.

— Irwin "Bear" Strickland

Solution to Puzzle

Puzzle found on page 32

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Tech Tip

Continued from page 92

main jets and you may have to drill a small one to get what you want. Jet-drilling isn't the best way to tune, so you should use factory jets when you can. However, if the next jet (up or down) is too big a jump, the drill will have to do.

Accelerator Pump: Description

All the Keihin carbs we've seen have worked much better after tuning the accelerator pump circuit. Remember how the amount of gas flowing out of the spray bar depends on the difference in pressure between the float bowl and the throat of the carb? And how that in turn depends on how fast the air is moving through the carb's throat? Well, when you open the throttle suddenly and the engine is running at low rpm, air moving through the wide-open carb will be goin' pretty slow. The pressure difference won't be very much and the damned thing will lean out, possibly so much that it won't get enough gas to run.

Besides, when you open the throttle, you want power, not gas economy. The mixture strength that gives smooth running at cruise and good gas mileage is on the lean side and isn't best for maximum power. Between the normally lean cruisin' mixture and the fact that you are leaning it out more by yankin' the throttle open at low rpm, your engine isn't gonna work too well. That's where the accelerator pump comes in.

When you open the throttle from a low setting, the Keihin's accelerator pump forces gas into the throat of the carb. By the time the carb is at roughly quarter-throttle, the pump travel is used up and it's out of the circuit. At quarter-throttle the velocity through the carb will be high enough so that the pump isn't needed.

The accelerator pump is operated by a rod attached to a spring-loaded bell crank mounted on the throttle butterfly shaft. When you open the throttle, the spring is wound up and forces the pump rod down. How far the rod travels determines how much gas is forced into the carb's throat. Early Keihins had a screw that could be moved to control the pump-rod throw and thus the amount of gas getting in the carb. Later carbs don't have the screw, but they still have the hole it went in. You can run a screw into the hole and get some control over how much the pump actually pumps.

The rod pushes on a rubber/fabric diaphragm mounted in the bottom of the float bowl. A series of passages and check valves in the bowl let the action of the diaphragm take gas from the bowl and force it through the pump jet and into the throat of the carb.

How much gas gets pumped depends on the stroke of the rod and how far open the throttle was when you opened it the rest of the way. How fast the pump's gas is delivered to the carb depends on the strength of the spring pushing on the pump rod and the size of the pump jet. You can control the rod-throw, and therefore the volume, with the limit screw (or the one you install). You can control the rate of delivery with the size of the pump jet. The volume and delivery rate aren't the only things you can control, though. There are more important problems with virtually every Keihin accelerator pump.

Accelerator Pump: Tuning

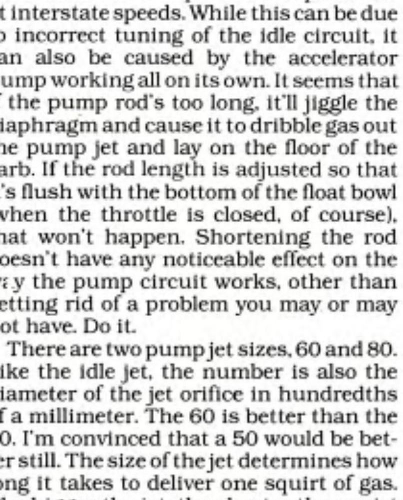
Every pump jet leaves the factory pointed so that all the gas is squirted into the rear cylinder. That leaves the rear jug too rich and the front one too lean when you open the throttle. The pump jet is a press fit in the float bowl and is hex-shaped. You can turn it with a small wrench. Start by removing the air cleaner so you can see into the throat of the carb. Operate the throttle — *no smoking* — and watch where the pump jet delivers the gas. See what I mean?

Now, remove the bowl and turn the jet the amount you think it needs to point into the center of the back of the manifold. Re-install the bowl and check the jet's direction. The gas should hit in the middle of the throttle plate or the center of the back of the "Y" manifold. This small change alone will do much to make your bike pull smoother and more strongly from low rpm.

Many of you have trouble with your engine loading up when you're putting around town, but experience no problems at interstate speeds. While this can be due to incorrect tuning of the idle circuit, it can also be caused by the accelerator pump working all on its own. It seems that if the pump rod's too long, it'll jiggle the diaphragm and cause it to dribble gas out the pump jet and lay on the floor of the carb. If the rod length is adjusted so that it's flush with the bottom of the float bowl (when the throttle is closed, of course), that won't happen. Shortening the rod doesn't have any noticeable effect on the way the pump circuit works, other than getting rid of a problem you may or may not have. Do it.

There are two pump jet sizes, 60 and 80. Like the idle jet, the number is also the diameter of the jet orifice in hundredths of a millimeter. The 60 is better than the 80. I'm convinced that a 50 would be better still. The size of the jet determines how long it takes to deliver one squirt of gas. The bigger the jet, the shorter the squirt will last. Also, a small jet will spray its gas into the carb when the throttle is opened slowly, while the larger jets will let it dribble along the floor of the carb where it won't do a lot of good.

Easyriders



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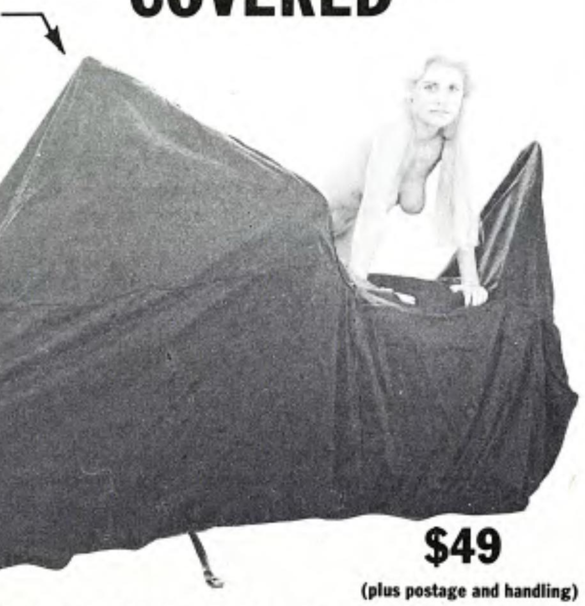

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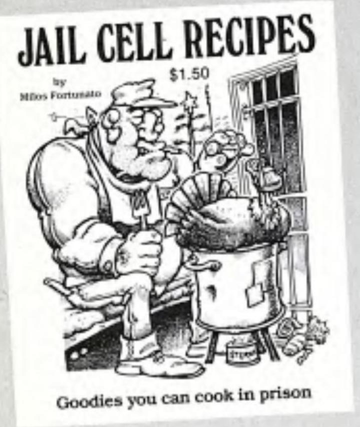

Here are 32 recipes from Huntsville Prison in Texas —tasty things you can make in a prison cell to fill that cavity — each by a different prisoner. Taste-tested recipes to send to a downed bro or for your own use. Only $1.50 and available exclusively from:

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You can't buy either jet unless you buy a float bowl, and ya can't get the early (prior to '77) one any more, which had the 60 jet. you can, though, solder up an 80 and re-drill it. A #76 drill will give you about a size 50 jet. You might have to clean the solder out of the large hole with a drill, but it's no big deal.

Keihins installed on Harleys since 1980 will not refill their accelerator pumps as quickly as those made earlier. The earlier pump would refill in about half a second; the new one takes three. The early pump will allow you to get by without the choke and will help you catch the engine if you let the clutch out too fast at a light. The main difference is the pump housing bolted over the diaphragm on the bottom of the float bowl. If you drill a one-sixteenth-inch hole in the bowl of one of the new carbs and install the old pump housing, you can have the old-style accelerator pump. Old-style pump housing is available from Andrews Products as a kit with instructions, or get the part alone from your Harley dealer. This is a good thing. Do it.

Other Things:

If you are overhauling a well-used Keihin, be sure that the mounting flange isn't warped. Check it against a flat surface such as a window and make it flat with a file or wet-or-dry paper on a flat surface. If you don't make it flat, it might leak air and drive you nuts from trying to figure out what's wrong.

Most of us overlook our carb's float level. If it isn't right, you won't be able to tune the carb. If the gas level is too far off specifications, the carb will be too lean or rich at low throttle settings and you won't be able to tune it out. Check the level — ya only have to do it once. You'll find a float level diagram and instructions in your factory shop manual.

The difference in performance between a stock carb and one that's had these changes made will blow your mind. Your scoot will start easier, warm up quicker, accelerate better, run smoother, and make more power. It's cheaper than buying another carb and bolts up with all the stock parts. ■

Easyriders

"So, what else can your dog do?"

Bikers Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Bikers Bulletin Board," seen by more than 1,300,000 readers every month, let us hear about it! Six-month listings are available for $180. Or, for $300, you can be listed for a full year — that's only $25 per month! NEED MORE INFORMATION? Contact "Bikers Bulletin Board," (818) 889-8740.

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Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Call or write for H-D catalog. (616) 636-8200. (155)

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H-D 45" Restoration Co., $2. Box 12843, Albany, NY 12212. (518) 459-5012. We ship COD. (154)

Brodeur's Wheel Service, free. 777 S. Washington St., No. Attleboro, MA 02760. (617) 699-2148. (154)

HM Parts & Accessories, $1. Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875. (157)

Jammer's Parts-Only Catalog (250 + pages) & T-shirt, $9.95. 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355. (161)

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Harley-Davidson of Hempstead, Inc., $10 ea. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (State size: S,M,L, or XL.) (162)

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Barnett Harley-Davidson, $8.95, five-color. Shipped UPS, C.O.D. same day. 9505 Montana, El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (155)

Woodstock Harley-Davidson, Inc., $10 each (state size: S, M, L, XL). Mailing address: Rt. 212 Box 7320, Saugerties, NY 12477. (914) 679-7227. (161)

Richie's Rats Nest, free sheet. Box 370, Oceanside, NY 11572. (156)

Miller's Custom Parts, S-XXXL, $8.95-$10.95. 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., So. Daytona, FL 32019. (904) 761-085R. (158)

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For sale: *Easyriders*, #1-#150, *Iron Horse* #1, *In The Wind* #1, *Easyriders '84 Special, Best Bikes* #1, *Easyriders 10th Anniversary Special.* Make offer. No partial sales. Gene, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (153)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Debbie Dourghty from Klamath Falls, Oregon, tell her to get in contact with Li'l Ricky B. Most important. Or if ya got info on her, write Richard Gurule, Box C01957, Represa, CA 95671. (153G)

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Easy (Wyandotte, Mich.): Once was not enough! Call me — 292-3594. Debbie (Taylor, Mich.). (153)

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In memory of Big Al: You lead here; you'll surely lead there. Ohio Downed. (153)

Gary (last known location, Ft. Bragg): Elizabeth Ann was born on 10/3/85. Contact us; still in Bumfuckholder till August '86. Larry and Terrie. (153)

Attention, Casey Burch of Minnesota: Remember Bozo? Write Robert Brozovich, Box B-50212, Florence, AZ 85232 for money-making details. (153)

Miss you much, Skunk. Life must be treating you well in Mt. Vernon, jest don't forget your righteous ol' lady in L.A. Luv ya. Red Ryder, Box 1043, Rosemead. (153)

Wanted: 1958 panhead, serial no. #58EL5289, confiscated in Roanoke, Va., May 14, 1984. Whereabouts unknown, but want to find and possibly buy back. Owner in federal pen, but true friend will negotiate. Contact Jay C. Thompson, Box 13163, Roanoke, VA 24031. (153)

Writers (and those who want to be): Whether or not you've ever been published before, if you think you've got the talent for stringing words together in an entertaining way, we'd like to check it out. Send previously unpublished fiction/nonfiction — typewritten and double-spaced, please — to Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Oh, yeah, don't forget to include a SASE.

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title Reverend. Send $10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (165)

Wealthy Aries, corporate executive, desires to meet a special attractive lady and hire her as a social secretary and live-in housekeeper. He is 5'11", 170 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes. Enjoys fine dining, dancing, the theater, and does substantial entertaining. She needs to be exceptionally attractive and able to carry on interesting conversation, able to travel and have no children. Preferably a non-smoker. Salary, perks and accomodations open and negotiable. Send resume with color photo. Only sincere applicants need apply. Dept. ER, 3295 E. McDowell Rd., Box C-15, Phoenix, AZ 85008. (154)

Rags A: Where is my home? Got my finances fixed. I'm finally ahead and need my home to make me complete. Hope you're safe and well. Please call ASAP. Miss you too much. Love you always, cuz I know who's best. BB & The Pisser. (817) 625-7654. (153)

Frog: Truly hoping the springtime finds us talking about mountains and love. Can the foundations really crumble? I love you. Coyote. (153)

Attention, all women riders and enthusiasts: We are proud to introduce "Harley Women, a brand-new magazine, written by women Harley riders for the woman rider and enthusiast. We will be featuring interviews with women riders and groups, readers' photos, accessories for lady riders, tech tips, and just about anything and everything of interest to women riders! For a one-year subscription, bi-monthly (6 issues per year), send check or money order for $12, payable to Asphalt Angels Publications, Box 864, Addison, IL 60101. Dealer inquiries welcomed. Ad rates available on request. (154)

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The prison motorcycle brotherhood is still alive and well in Tennessee, but due to a recent prison riot, most of the things we've worked for were destroyed. We need your help to rebuild. All donations will be gratefully accepted. Please make all money orders payable to Turney Center Trust Fund, c/o Steve McRaven, and we'll send you one of our courtesy cards, as seen in *Easyriders.* We also need parts and manuals, H-D only. Anyone wanting to start a chapter in your prison, please contact me. Steven W. McRaven 104842, Turney Center, Rt. 1, Only, TN 37140. (153G)

CPMC: Anybody know the whereabouts of Rev. P. Smith ("Blade"), bro Ed Wade (Monroe, Wash.), or Snake (Auburn, Calif.)? Come on, somebody must have heard of 'em somewhere. Any member, write T.A., 616 J. St., Modesto, CA 95354. (153)

Bike Week. A Biker's Guide to Daytona Beach. Detailed maps and information, $5. A Biker's Guide, Box 212 E, North Ridgeville, OH 44039. (153)

Hi, Phillip, doll: I'm still in shock from seeing the handsome hunk male model on pg. 4 in the November *Easyriders.* Mr. Christian, you looked great! I'll always love you, doll, and will never forget the year of '84 we shared together. Lonely without you. Miss Kitty in Ohio misses you — desperately! (153)

Attention, Vicky Marie Thompson, Canton, Ohio (Stark County): Please write to Frank Ullman 139-980, Box 4571, Lima, OH 45802. (153G)

Beautiful girls worldwide want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos free! Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (153)

Looking for Sheena, the Yankee with a Rebel twist. How's life? Write and say hi. Charlie At The Bar, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (153)

To Stringbean, my "Cat" and Harley man: Happy, happy birthday, baby, 3/18/58. I love you. Lucy. (153)

Banzai Tattoo, Hawaii, for sale. $400/month includes living quarters. Lease, well-established. $15,000. (808) 677-7250. (153)

Joycita: Ya did good, Cookie, and I love ya. Sujo. (153)

Bill Lefler, Concord, N.C.: Any info on whereabouts, call collect. (205) 739-6789. (153)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends! Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (153)

Wanted: Information on the auto theft industry. Need correspondence from professionals in this field (especially Illinois residents). Write Box 721, Hinsdale, IL 60522. (155)

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Spider (Bob L. Newton): Our son has pressure on his brain and he wants to see you. I still don't know what happened, but we need to talk. Please come home to us. Corry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (154)

Scooter art. Pen 'n' ink, pencil, or tattoo flash. My design or yours. Barbarian/fantasy art my specialty. Portraits from flicks: you, your bike, your lady, or ? Downed bro needs help to replace scoot. No handouts — your bucks buy biker art done with patience, precision, respect, and an eye for detail. Send photo, idea, scribes, inquiries to my free-world address (to avoid b.s.). Phoenix, Box 178, Mayfield, NY 12117. (153G)

Fifty girls' names and addresses, $2. Fifty foreign girls' names and addresses, $1. Friends N' Lovers, Box 9096, Morristown, NJ 07960. (153)

Tired of caring? Join Pha-Kit and receive a T-shirt and membership card stating: Pha-Kit — An organization and attitude of members who, having encountered repeated failures in various endeavors such as simple tasks, self-improvement, financial gain, and attempting to get laid, have declared Pha-Kit. Associate membership: membership card and sticker, $2.50. T-shirt, $13. T-shirts are black with white print; specify size (s, m, l, xl). Also, receive a high-quality Pha-Kit bumper sticker with each order. Send $14.95 to Pha-Kit, Box 924, Dept. E, Alta Loma, CA 91701. (154)

Tattoo machines, $75 and up. Chromed quality. Send $2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (156)

Toronto: JoAnna McCarthy, Laura McLean, or anyone knowing their whereabouts, have them meet me at Choo-Choo's (Union Station Bar) on May 2 or 3 at three in the afternoon. Important I see you. Henry. (153G)

Proud Americans, show your hatred of Japan with this anti-Japan bumper sticker. $1 each, 5 for $3, 10 for $5. Cash or m.o. R. Lindenberger, Box 7221, Milford, OH 45150. (154)

Easyriders back issues, #1-#42 (good condition); *Cherry* magazine, issue #1 (mint condition); *Chic*, issue #1 (excellent condition); *National Screw*, issue #1 (excellent condition); *Hustler*, scratch and sniff (excellent condition). Also, other issue numbers and other chopper magazines; make selection and make offer. Shoup, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (153)

Illustrators, artists, cartoonists: We're looking for free-lance contributors whose work matches the quality of what we regularly print in *Easyriders*. Submit spec illos, drawings and/or portfolios (along with a SASE) to Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (159)

Death warrant. Official type used in state executions! For copy, send $5 donation to T.M. Fletcher, Box 3904, Lakeland, FL 33802. (153)

White death-row convict, ex-Harley rider, 33, Southern born 'n' bred, seeks mail from anyone except Jesus freaks. McMurtrey, Box B-43391, Florence, AZ 85232. (153)

During the Sturgis rally, I lost the best partner I ever had, my dog Stormy. I pray that one of you good people has her in your care. She's a 4-year-old, 35-lb. Staffordshire bull terrier, black-and-brown brindle, white around left side of nose forming thin straight line up the middle that ends in center of head, with approx. 10 little white hairs on back of neck, white toes, and white on the very tip of her tail. She was pregnant when lost. I will go anywhere to get her. Please send information to Running Star, 38745 5th St. E. #1, Palmdale, CA 93550. (153G)

I need help locating a bro who is or was in the Marine Corps and due to go to Camp LeJeune. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Deno Boucher, please tell him to call or write Cpl. Casca King, Depot SACC, Bld 8 MCRD, San Diego, CA 92140. (619) 226-3376. (153G)

Attention, Kathy Mears of Salem, Oregon: Contact John "Peacock" Young. Urgently important! Write to me at 2199 Kamehameha Hwy, Honolulu, HI 96819. Important. (153)

Waterproof fuse, extreme high quality. Sample and wholesale price list, $1. Unlimited, Box 1378-ERI, Hermiston, OR 97838. (153)

Available: Top-quality leather goods individually handcrafted by prisoner whose sole means of support for his beloved cat is earned through his leather-working skills. The administration allows me to keep my friend Bandit with me as long as I provide for him. Everything I make can be individualized and I can work up special items from your ideas/descriptions. Please send SASE for list of most-popular items and prices. Donald Lock 13119, ISP, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (154)

Lookin' for lost bitch. If anyone knows the whereabouts of T.W.C. (aka Bad Bitch), tell her to write her Bubba. And if by chance you read this, baby, please drop a line this way. They've locked down my freedom for a while, but not my love and hope for us. That's still within me and still within you, I hope. Will answer all with any info. Glen "Red" Reed 400111, Walls Unit, Box 32, Huntsville, TX 77348. (153G)

For sale: 1936 H-D 45, completely stock. Drive anywhere. $4500. Lee Rudd, 4077 Reenie, Memphis, TN 38128. (901) 388-8032. (153)

For sale: *Easyriders*, #1-#120. All in excellent condition. Lee Rudd, 4077 Reenie, Memphis, TN 38128. (901) 388-8032. (153)

Wanted: Power table feed for Rockwell vertical-milling machine (Servo Products model #400-80). Frank Kaisler, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (153)

"All-Harley Drags" official HDRA finals T-shirts: $7, plus $1.50 p & h. The Carolina Biker "Fuck Work — We Ride Tonight" T-shirts: $6, plus $1.50 p&h. SASE gets you information on our drag races. The Carolina Biker Magazine/MDRA, Box 617 Pinnacle, NC 27043.

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (162)

Tattoo power controls from $50. Send $2 for particulars to Tattoo Techniques, Box 396, High Shoals, NC 28077. (162)

Partnershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 50¢ per word. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are avilable, with mail being forwarded unopened to the advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5 per ad for this service to cover handling and postage. Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

California beach. Want good-lookin' ol' lady and good-lovin' house mouse for puttin' the beach on a custom Harley. Send letter and picture to C.J., 601 El Redondo, Redondo Beach, CA 90277. Phone (213) 379-5331. (153)

W/m, 30, 6'3", 250 lbs., weight lifter, looking for righteous lady. Will answer all. Craig L. Smith 21674, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391-0473. (153)

Attention, ladies from Maine or New England: If you're 20-30, send pictures and letters to Bruce Densmore, 502 Main St., Westbrook, ME 04092. Write today — you'll be glad you did. (153)

Incarcerated w/m, 24 years old, good-looking but lonely. Needs a woman's touch to brighten up my day. Looks unimportant; just be yourself. Bill Kochman, N07795, Box 500, Hillsboro, IL 62049. (153)

I'm looking for a lovely scooter lady to share life and fun in Northern California. Let's ride in the redwoods this summer. Greasy Mike, Box 565, Little River, CA 95456. (153)

Does anybody give a shit? Here's one 1960 w/m, hardly used last couple years, good condition. Features brown hair, eyes, and beard, 5'10", 250 lbs. solid. Lonely and needing the right woman to start me up. Richard "Tornado" Tornetto 84A3521, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821. (153)

Reformed car thief, mechanically inclined, paralegal, shy, lonely, attractive, Aquarius, 28, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'7", 155 lbs., needs letters. David Knatz 83A7727, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (153)

Scooter gentleman, 34, tall, handsome, sober, decent and working. Seeks permanent woman. Pluses: beauty, brains, youth, and loyalty. JPS, Box 5150, San Francisco, CA 94101-5150. (153)

Two down and out dudes looking for solid babes (kids okay) to stay righteous until our wings are back (3-5 more years). Can offer love and tightness. A.J. Fariole and Chris Sayers, Box 661, Waupun, WI 53963. (153)

White tattooed male with good bucks needs young house mouse. Must like tattoos. Will pay travel to New York. Call collect: (718) 886-4588. Leave message if machine on. No oldies or fats. (153)

Lonely w/m, 6'6", 250 lbs., seeking ladies, 20-30, for good companionship and love. Dan Engel, HCR, Box 21E, Pembine, WI 54156. (153)

Mr. Right. Handsome, blue-eyed man, non-biker, seeks hot, young Anglo or Latin gal lovemate who knows how to care for a man, a home, a relationship, and wants to. Overweight okay. No need to be shy. Write Box 1196, Hialeah, FL 33011. (153)

Anyone anywhere knowing Danny Bolling, Jerry Smith, Wendel (or me): Help! Jeff "Bodine" Mitchell 038993, Box 747, Fla. State Prison T-I-5-I, Starke, FL 32091. (Fast women, write!) (153)

W/m, 29, artist and body builder, 5'6", 155 lbs., light brown, curly hair, blue eyes, beard. Needs letters and photos from girls who have a kind heart. Dancers, streetwalkers, whores. . .I love you all. Jeffery Demus Watson 19645, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391. (153)

Not looking for handouts! W/m, doin' fed. time, livin' proof that some crimes pay, lookin' for party-time women to correspond now and thrill in mid '86. Have scoot, can travel anywhere. I'm 25, 6'3", 180 lbs. Write Mark "Tac" Smith 01872-028, Box 1500, Utah One Unit, El Reno, OK 73036-1500. (153)

Recently released biker, 30, 6', 210 lbs., construction worker, needs righteous, loving, true-to-one, submissive, domestic, hardworking lady for companionship and home life. Robert "Big O" Ocheltree, 726 Chandler Ave., Radcliff, KY 40160. (153)

W/m, 40, good-looking, built, Pisces, and dominant. Searching for that special compatible female. Age, race open. Unattached, divorced, with small child okay. Anywhere, everywhere. Write with photos. Inmates okay. J.M., Box 921, Roseville, CA 95678. (153)

Two affluent bachelor bros, 40 and 41, 6'3" and 6', seek two classy, oversexed female companions, 22-35, for H.O.G.-sponsored, two-week European tour on our full dressers, August 9-26, 1986. All expenses paid! Send descriptive letter, photo, and phone number to RTS, 201 W. Laurel St. #207, Tampa, FL 33602. (153)

Two Northern California white boys doing time, due out in '86. Looking for serious relationships with Calif. girls who will write and visit. Must be over 18. No game players needed. Rory Kephart, C79401 (age 22); and Kevin Amerson, C13358 (age 28). Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600. (153)

Ladies: Two lonely men locked deep in the mountains would like to hear from you. Both into weight lifting and muscle. Pictures, please. John Heppding 163291 and Steve Apostoledes 153567. Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (153)

W/m, 23, 5'11", 165 lbs., blondish-brown hair, hazel eyes. I'm looking for a good-looking w/f, 18-30, to write me. Will answer all. Would like photo, if possible. I love to 69 (sex), 714 (drugs), 2112 (rock & roll), and ride my Harley in the wind. Will be out in '87. I will be looking for all your letters, lovely ladies. Danny Morrell 850090, D-1-East, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391. (153)

W/m, 38, 6'4", 210 lbs., good looks, riding new blockhead custom (see December '85 *Easyriders*, page 68), living in Arkansas on 40 acres. Need lady together in mind and body, good cook, clean house, live country, rider with mink blood, for permanent relationship. Only sincere letters with pix answered. Steve "Mountain Man" Grabbe, Rt. 70 Box 244, Mountain View, AR 72560. (153)

Wanted: Sexy female, 18-40. Must be artistic. Learn art of tattooing from a 15-year pro. Must love to ride and party. No assholes need apply. Send resume and photo to B, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (153)

Ladies: Three bros in chains looking for scribes from righteous honeys. Preferably in the Wisconsin area, but will answer all. Would appreciate photo with first letter. R. Rotta; T. Rachel; and D. Feela. Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963-0351. (153)

W/m, 26, 6'4", 150 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. I'm down, lonely, and depressed. Looking for a sincere, caring, and loving woman to help me make it through these next two. I will answer all. Jesse Claflin 84C952, Box 618, Auburn, NY 13024. (153)

W/m, 36 years young, 155 lbs., blondish-brown hair, blue eyes, marriage-minded, and love kids. My interests are music, sports, martial arts, partying. Looking for a together lady, one responsible enough to accept things as they are. Write real soon and send picture. Dennis Weiss 82A2424, Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929. (153)

I'm a 27-year-old peckerwood with a few to go, and I'm looking for that special lady to be my wife. No bullshitters. Flicks for flicks. Richard Eastman, CTF-C E-225, Soledad, CA 93960. (153)

Ladies, 18-30ish: Good-looking w/m, 24, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'8", 148 lbs., wants to hear from all who are tired of head games, heartaches, and all the other bullshit I don't want any more of. I'm looking for a serious relationship — possible marriage. Photo for photo. Tim Willyoung, 83A14, MCF, Box 216, River Rd., Marcy, NY 13403. (153)

YOU GOTTA SLEEP SOMETIME!

You can ride till ya drop and party till ya puke, but sooner or later, after 12 or 72 hours, that weary bod is gonna mutter, "Whoa, soldier! Time to pitch camp an' crash."
When that moment comes, why rest yer weary head on anything but the best? Lay yer cranium on this top-quality, American-made pillowcase and start counting Harleys instead of sheep. Only $6.95 each or $11.95 per pair.

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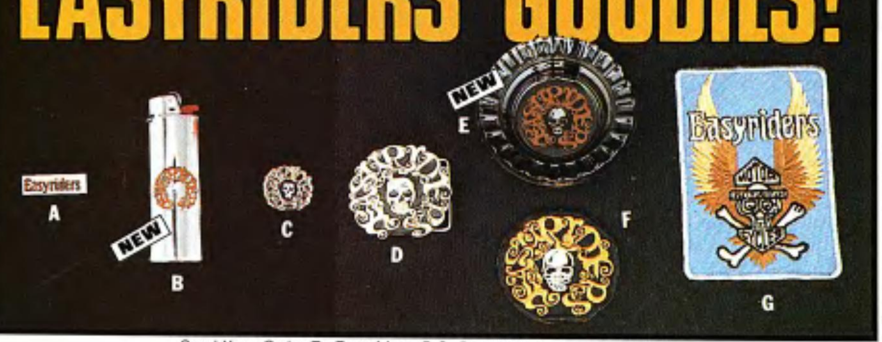

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Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
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C	Skull tack pin	$ 3.00	$ 3.25	$ 3.75		$	$
D	Belt buckle	$10.95	$11.25	$12.50		$	$
E	Ashtray	$ 4.25	$ 4.75	$ 6.50		$	$
F	Skull patch	$ 3.50	$ 3.75	$ 4.25		$	$
G	D. Mann patch	$ 6.50	$ 6.75	$ 7.25		$	$

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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City ______ State/Country ______ Zip/Zone ______

Interview

Continued from page 17

heard a rumor that you've ridden the Porsche-engined, four-cyclinder Harley Nova prototype. Any truth to it?

MSF: I rode the prototype out in Milwaukee five or six years ago when they first got into it. We went out to the track and they had it covered with cardboard so nobody would see it and they gave me a ride on it. Then I rode it again...a much more advanced, refined version, at York, oh, it must have been two years ago when I talked to a dealers' sales meeting and they gave me a bike.

That refined prototype was in the garage of an executive who lived outside of York. It was interesting, but the only thing that's come out of it to date is the fairing on the new Sport Glide. That design, with the two vents in the front, was made to help air-cool the Porsche engine through those scoops. It was specifically designed for that, but since they had it, they adapted it for the Sport Glides and it's become a standard fairing.

ER: Did the Nova have the same Harley feel as a V-Twin or did it feel more like a Japanese four-banger? How did it run?

MSF: It was different [than a Japanese four-cylinder], but to me it wasn't *Harley different*. I'll put it this way. I personally wouldn't put up $8,000,000 to have Harley be able to bring out the Porsche engine. I love the Harley because it's different, it isn't another version of anything. The prototype was certainly powerful and certainly exciting, but somehow I like Harleys as they are and as they are improving—without the total sweep of using the Porsche engine.

It would take me a while to acclimate.

ER: You said that you wouldn't invest $8 million to build the Nova prototype. If the opportunity became available, would Harley-Davidson be the sort of company you'd invest in?

MSF: Let me put it this way. I've been offered the opportunity, literally, to acquire motorcycle companies that are new or that don't have enough capital. I've been offered Bultaco, Munch, Van Veen, Heskith. You see, they read about a rich enthusiast and they presume that instead of buying a motorcycle, he'd love to buy a factory.

The opportunities to buy failing motorcycle businesses have been numerous. Somehow, I'm on everybody's list when they're about to disappear. But Harley, fortunately, was never offered on the basis of its disappearing, though there was an opportunity right before AMF acquired it. It hadn't been directly offered, but there was an opportunity.

ER: AMF, of course, eventually sold Harley to a bunch of its executives, including Vaughn Beals and Willie G. Davidson. Being purely objective and taking the affection we both have for their products out of the equation, how do you, as a business journalist, think they're doing?

MSF: They're getting a handle on it and those of us who wish Harley well ought to be glad that these fellas are in charge.

This was a leveraged buyout [the executives borrowed the money to buy the company by putting up the company assets as collateral]. Their careers, their money, their whole ball of wax is in the company. If the company goes, they go. When they

bought Harley, things in the motorcycle industry looked better, but the bottom dropped out of the market a year afterwards. They've never had a chance to build up any real financial muscle. And yet they've leaned down costs and I think, I really think, they've had a lot of on-the-job training, but I'm glad that they're at the wheel.

You know, if it was a division of Ford Motor Company, fine. They could bring in some hotshot and with their deep pockets they could invest $40 million and they could compete in a way that a deep pocket could. But they couldn't survive without the parent company. Harley's surviving on its own in the face of extraordinary competition and they're hangin' in there.

Going on the grounds that they're alive and not dead, despite having been through very tough times, you've gotta say management is pretty good and getting better.

ER: Even though you've shied away from going into the motorcycle-building business, you did own a Harley dealership for a while. Why did you give it up?

MSF: At first I figured it would be a good way to get my own bikes wholesale, but after 10 years of selling bikes, parts, and services, I discovered that even though we had 12 full-time mechanics the year round, it was still very hard to give myself a priority when there were cash customers around. So I decided it was more fun to be a customer and complain than to be the owner of the shop and never be able to spare mechanics to do your own thing.

ER: You served as a sergeant in a machine gun company in Europe during World War II, despite the fact that you could easily have gotten a commission. You've since said that you enlisted because you didn't want "the prerogatives of a half-baked second lieutenant." You also won two decorations. Would you mind telling us about them?

MSF: I wanted a bigger share of the war than some officer in a public relations outfit would have had and I've never regretted it.

The Purple Heart was for being in the way of a bullet. I was in the 84th Division with a heavy weapons and machine gun company. Back in the infantry that makes you the anchor of the line. We'd taken a position on the flank of one of our front-line infantry companies one night, and as the guy with those two guns, I wanted to know who was next to us and couldn't find them. So I went to look for them and in coming back, I got shot by a German patrol. I got back to my unit and reported that this gap was there, so they gave me a Bronze Star for having, quote, *saved* the battalion from possible encirclement.

ER: After the Army you joined the family publishing company and got into politics. What was the highest post you were elected to?

MSF: The New Jersey state legislature. I ran for governor of New Jersey twice. In 1953 I couldn't even get nominated and in 1957 I got nosed out in a landslide.

ER: So you gave up politics, started riding motorcycles, and became an unofficial, two-wheeled ambassador for America instead of an elected official.

MSF: Yeah, I coudn't get there in an official capacity and I soon discovered that motorcycles are often better goodwill ambassadors than most of our ambassadors ever get to be.

ER: Was the first major overseas run the one to Russia?

MSF: I'd done several in Europe, down through France and Spain to Morocco. But that was the first major one and we didn't know till we got to the border if they were going to let us in. That was the first time they'd ever let foreign motorcyclists in, and so far the last. . .We were met at the border and accompanied by the KGB [following in a cage] the whole trip.

ER: Did the idea of taking that tour as a way to wave the flag and promote the capitalist system spring full-blown into your head or was the original idea just to make a run somewhere where no one had ever done it before?

MSF: It was a combination. You see, the amazing and interesting thing is that when you're on bikes, you see people you don't see when you plane in somewhere, take a cab to a hotel, and so on. You get to meet people. One of the great pluses of using Harleys on these foreign visits is that they're ice-breakers. Harley has a worldwide appeal, a mystique. There was once something wrong with the bike near the Arctic Circle, and lo and behold, in the next town there's three guys who'd pooled their money and bought an old Harley and have spent so much time working on it that they can fix a Harley that even Harley couldn't fix.

Plus, on motorcycles, people feel you're talk-to-able in a way you wouldn't be [in a cage] whipping along with windows shut. You get to see people and you discover that, in addition to the quite extraordinary universal awe of Harley-Davidsons, there's an overall, prevailing, enormous goodwill toward Americans. It doesn't matter whether it's in Egypt, where they had three wars with Israel and they were mad at the U.S. for backing the Israelis, or anywhere else. No matter what antipathies have existed between governments, people, when you talk to them, think America and Americans are nifty. They have a huge feeling of awe, respect, and fondness for the United States.

ER: You said that all the way through Russia you were accompanied by a KGB agent. Presumably, you've had governmental functionairies trailing you through all the dictatorial countries you've ridden through. Have they ever tried to put up any sort of barrier between you and the people lined up to a get a view of the bikes?

MSF: Occasionally. In Egypt, for example, some of the military officers resented the outpourings of enthusiasm the people had for us.

You know, the people would line up in really large numbers to look at the balloons and the motorcycles, and the military resented us having the firsthand opportunity to see the enormous amount of goodwill the people of Egypt have for this country.

It was also a problem in China to some degree, particularly in some of the provinces where the old-guard commies still hadn't gotten the full word from the new regime in Peking. You would bump into surliness on the part of the officials, but never would you find it once you got one or two layers below officialdom.

ER: Did you get the idea that authorities in the communist countries were wary of the scooters and balloons because they were afraid the common people would start to get the idea that there's more to life than what's available to them under the communist system?

MSF: Yeah, the idea that somebody who wasn't a party official or a superstar on the international scene, that just average Americans could be free to motorcycle where they wanted to and to buy big motorcycles — it wasn't that they were astonished at the wealth, they were astonished at the freedom. There was resentment by the authorities, but the people in the street, they thought, *Gee, you can do*

"The trouble with being a penguin is that you have to walk so far before you can fart."

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that. They just marveled that you didn't have to be the president of the U.S. to have a motorcycle and be free to go.

ER: What kind of response have you gotten from official Washington to your gallivanting around the world waving the flag?

MSF: We've steered entirely clear of going through the State Department or the embassies where we go. In most cases, the ambassadors might come to a dinner given for us, but we never called on them for help. We didn't want them to feel involved, because they didn't have anything to do with it — either the arranging of it or the doing of it. Otherwise, they would've felt constrained to tell us what to do. A couple of them tried to tell us what we could and couldn't do anyway, but we didn't pay any attention. We didn't have the limitations or the clout of representing our government. We were there as private Americans.

I think Foggy Bottom [the State Department] was happy not to be included or feel responsible for us, but at the same time we've had expressions of enthusiasm for the results from some members of the Cabinet and from the White House itself. They've been pleased by the feedback they've had, but I wouldn't say that was universally true among the bureaucracy. I'd say it probably irks them.

ER: Would you think that the State Department was particularly "irked" when you, quote, *accidentally*, unquote, slipped the tethers on your balloon and took an unauthorized free flight next to the Great Wall of China and landed in the middle of a restricted military base?

MSF: Oh, that. We, uh, more or less had a confrontational difference of opinion with the American ambassador there. He was highly displeased with us and thought we'd compromised relations. Actually, this last summer the Chinese sent us a six-man team to train as hot-air balloonists and they now have a factory making balloons and they're seriously going into the sport.

We didn't sunder relations with the country, it just took them a little while to adjust to what the hell a hot-air balloon is. It's not a dragon to be held to the ground in a parade, it's a sport.

But the ambassador was embarrassed.

Easyriders

"Don't be discouraged, Mr. Yomp — this is only your second day of foreplay."

ER: Haven't you made a habit of giving away Harleys where you thought they might do some good by serving to remind people of what America is all about?

MSF: We left two Harleys in China and somewhere in the bureaucracy somebody is probably enjoying them right now. When we went to Malaysia, the king fell in love with the Harleys and said God had sent him one. I explained to him that it wasn't God, or, if it was, it was God with a small G, and we gave him one — an '84 Disc Glide custom. Since then he's bought two more. He spent the whole time we were there riding around on his Harley and being totally unimpressed with our elephant-shaped hot-air balloon.

ER: Is he the first member of royalty you've turned into a motorcyclist?

MSF: About a dozen years ago I gave one to the King of Morocco and he got right on it and rode straight out the palace gates. His security people nearly had a fit. They just went ape because he was riding through the streets on a motorcycle. I explained to them that if a cop stopped him, he probably wouldn't issue a ticket, but they were still highly fearful.

ER: What are the most frequent questions people in other lands ask you about America?

MSF: It depends on the country. In Russia, for instance, in the smaller towns where we'd spend the night, the people who could speak English — younger people, mostly — would come over and want to ask questions. And the questions they'd ask wouldn't be vehemently anti-American or anything, but they'd be like, "Why do the American people hate Russians?" They'd ask questions that obviously reflected the kind of propaganda they'd been subjected to.

But generally the questions most asked would begin with, "How much do these motorcycles cost?" And "Is it hard to come to visit America?" For most of them, the questions were an expression of an impossible dream of doing in our country what we were lucky enough to be doing in their country.

In the poorer countries the emphasis wasn't so much on "Can we do it?" or "How do you do it?" It was just wonderment and a shared enjoyment. The balloons would get a Disney-like reaction and the bikes always absorbed the peoples' interest, because in all those countries low-cc motorcycles are a principal form of transportation — they're not even thought of as a sport. For most people in those countries the only motorcycles that exist are small-displacement. In places like Bangkok and Kuala Lumpur, and even in Singapore, you'll see the whole family — three or four people — on a moped. Pop in the driver's seat, Mom on the backseat with one kid strapped on her back, and another kid on the front. So there was just this sheer, consuming curiosity about Harleys, *vis a vis* the two-wheelers they're familiar with.

ER: Your company is privately held, so you obviously don't have to answer to stockholders. Assume for a minute that you're writing a profile of Forbes, Inc., for publication. What would you say about a corporation whose chief executive officer — a so-called key man, by any definition — continually risks his hide riding motorcycles and flying balloons all over the world? Is that what you'd call responsible management?

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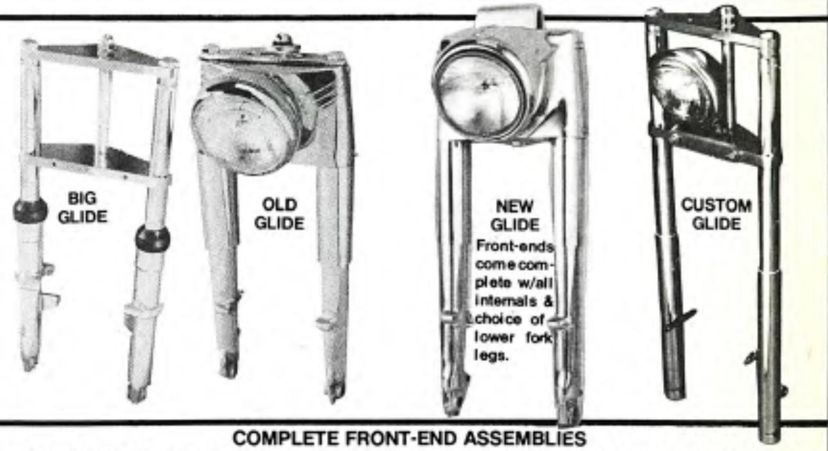

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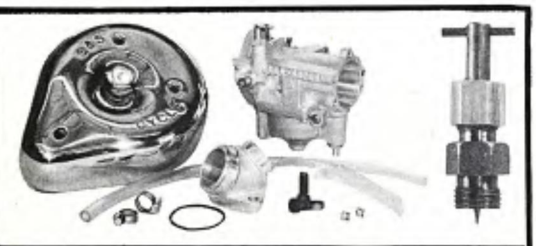

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5626	Frame, rig. w/tnkmts	57-* XL $399.

Note: All Big Twin frames will also accept Evolution engines.

STOCK REPLACEMENT FRAME NECKS

47004-36 early, no number boss... 49-69EL,FL $125
47004-70 late, with number boss.... 70-*FL,FX $125
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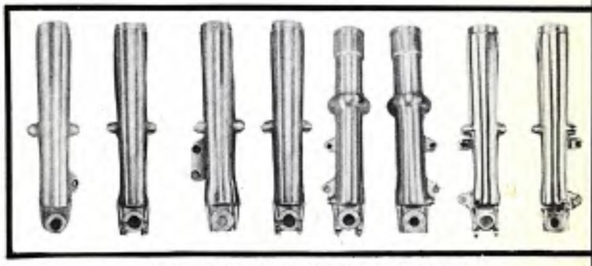

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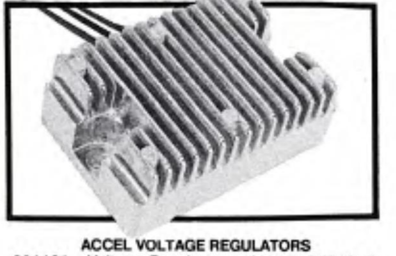

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MSF: If we were publicly held, I think I probably would have been fired long ago. I don't think the board of directors could have stood the heat. Since the board of directors in our company is mostly my sons, they have to stand the heat.

ER: I know two of your four sons ride. Do you expect when you decide to retire that—

MSF: The decision on my retirement will be arrived at by a higher power. When I'm sent below to the permanent hot place and yearn to be on my Harley in the Arctic Circle, it won't be by any decision of mine!

ER: When the business does eventually pass into the hands of the next generation, do you expect it will continue to be run with the same flair you've brought to it?

MSF: I think they'd be dumb to give up the balloons. We have four or five with the Forbes logo that we provide free for charity events, fund-raisers, where people auction rides. It's become a very close association, so it's good just as pure promotion.

I'd say that motorcycling will cease to be associated with the company, except for two sons who will continue to enjoy riding their own way. The "adventures," I'm sure, will cease to exist. In my will, I leave the 70-or-so motorcycles I have strewn about to a whole lot of people who ride with me. I think it's the least they deserve for the bruises they've accumulated.

ER: Your most serious motorcycle accident was in 1984, when you were almost killed going down in Montana. You were 65 at the time — did you give any thought to hanging up the leathers?

MSF: No, I can't think of it. Like everybody who's into it, when I'm in the car — even if it's one of those neat Lamborghini Contachs — and a bike goes by, I always wish I was on the bike instead.

I'll wake up someday and maybe my legs won't work right or I'll lose my sense of balance. . .but until I've got no choice, I won't quit. And that's just because it's such a ball.

ER: Did your family and business associates try to convince you to quit after the Montana wreck?

MSF: They finally gave up. They'd say, "See, we told you." For Christ's sake, they didn't need to tell me that if you have an accident, you're going to get hurt. But as the saying goes, the biggest number of accidents are in the home. Most of them are slipping in the bathtub.

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You can't go through life insulating yourself from accidents or you might as well pack it up before you're dead, and that's dumb. I think the compensations of you and the road. . .all the senses you don't use at your job, that you don't use when you're a passenger on an airplane, that you don't use driving a car, everything that you don't normally call on, is called on in spades on a bike. It opens your eyes and sharpens all your senses.

ER: I was reading your book *Around the World on Hot Air and Two Wheels* and noticed that even though the chapters on different countries are written by different people, there's one uniform undercurrent that flows through them all, an image of Malcolm Forbes as someone who always wants to "get on with it," whatever "it" happens to be.

You also write in the book, "There were some hours of the days and nights when I felt I had already become a live-in buddy of the guy who carries the three-pronged pitchfork."

Looking at all the things you're so passionately involved with — the bikes, the balloons, the Fabergé egg collection, your magazines — and keeping in mind the general perception of you as a man in a big hurry, would you say that Malcolm Forbes is in a continuous race with death? That you're a man driven to cram as much into each day as humanly possible because you never know when you're going to meet that party with the pitchfork?

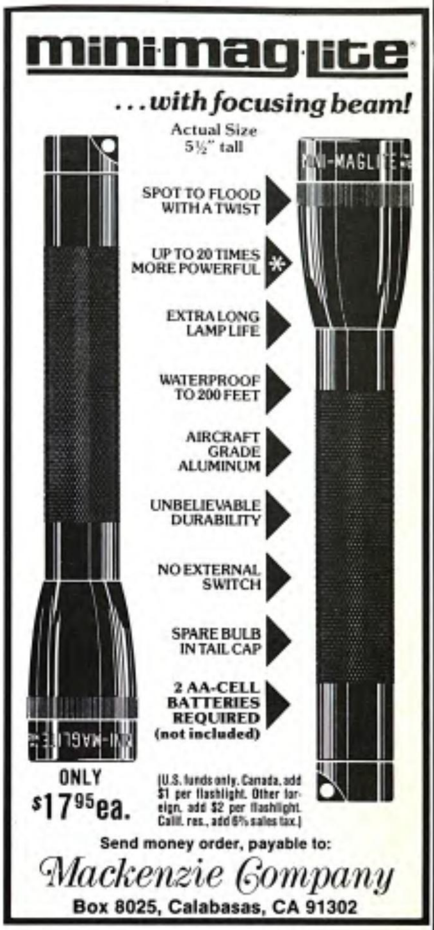
MSF: Sure. Anybody who doesn't recognize they're in a race with the Reaper is apt to waste an awful lot of time waiting to do what they want to do. If you don't know you're in a race with the Reaper, you're apt to waste time on the premise that you've got a lot of it.

You can't have it all, so dammit, pick two or three things you enjoy and do them. The one thing not to do, is not realize that the Reaper is down the road. You don't know if there's another round, or how you're going to fare in it if there is. You must have been put here for some reason and that certainly ought to be to lead a full life. And a full life is one that is doing your thing.

It's nice when you can realize early that the most important thing you can do with your life is to do something that you get kicks out of. ■

Easyriders

"Hold it, Joyce, I think you're sucking on one of the bedposts."



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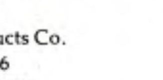

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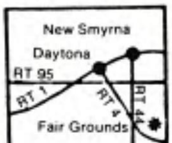

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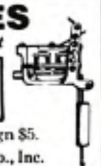

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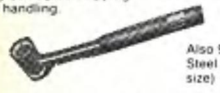

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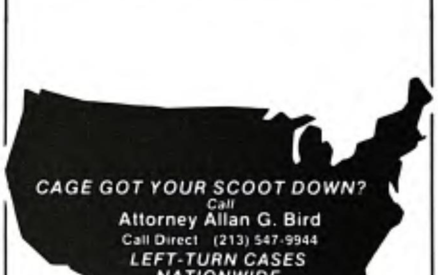

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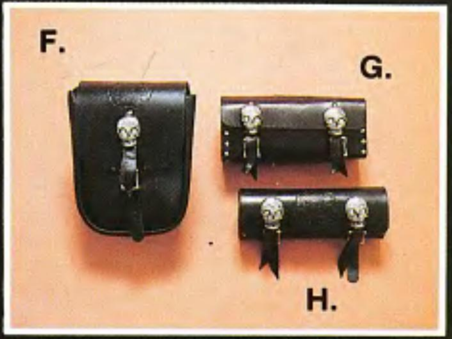

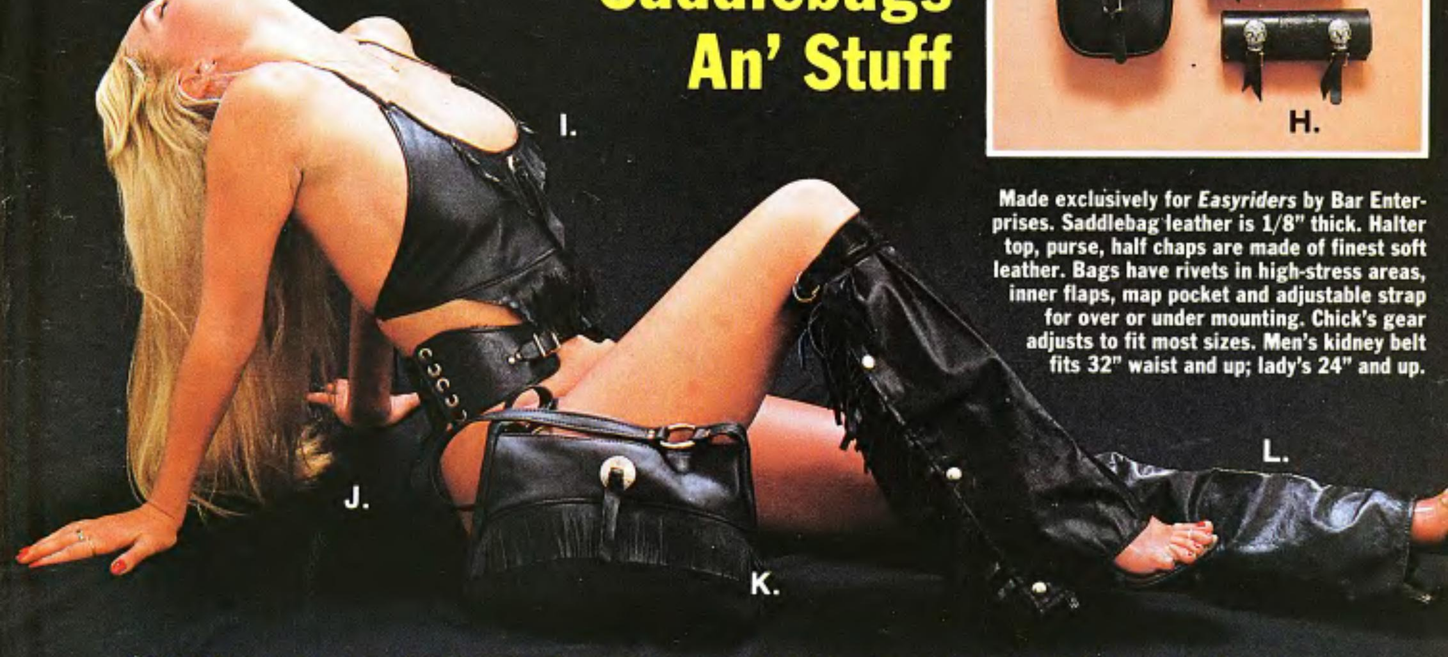

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